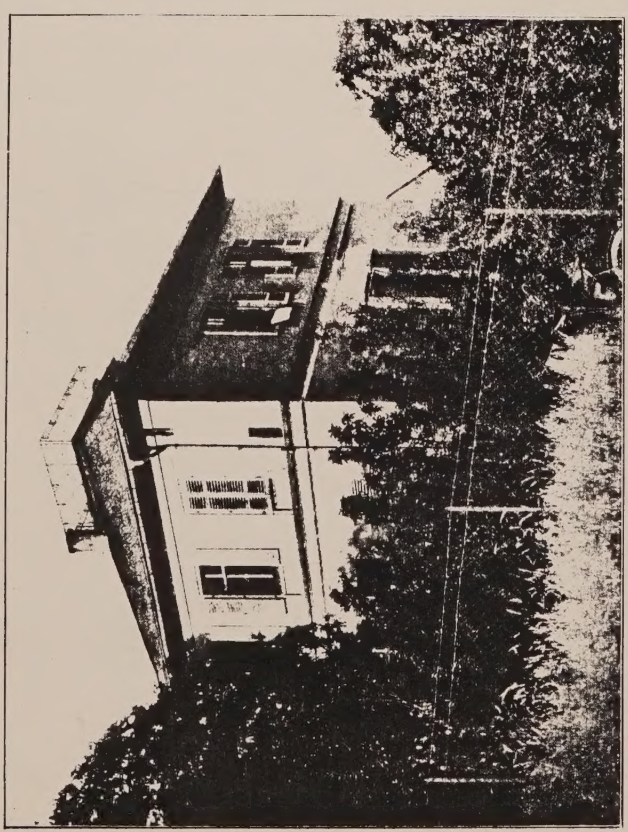

MULTATULI'S LAATSTE WONING TE INGELHEIM
(MULTATULI-MUSEUM)

MULTATULI

BRIEVEN

Bydragen tot de Kennis van zyn Leven

gerangschikt en toegelicht door
M. DOUWES DEKKER—HAMMINCK SCHEPEL

Tweede, herziene Uitgaaf

TIENDE DEEL

1912

UITGEGEVEN·DOOR·DE
MAATSCHAPPIJ · VOOR
GOEDE·EN·GOEDKOOPE
LECTUUR-AMSTERDAM

MULTATULI

LETTERS.

Contributions to the knowledge of his life

arranged and illustrated

by

M. Douwes Dekker-Hamminck Schepel.

FIRST VOLUME.

Translated by
Nicolaas [illegible].

MULTATULI.

LETTERS.

Contributions To the Knowledge of His Life
Arranged and Illustrated
By
M. DOUWES DEKKER-HAMMINCK-SCHEPEL

TENTH VOLUME.

Translation by
Nicolaas Steelink.

LAST PERIOD.

To the Leader of the Democratic Congress at Antwerp.

I.

(Copied from "Vry Volk", Organ of the Democratic Association for North and South Netherland, at that time being circulated in Antwerp.)

Wiesbaden, 29 May 1873.

Although I received as early as yesterday your letter together with an issue of "Vrye Volk" and "Appeal", it was impossible for me to reply before today.

First something about you remark that I had left a previous writing from you unanswered. I receive a great many letters and it would be impossible for me, physically as well as financially to carry on a regularly conducted correspondence with every one who calls on my advice in any matter. In my opinion the usual laws of social politeness do not reply in this respect to one who as a public person draws attention more than do others. My labor soon would take on a peculiar look if I dedicated my time to personal correspondence, not to mention now the frittering away of my impressions and ideas, with which I must be very careful.

Also from a viewpoint of industry -after all the matter exists, and so it should be allowed to name it! -considered industrially too I would be asingular craftsman if I sent the wares of which I and my family must live. and which are not very generaously paid for anyhow, that is in the manner of the Netherlands- indiscrimanately into the world. Is that demanded or expected from a pastry baker? Why then demand it from me? I do not put a spoonful of food into my mouth

which not but by very difficult labor, complicated by the sacrifices I made, was earned. And besides I would be obliged to throw away my ideas into the mailbox, postage duly paid? Acknowledge that the demand is singular!

Till today I have not received a reply to my letter to the King since last September, neither from him, nor from the nation whom it concerned in the first place. More yet, that Nation, democrats no more than other party members, replied to Max Havelaar, that it now already thirteen years old!

Now, as to calling the Congress together, I really do not grasp how I can be invited to do that!

Already since a great many years I raised a banner, and no one came. I called and no one answered. For a moment I shook the people to awakening -or almost- and the people allowed everything to fall flat again.

How the same people who patiently looked on that I was abused by the pious and reactionaries, that is to say those in power, by men of all parties, can now get the idea that I would answer their call, is a puzzle to me.

Besides, it should be known that speeches, debates, discourses, parliamentary etc., etc., goes against my grain. By phrases the people has been spoiled, it will not be cured by phrases. At any rate I do not fit in at "Meetings". The parlance of democrats pleases me not a hair better than that of the most old fashioned reactionaries. On the contrary I can get along better with a speech making minister than with a workman who from rational becomes irrational.

of all of this you may be aware. It's plainly stated in the parable on page.... Multimillion Studies.

In Vorstenschool too I have stigmatized the congress-club-or parliament's disease, and everywhere! The politicians with which the Netherlands dresses itself up, are as a rule too ignorant that one could expect something from them that might resemble finesse, but were this otherwise, one might justifiably get the idea that congresses, such as currently intended were inspired by the reacionaries. Nothing kills democracy as certain as do such talk-fests.

Republic? Why certainly.... where possible! Republic? If there is the material for it! But in Holland that material does not exist. Before we'll be that far there must be something quite different take place.

What's needed is integrity, sense of duty, dignity, feeling for justice, courage.... all matters that do not exist in our country.

When I rose up many years ago for what's good -mark you, not with a little tale, not with a treatise, but with a deed! that People looked on with i difference. It tolerated, and tolerates that all kinds of jokers were and are placed at the head, and I covered with dirt..

Republicanism is as much, or possibly more a matter of character than of politics. So long character is lacking so long the so called politics doesn't mean a thing, and that character I have not found in the Netherlands. Therefore I cannot join with persons or corperations who indeed, or through abstinence at least have shown not to possess the essential character.

Whoso would have willed what was good, should have supported me. And this is still so. C'est à prendre ou à laiser! I will take care that the 19th century does not close before this truth shall have been given the most convincing evidence. I do not retreat but do what I said on the last page of Max Havelaar. At the right time I will keep a record, not of those who call for me -that is unnecessary, and even to some extent improper; it is as if it were proposed to you to make Antwerp your residence and there to write in Volksblad!- but of the few who have given tempore citili signs of life at my call.

All that I write here may or might be known to you from my works. But I fear that you are not aware of it. In democratic circles there is a lack of discipline or method. As one of the first fruits of freedom it seems that freedom of speech is considered most desired. Very well, but pray, what's about listening? What good is speaking when listening is neglected?

In this respect an example should have been taken from the reactionaries. They have discipline, tactic, method. Mister Groen van Prinsterer does not speak a word that is not learned outright by every catechismus teacher -que bien lui fasse!- Thusly there is joining; thusly influence can be brought about; thusly power exists!

The democrats are unwilling to realize this. Every one wants to be a general. It is self evident that in this manner soldiers are lacking. And.... sans soldiers, no army.

And something else, or rather the same in a different form. Do you know what is the first step to freedom?

Bowing unconditionally under dictatorship, the temporary relinquishment of all freedom.

The oppressed part of a people is the weakest part, of course. This is self evident, otherwise it would not be oppressed. So it must be recognized that in order with hope of good results to shake off the oppressors' yoke, something must be created to fill in what is lacking in power. To be sure the democrats have neither money nor soldiers, neither influence in council hall nor chambers or court-clique. They have nothing to place in opposition to the well organized might of their opponents.

The "something" that must compensate for the lack of power is discipline, organization, subordination, respect for the spoken watchword, confidence in the leader

Of all of this there exists nothing in the Netherlands! The general who would take the field with such troops would harvest shame. I am not suffiently incapable to expose myself to that.

Yes, there is something to be done! Yes, there are means. But before all there must be evidence of sincere will. This must reveal itself in discipline and once more discipline. Does one have the intent to capture the capitol -do you want to read capital, it's well with me!- with an inorderly troop, then one decieves oneself. And I am not taking part. I fear no defeat, but do not crave the disgracefulness of a defeat that might have been foreseen by the rashness of the attack. And.... I do not want to make the enemy stronger by showing him the weakness of our camp.

It must be generally acknowledged that at the moment there is unusual friction in Holland, is there not? This phenomenon is in a certain sense favorable, isn't it? It is felt that something might be done -withness

the congress!- even though in my view the right means are not chosen.

Well, did you ever ask yourself what is the cause that the field is somewhat prepared? Can you deny that I, more than any one else contributed a share and always, mark you, stood quite alone, sans help, sans coterie, sans party?

Whence then the blindness of assisting my opponents in their hellish but very practical tactic of silence? Vous autres democrates vous jouez le jeu de l'enemi! The pious, the men in power, appreciate you!

Involuntarily I remind myself here of your piece against god worship! You yourself -willy nilly, of that I am well aware, but the effect is the same- appeal in it to various utterances of rather insignificant semi-thinkers, and omit mentioning my efforts of extirpating that scourge. Had you not read then what I wrote about it? You do read Voltaire who twaddles of a God, and who thought having ventured very much by attacking Catholic Saints. Verily, this is very insignificant and works detrimentally because it it strengthens that miserable protestantism.

In politics it goes likewise. Who was the first to undress the mannekin Thorbecke? That was I, and to be sure in the second volume of Ideas that made its appearance as early as '62. Why not acknowledged this? Why were not my efforts chosen as points of departure, instead of the lieux commons from the club-world, qui ont fait leur temps?

Your opponents are very appreciative of your help. Really, the people in The Hague would not have been at ease if the People, whose honor I tried to save, had turned to me. But this they did not do and so......

As for me I am aware of what has to happen, and is bound to happen, and I heartily decline quibbling in a meeting with the first Johnny come lately who, sans having accomplished or sacrificed anything, asks for and is given the floor.

I cannot take any position but that of dictator. After the execution (viz: the ending of "Prussia and the Netherlands") I would retire to my little cloister since: ambition in the usual sense I have not. For that I am too sick of the world, of the so called democratic one no less than of the present.

With friendly greetings from

E. t. Douwes Dekker.

Confidential this letter is not. But because of its sloppy form, not suited for the press. For trimming and patching I lack the time as well as the desire now. Do you want to publicize my words? No problem, and quite well, Provided you add this P.S.

TO MISTER J. VERSLUYS.*

The correspondence with mister J.Versluys dates from 1873. After the appearance of Multimillion Studies, mister Versluys had reviewed that work in his Schoolblad and sent the article to Multatuli, along with a letter. Multatuli thereuopon sent him an article for his Schoolblad, of which I here print the first half. In order to comprehend sufficiently the second half the reader would need access to the piece of Mr. V ..

NO ANTI CRITIQUE,

but an expression of appreciation to Mister J. Versluys for the treatment in his paper of my Multimillion Studies. The observations made by that gentleman will give me (welcome) material for a new chapter in the event of a new issue. I am sufficiently haughty to consider myself quite honored by his corrections, and I regret that the available space did not allow him to be more ample. As I consider the submitted remarks, it will be once for all immaterial to me whether the scale tilts to his or my side. To him two times two is four, and that is the point upon which I too will stand. What goes beyond that is evil.

Quite independent therefore of the remarks of a material nature by mister Versluys, I limit myself for now to a couple of considerations that belong in another field.

I opine that mister V. is mistaken.... no, I assure him that he is in error in two conclusions.

It states there:

---

*)(All the series of letters in this Bundle are incomplete because of a great surplus of material.)

"Multatuli's goal in the meantime is not: to give ideas concerning psychology, history, language, etc., but indeed to show by calculation the folly of playing at the gaming tables."

Not so!

What then was your goal? the reader asks. Behold a question which I believe I may let unanswered. Whoso wants to measure my works in accordance with the standard of what is "predetermined", of its "purpose", of an "aimed at tendency" will find that standard only in the general program that I submitted in my(first) brochure "Free Labor". I am unable to move in a narrower cadre. Is that a fault? Is is a merit? I do not know. But I am aware that it is impossible for me to work otherwise.

The Multimillion Studies -colorful again, naturally- to suit my purpose, are reasonably homogene. It must be taken for granted that I am only the secretary of my mood, and often.... incapable. Oh, that the reader were aware how often I put my pen on non-activity!

As for the M. S. ... when I review them they will fare worse than was their fate under the sympathetic hands of mister V. Still, his honor might have said, I think, that they are amusing in spots. Is this not so? (Advertising addressed at Reading clubs! (Mr. V. calls my argument: "logical". Pity the poor publisher!)

The second error of mister V. concerns my sally against Stuart Mill. S. M. the author, the political economist S. M. I do not know. This I have said emphatically. So my persiflage cannot be aimed at him.

The Stuart Mill whom I "make ridiculous" (sic) is the modern quote-

black sheep in the mouths of our debaters, parrots, idea-thieves, parliamentarians.... in and out of Chambers. He is the famous Mr. Chose ith whom 999/1000 of our leaders in vari ous fields try to cover their nakedness. This rudeness prevails and rules. It overwhelms us. It.... takes possession of

Viz: Idea 1056

us Caveamus.

Our Dutch contemporary writers for by far the greater part are not original, neither in the manner of dressing their.... halt: of the ideas which they bring forth, nor in their style -something quite different still than manner of writing!- nor mostly in the ideas as such.

Alongside this lazy un-originality stands something worse: they boast about and think"they are going great" with a "Stuart Mill quote." Against that I rise.

And yet there is something worse than that, I think, gullibleness of certain audiences who with their "mooi!" encourage this highway robbery. The haute nouvauté from neighboring countries is carried around here like ginger cake. What the man really has said I do not know but.... he cited Stuart Mill, so no doubt it must have been good! Does no one realize that the most vacant of heads in this manner fraudulently make themselves master of the consideration that belongs to some one else? And .... that just this citing as such almost always is a testimonium pauperatis?

As for me, I must work too hard for my bread still to have time to read. Till now, having not detected even the slightest lack of ideas, I feel no need of asking Mr. Mill to lend me something. I can assure in all honesty

that I have difficulty placing my own thoughts properly, and to have room for the brain children of some one else. As soon as the need arises I will start adopting, perhaps at Mills.*

. . . .

---

*)(To this was added the following letter.)

II

Wiesbaden 30 November 1873.

Most esteemed sir Versluys.

I have written a little article for Schoolblad and ask you kindly to place it.

I always register my copy, having to make such a little thing once more, is so boring, so warming uppish. Besides, if I learned after 8,10,20 days about it being lost, I would be minus my mood, and must ask: "what was there again?" But I inform you of this registration to prvent you from thinking that there lies f100 m for you at the post office. It might well induce your spouse to rent a nicer house only to discover that she had just a bit of Mult. with which she cannot pay rent.

Hm! What then did the author have in mind with those Multimillion Studies? Oh, perhaps a contribution to the truth that"all touches all". Figures touch poesy, what's (so called) low at what's (so called) high. It's really impossible for me to split my observations into "logics". Language, botany, history, poesy, everything touches everything. Remember I am no craftsman. Have you read my Specialists? I shall have them sent to you.

Oh yes. a request, something extra. Again a token that "all is in all." You'll laugh about it. Do you know what attracted me most in the issue I received? Not your article, oh no, but the name of your fellow editor: dr. Epkema. See, when I was a boy of 12½, 13 years, I was introduced to his mama: "being a bright little boy." . The present dr. E. was as yet not born. His father, praeceptor at the "latin" school at Amsterdam, was just getting married. I was treated to chocolate and mister E. spoke very kindly to me. The old gentleman must have forgotten this, but not I. For me it was a sublime day. Mister E. called his spouse Mathilde. This must be so. The young people lived at the Voorvurgwal in Amsterdam. The old gentleman E. had just been rewarded the iron cross for volunteers, that was something new. No, the cross itself came later. He had just returned from the ten day campaign.

With very sincere greeting.
respectfully,
Your servant
Douwes Dekker.

I was so proud, you know, for being praised in front of a lady. Hence the durability of the memory. From thankfulness I was in love with Mathilde for at least eight days.

III

18 June 1874.

I have been getting rather many visits from Holland which I liked, oh yes, but that kept me away from my desk. And.... weak flesh liked it that way! An old school print contains the following rule:

"And choosest the longest way, to shorten the time!"

namely: a schoolboy! He rejoices that the bridge is raised. Autant de gagner sur l'ennemi. That enemy is exertion, stdy, fatigue.

Well, I resemble that schoolboy. It saddens me. I see decline in it. I wrestle against it, but so it is! Even the business of writing I dislike.

That I was not lacking in more or less real pretexts is true. But many a little bridge on my way was only raised for this reason: when I stood before it I did not take care to enter it before it was raised. That's how we are or.... become so. "Oh my young friends," (style dominee de Veer in his Nieuws v. d. D.) "think of it, and work when it's daytime.... again style de Veer, so be it!

. . . .

My divagations about social or political conditions are (or should be) an equally logical developing process as is a multiplication or a root-extraction. At this latter each figure has its unassailable reason of existence, on penalty of the uselessness of the whole. When I, calculating such things take the liberty to say 2 x 2 is something else than 4.... what ground do I have to think that I make no errors on procedures of another nature. It would not be honest to rest in self complacent confidence, because the "proof" is a little easier to take than with a matter of figures. Again it is a Larochefoucauld!s:"personne ne se plaint de son jugement!" Well, this is not honest of that "personne". Whoso watch their errors in figuring should..... etc.

Oh, I am out of sorts, and really I'm always that. I dislike Goethe, and his Faust I do not place as high as do most..... pretend they do. But the idea of selling oneself to the devil for a little knowledge.... (Is that indeed Faust's idea? Is there really an idea in the entire Faust which, -this I acknowledge!- is replete with ideas?) never mind, I grasp that people

sacrifice all in order to know. And then? Satiation, disgust, stagnancy, death!.... Again not good.

There is a (comical) resemblance in such melancholy with the contrition that is said to be characteristic of the sinner who is about to be converted: "I have deeply sinned, oh Lord, I am a miserable wretch." So begin the hunts for a little salvation. And I? No doubt I've said in uncountable times 2 x 2 = 5. I am a dumbell.... but sans Lord! Well, just for that reason I grasp the pretens-faust idea, in which one makes do with a black poodle and Medisto. A human being needs to have something to decry his spite!

. . . .

And I claim that lower education in philology.... With lower education I do not in the least mean that which is offered at High Schools.... I claim that this philology spoils judgment, rather distrait from the contents.

A similarly sad removal of interest "aiming at a wrong goal" I think I'm finding everywhere. Just as some define honesty as the desire "to give every one his own" (I add to it: himself too!) philosophy might be called: the desire to estimate everything at its true value, suum cuique applied to all that exists and occurs.

(The similarity between morals and philosophy is again striking here, isn't it? Whoso says 2 x 2 = 5 robs the thing or concept: two of a characteristic , and even twice: He gives to V5 what it is due. Or: He slanders the descent of 5. Etc. , all untrue, unphilosophical = immoral.

That not giving to the things that is theirs! I see that the king has again occupied himself with the number of stars on the caparisons of the generals! Is that giving royalty what to the thing belongs? Van Swieten

landed (according to his own report: unaware and by accident) in an empty encampment, the people believes the minister who juggles a victory before them. Is this giving to the facts what's theirs? Professors who are said to teach literature, give wisdom about a letter, or comment on an old chronicle (mostly very poorly written, and in no wise massgebend for more developed times.) Is that giving to literature what belongs to it? Newspapers report that Mr. A has had a conference with mister B. In order not to let the hungry public wait for the refreshing soul nourishment, they have let the message come by telegraph (preferably at the expense of another paper) and the Public thinks that they are satiated of their thirst for news. Which is by far the worst of the entire history, since the physical impenetrableness of the old school still exists in the field of news. Where the knowledge of that A. B. meeting took space, there's no room for something better. Be this not literally true (the knowledge about something superfluous does not prevent straightout the receipt of a useful truth) still it becomes true through the habit of feeding oneself with useless twaddle.

Aye, aye, come now, is it true? Has A paid B a visit? Indeed!

Meet such people once with a thesis that demands training and exertion! With a paradox! With a heresy? Anathema!

Yes, yes, all of this must annoy you, you the mathematician! I envy you your occupation.

In one of your earlier letters you wrote of not having bothered with greek and latin. Oh, make that good. It really has its use and isn't so

very difficult. It comes in handy, 1º with terminology, 2º with the general etymology (Not at all because all current tongues are supposed to be derived from greek or latin. This, namely, applies only to the dialecticalized roman idioms.

Philology is always interesting because it makes contributions to the development of one's mind. Crooked talking and oblique thinking usually keep each other's company. You will acknowledge that it is useful now and then to know what the greeks said. Well, just as useful it is to know how they said it. The manner of expression delineates, adds light, clears up.

Still, latin and greek is not essential. Instructive and entertaining is Celtic, and: the similarity of the pretense-older oriental languages with the sounds of the ancient-european troglodytes, cave dwellers. (Of the word kelt itself we still have: kelderand the english their shelter.) Greek and latin are wretchedly modern.

……

IV.

(These are incomplete letters.)

Wiesbaden, 7 August, 1874.

A new weekly! See, I believe indeed that there is a need of one. Of the Spectator I can't make head or tail. 'Tis a product of spare times. Which accounts for its limited range. I do not grasp the program of the Spectator. If I am allowed to judge by its title, then it resembles nothing at all. Yes, I believe that a robust, sincere, new Spectator would make its way.

Whether I might be of use thereby is another question! Probably not. I am too -the deuce how is it called- too "journalized", too dependent on all kinds of "trainbuben" within and outside of me. My independence is no character-wealth but lack of talent, of equalized working strength. This makes less difference when I am self-employed. But being obliged to render something collectively I would in moments (sometimes months) of malaise, be detrimental to the firm by my incapability. Still, I applaud your intention, and would be glad to serve you of consideration about your program. Yes, Vosmaer and Roorda are outstanding. Van Vloten is a bad man. This you need not believe on my word (and you are not allowed to believe upon my word!) But I who is aware of it, would never have any dealings with him. As potentual contribution I recommend Schook to you. He'll be here within a day or so. Would you that i sound him out? He has something original in his articles, that is not to be denied, namely: facts. Style gives him no concern. Usually he delivers in a few pages material for long pondering. And all what he says gets dots on the i's. I am sorry that till now he has buried his

articles in the "Sneeker", and I shall insist that he issues them in a bundle. That will really be a curious manual, full of things worth knowing. It will become a reference-book and referred to as a dictionary. Look, this is more than belles-lettres, isn't it? Still, I acknowledge that other methods are needed.

Your article about Vosmaer's One Thing And Another.....* which I am sending to the Indies with the request to place it here or there. So you see what importance I attach to it.

Being precise, Vosmaer remained too exclusively with literature! This seems to me to be a Dutch characteristic. No English statesman will blame Disraeli for writing novels. Nor Bulwer. Nor Gladstone for translating the Illiad. And Dickens was, I believe, member of Parliament. In France men of letters played (so choosing) a role on the public stage. (Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo. Whether or not they played their roles well is not the question now: Among the bad political actors there were also those who had not made themselves guilty of fine writing!)

And in Holland it seems that practicing literature in a certain sense gives one a bad reputation! In the 2d chamber van Lennep had to put up with a kind of death-sentence. *Il était convenu de ne pas le prendre sérieux.* 'Tis true that he could not resist telling little jokes. I do not call this merit. But is its abstinence a merit in those who don't know how?

---

*)(This was the title under which Vosmaer's Studies of Multatuli's Works appeared, now included in Volume I of the Collected Works.)

V.

Wiesbaden, 23 Nov. '74.

Dear mister Bientjes, yesterday, much to the detriment of my weak eyes and pressing work, I spent a large part of the day with consceintiously answering your letter of the 20th. I thought you were seeking truth and would assist you as well as I might.

Only this morning I received your courant in which I found your praise of the"Java-benefit-Corporation". Immediately I tore up the 3½ pages that lay ready for you. Indeed it is impossible for me to exchange thoughts with one who beats sound thinking and morality so in the face. I do grasp that your misdeed flows forth from ignorance, but this too is shocking. You should know better!

I now expect Dr. Kuyper to be recommended for teacher of mathematics.

Adieu.

t. a. v. D. D.

VI.

Wiesbaden, 24 Nov. 1874.

Dear mister Bientjes, I am sorry for writing so brusquely to you yester, and beg your pardon for it. As for the main subject of my writing I must stay with my opinion, but I was wrong in uttering it so curtly. But now to be just also to myself, I request of you to take note of the following particulars,

1° Recently I reviewed "Loveletters" and "Diverse Writings" and now "Havelaar". During that labor I continually jump up and utter words and expressions of the kind which you prefer not to print in your courant.. Having witnessed what I witnessed, done what I did, experienced what I experienced from our Nation and Government, you would grasp this and.... justify, I hope.

2º In that mood I received your letter. I had the strength to set aside my impressions, imagine your position, and spent the entire sunday to conscientiously replying to your observations. I analysed Roorda's position, trying to let it be quite outside the fact that he is my friend, paid heed to the responsibilities concerning yourself, wife and child, weighed pros and cons.... briefly, I went to much trouble in order to reply honestly to your observations. The exertion required for this was not minor. My eye sight is bad. Not to let my letter, already so long and spread out to more than double postage, I had to write very small. The next day my eyes burned and the entire day I had to apply ice water and sit in a dark corner, very much to the detriment of my work, since I do not have as van de Putte, van Twist and the like, the means to exist without work. I have to work very hard in in order not to perish. (Allow me to condemn the Nation for this, whom you do not wish to be insulted in your paper by R oorda.)

Still, yesterday I arose feeling rather pleased because I thought having done my duty properly. You approached me with openhearted confidence, and I had freely replied. I had served the sunday well, and that I could not work the following monday as a result of it.... never mind!

What first came in view was your courant (which was delivered 24 hours after your letter. On sundays there is but one delivery.)

There I read your praise of the Java-benefit-corporation! At first I did not trust my eyes! To the writer of that piece I had tried to make clear my ideas about honor and duty! I had had the strength to see against my friend Roorda, to make him see a difference in the soundness of his

of his expressions as such and your duty to lend your paper for it, I had done myself violence in order to place myself in your position; taking into account your lack of personal experience with that Government and that Nation, I forgave you your aversion of taking a stand for justice in that manner.....

(That right, namely of Roorda himself, I be-discussied too.)

Briefly, I had exerted myself in order to be strictly just. And there my eyes meet with such an all too coarse divergence from justice and truth!

Once I knew some one who, while with more or less justice complaining about the Public, the Nation, about "they" (I cannot judge the importance of his grievances) briefly one who carried in his mouth the cliche: "They are unaware of what blackguards they are.". In general there can lie some truthtruth in that exclamation. The participants in that Java-benefit-swindle are not aware of what abominal violation of justice they help maintain! Van Gennep surely is quite innocent of knowledge of Indies' conditions, (I doubt if he has ever seen a Javanese? He certainly has never, never been in touch with"internal matters", and so can join in the talk only like a New York procuror does about the Redskins.) And Moens! One of the 70 lampoons on the concept: People's Representation! The individual who was chosen at Sneek to get him a job because his lungs prevented him to preach. This was told me word for word by his constituents. Print that if you like and say that I am your source. Along with it print, if you so choose, that when he feared that in a new election people would choose me (for which I kindly declined) he walked around

with a letter from me to van Twist in which I called that miscreant what he is, showed my signature and said that I asked the parasite for money. In that letter there probably occurred something like: "My family suffers want, and you live in luxury." I wrote him more than once in that vain. Recently I sent him a reprint of Free Labor, with the inscription: *To mister van Twist as a mini-proof of the author's deepest contempt*.

Be this as it may the Java-benefit-man-Moens is a creature of
of those
van Twist/who with tooth and nail thwart the Havelaar affair.

That affair is:

"The Javanese must not be robbed and murdered."

No more, no less, nothing else! That is the question! The only question. Whose presents something else to be discussed is an impostor. Something else, such as: Cadaster. Agrarian Law. Coin system. Preanger overhaul. Abolition of slavery. Price of coffee. Monopoly N.H. Corporation. Heroisms, to wit: insidious, treacherous intrusion and awakening division. Just what van Swieten now places in the limelight, instead of the heroisms that are paid for, and which the Dutch song writers now "chant" of, I have characterized as the Dutch manner of conquest, in my Free Labor. Van Swieten is quite right. Openly fighting them we are no match for the Atjinese! For that we must apply the ancient usual manner of divide and conquer. But that he took payment for heroisms he seems to have forgotten now. Still, we wont get Atjin! As that will require many years("advancing foot by foot and replacing boundary posts") and ere long we will get quite something else to do.

After all, those things are but deviations, penny plating!

Didn't you know this? You might have known! That most of your colleagues make the same mistake.... pray, don't you know my note to the Java-improvers who invite me, Havelaar to contribute too in.... teaching the Javanese reading and writing!*

For the rest what concerns the others.... they can hold themselves responsible for recommending such things. I sympathize with you, you who took the part of Havelaar! This does not harmonize with patronizing such quackery!

Once more: I am busy re-reading Max Havelaar. I know that I told the truth. It was I who experienced how the Nation answered it.... by doing and not doing. So allow me to have an opinion about that Nation different from yours. Just now I reviewed a page that dealt with my noble wife.... She was hooted at in the streets of Amsterdam, poorly dressed as she was. Tears prevent me from continuing. Yes, as Roorda, I call that nation a nation of knaves.

You feel, of course, that I do not offer that one passage as proof? My exhibitions would constitute a bundle.*

Whether you might say this in your courant? Day before yesterday I still thought that this could not be demanded. But if you think you are at liberty to praise that Java-benefit-swindle, then our conceptions of morality are in such divergence that there exist no points of contact between us.

---

*)(Viz: Collective Works, Idea 942.)

*)(These last two lines apparently were inserted later.)

I always regret having grieved any one. But.... truth before all. Here I stand!

Greeting you kindly, t. t.

D. D.

VII.

Wiesbaden, 3 Dec. '74.

Dear mister Bientjes. Thank you heartily for your letter! Once more I beg pardon for my bitter letter.

Your plan concerning the J.B.C. is fair. Right-o wait for the reprint of Max Havelaar. Probably I will add a few notes to it, that may be of service to you at the interpellation. ... What at the moment I feel most is the joy that you seek truth. I feared so much that I had made you angry. Just these days I had a similar experience with Feringa. I had muttered a good deal about quote-scribbling, (A cancer in our literature. Prof. Quack too has a good time with it!) and see, he replies very jovially. That makes me feel good.

Now, my torn-up letter was a long drawn out memorandum about the responsibilities of a publicist. And.... with it I took due account of your family and social standpoint. It contained: "your spouse didn't give her consent thinking that you would expose her to martyrdom, etc. Will a writer to the editor return your position to you when you have lost it because of placing his piece?"

Well, this is simple. And I will move Roorda to agree to this. All that's true he can grasp, and he will grasp. But.... the question: how far must the care for that wellbeing go in order not to disintegrate into.... etc.

See, that is most difficult and I had lost myself in it's analysis.

I intended to write more, but really cannot! Be heartily greeted from
t. t.
Douwes Dekker.

TO MISTER FUNKE.

VIIII

Wiesbaden, 28 November. 1874.

Dear Funke! A certain mister Meyners d'Estrey writes me from Paris "Allow me to request of Y. E. to give me your permission to translate your works into french. Mr. Funke has done so on condition that I ask you too.

I've been a resident of France, and a collaborator of variuos french dailies and periodicals, mainly in foreign political relations.

In the event I am honored with your permission I will of course constantly send you a copy of whatever appears in french of your works."

(then something about his having almost forgotten to write dutch.)

Is it true that he already has your permission? Shall I too say yes? And.... does he really need our permission at all? Or for that matter mine? I honestly do not know what is right in this matter. If you and I have no right to deny, then his question is pure respectfulness.

But now that he asks for permission, I think it strange that he sends us away with a copy of my works that is to appear in french. With the question of what remuneration that should accrue to you or me, I am not now dealing. But in the event there is a treatise we certainly should not so cheaply relinquich the right to translate.

But.... one more consideration. Regardless of any honorarium, I am pleased to see me being translated, and you too must like it. So my urge is: graciously accept his proposal. Do you agree?*

---

*)(Mr. Meyners d'Estrey received permission from Multatuli

and his publisher to translate M's work into french. But in so far I can remember we never heard about it later. But after Dekker as well as Funke had died there appeared in the August number of the Nouvelle Revue of 1888: "Légendes orientales d'après le manuscript arabe d'un auteur inconnu, par Comte Henry M. d'Estrey." These légendes were the translations of Multatuli's Histories of Authority in "Loveletters".

I did recall the contact which Multatuli had had with mr. d'Estrey, but proofs of it, such as the letter I printed, I had not yet delved out of Multatuli's correspondence. However I wrote to Madame Juliette Adam , editor of the Nouvelle Revue that the pieces in question must be translations from the dutch of Multatuli, that any other origin was impossible, and that I requested her to place my writing in her next Revue, Madame Adam replied: Que Mr. le comte d'Estrey était résolu a constater lui même qu'il avait été induit en erreur".

In so far as I know he did this by once more publishing "Légendes" in the "annales de l'Extrême Orient" of November 1888, to which he then added in a note: Ces légends ont été publiées il y a quelque annees dans un "recueil allemand" probabalement par Multatuli lui-même comme étant d'un auteur d'arabe inconnu."

He sent me the number of his annales, and at the request of Madame Adam enclosed a letter with it in which he stated the same untruth, but names the vague "recueil allemand" the german Rundschau of fifteen years or so ago. "J'ai trouvé les légendes orientales il y a une quizaine d'années dans une Revue allemande la deutsche Rundschau et je les ai alors traduites litteralement sur le texte allemand."

Although knowing that this could not be true, I still wished to look up the Rundschau in abundance and thereby discovered 1º that this periodical did not yet exist at the time that mister d'Estrey pretended having drawn from it, 2º that in none of the annals of that periodical appeared a translation of the histories of authority.

Miss Berdenis van Berlecom had already expressed her suspicion in the Spectator that the légendes in the Nouvelle Revue were a translation from Multatuli, and in that same paper had prof. M. I. de Goeje declared that on inner grounds she had to be right in her suspicion. With this the matter had been deprived of its sting, nevertheless it appeared

not to be without fun to include letter VIII of volume X. Certainly the suspicion lies at hand that the Dutch correspondent of 1874, mister Meyners d'Estrey, who then "since 25 years had been a resident of France, and was a collaborator of several french papers, is the same person as "le comte Henry M. d'Estrey" who in 1888 pretended to have translated the "légendes orientales" first from arabian and later from german.

——

Translations: Page 26, Line 5. Oriental legends from an arabian manuscript of an unknown author. Line 17, That Count d'Rstrey has decided that he may have made a mistake and will look into it. Page 26, line 21: Those legends were published some years ago by a german selection, probably by Multatuli himself, drawn from an unknown arabian author. And line 32: I have found the légends orientales, they are in a german review some fifteen years old, the Deutsche Rundschau and I have translated them literally from the german text.

……

(incomplete)

IX.

Wiesbaden, 27 July 1875.

Dear Tile, I forgot to give you the name of the kind of leaves which, when smoked, must be so excellent against asthma. They are called: Dahoen (da-un) Ketjoebon.

When pronouncing ketjoebon put the emphasis on the second to last sylable. With malay words this is a general rule with perhaps only a dozen exceptions of two-syllable ones. I would have spared you this pedantry if it were not that it could serve you in your studies about Indies' travels.

Our menagery has been enlarged with a little turtle. It's a pity that the little fellow is blind in one eye. Otherwise we're all right. But I've a lot of difficulty with my notes for the Havelaar. I didn't have enough room for $\frac{1}{4}$, although I counted on small type, and see (I do not know for what reason) Funke insists on it that they be printed with the same size type as the text. Now there is.... totally no throwing the cap at it! That wrestling with the notes makes me ill.

Today (tuesday) you should return home. I am glad for you, as I am theologically convinced:

Flying, parliamentary and iron rail
Created our-dear-lord in a moment of tremendous travail.

Receive the most kindly greetings from both of us, and believe me.

t. à. v.

Douwes Dekker.

X.

Wiesbaden, 4 Aug. '75.

Dear Tiele. Be so kind to allow me to be on familiar footing with you, which I wish you to be likewise with me. I've got acquainted with you so joyfully that it would hinder me to sell you compositities. Yes, I too hope with all my heart that the relation we started will grow into a lasting friendship.

Say, might it be that you would need a second stay at Wiesbaden, deemed essential for your health, and shrinking somewhat from the high hotel costs, then we here would be gratified if you were pleased with that little room. We will then move the bath tub to the front room, which is no problem. But our living regimen is most simple. Well, that won't matter to you.

The two copies of the Gids I have paged through, but not yet read. Once more I fear getting absorbed in them, and this I must not before I'm clear with Funke. He is justified in complaining and that hinders me.

Thanks for your information about van Meteren. Aye, have the Messrs. States made a little change in that? Well, this is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of governmental principles of those days. Whoso reads History attentively, runs the risk of becoming a human hater. How much intrigue, how little beauty.

Whoso "reads attentively". It's clear to me that "they" don't do so. It's remarkable how easy it was in general to fool the multitude, not just always by purposeful deceivers, but by their own desire for untruth.

How else must I qualify it? I take myself as an example. Why didn't I ask the first time when I was told that Franklin "eripuit coelo fulmen.... How did people know that? How did he know it himself? What evidence could supply him with certainty? How many lightning storms does one person observe? Of how many storms do we acquire the knowledge of the direction one spark took? How many times among the few sata did the spark fly along a bar and wire? The total must be minimum and -relative to the theory of possibilities- Franklin could impossibly claim that he had found a lightning conductor! I remember from my youth a print from Martinet's "Kath. of Nature." In the peculiar costumes of that time there the instructing dominie stands teaching, in the center of "Nature", naturally. The concept "nature" requires being outside, among trees and verdure. There's a storm.... acting as a storm. But the attentive yonker Zögling need have no fear as: "this big tree provides shelter all around."

The yonker who, rather smart, kept his distance from that tree, wasnot struck that day. Still, beyond doubt, he is dead by now, with god's help, as well as Martinet himself.

Question: what must poor lightning do when there are two trees of the same height stand in the same field? Where, in accordance with Franklin and Martinet did the electric spark fly when lightning did not "strike"? Oh, 1000 questions can be posed that do.... not prove that Franklin was in error, but that he can offer no données for the truth of his claims. It's impossible to raise his lowly guess into the dignity of aristocratic hypothesis.

Yet it was gratuitously called more than hypothesis: certainty! After having agreed for 100 years "people" are beginning to doubt on experimental grounds, and so is just as far as the dumbest know nothing who in Frnaklin's days did not believe the matter because the "Lord" was upstaged in his dignity by such inventions.

Whether the now growing doubt about the value of Franklin's discovery has more ground than the discovery itself, I know not. But certain it is that during 100 years something was generally believed, sans asking for proof, yes, sans thinking that for Franklin's claim there (possibly) was no proof to be had.

So too, history is treated more or less positively. But if "Messrs. States" are going to correct the van Meterens, it's with a purpose! Question: what comes of truth?

Salad patches. Is it accepted among bibliologues that Schonck is the author of that amusing commentary? Whence the name: Eibes in my copy? (1775, Utrecht, by I. C. ten Bosch) "Eibes" does not sound pseudonymic enough, I think. Too, I find in my edition a panegyric from P. R.S. "to Eibesius".

As for the beautiful piece itself, the commentator says that for young reviewers there is still something to be done.

"So long van Egmonts press still prints new songs
And van der Putte is successful."

So one will have to search in Liedeboekkens that were issued either by v. Egmont or v. d. Putte.

It's to be regretted that Schonck's (Eibes') comments, no matter how

applied is truly erudite. Our contemporary "caretakers" of classics are indeed ridiculous, sans giving evidence of erudition, not offending now the few exceptions. The Vondel series are wretched. One is bound to pity their poverty. And the Netherlands swallow it! And it awards scientific ranking to such dawdling. For example (one out of a thousand!)

> "Dus dient haar faam alderbest verzwegen,
> Nu wel die klok heeft haast elf geslegen.*
> *)geslagen".

Behold an elucidation by Doctor van Vloten! Is it or is it not sickening? And, mark you, that expressions which most certainly needed a little explaining, he very jolly skips.

Heh, speaking of antara. There dwells a sound in my ears the meaning of which I do not know: oetara. Will you look up that word some time? At the moment I have no malay dictionary. But in the event the word is really autora, then the possibility exists that the concept "between" has changed into "boundary". The sarcasm: lucus a non lucendo often is no sarcasm but simple truth. The meaning of some words is mostly abnormal, sometimes in straight contrast with its etymological sense.

Hm, ventured guessings! malakka and molukko for the same word. M.lk? Malch? By tracing origin -here: no real ur yet, malch being newer than cage-dwelling- one arrives at:

1 interjections
2 water
3 terrain-accidents
4 dignity appellations
5 tribal and folk names, usually synonimous with man, mens, wezen, vechter, various words that express we-being, the comminauty,

kimbr. (Si) kamber. Kenmr, (Si is, even yet in the Indies a prefix that indicates personality, probably related to sri, sr, sarah, sire, senior, tser, czar, caesar, assur, syrie.) I hold, for instance, Nebukadnezar to be a tautological tritone (Nabie, ngabi, chodno, chodnal(?) Sir, sr.) so too Salmanasser, (Sleman, salomo, sir, sr) Zerubabel (Sire sr, Baba, El = heer er = hy, i or latin comp., the greater. Tser-claes too is a double title. Claes is claus, clovis, chlowig the closed-in one, he who dwells in the house, (Sloss, also from sluiten (shut) therefore the heer (master) etc. etc. etc. It's endless since the deviations are as numerous as the number of roots is small.

Besides the five main springs of etymology the tone-repetitions remain, a well that is ever flowing.

Oh, I had such a desire to combine my observations about it! But I lack leisure.

To that rough copy on the preceding page belongs the guess too that el: heer, and sr: heer are closely related, and only through corruption of expression, perpetuated at last by writing, seem to differ.

The he-concept (the he by exception; the Heer = Lord) in latin became: l (ille = el) in the german dialects: er, herr. But the latins kept the r in their comparative, maha (great) became maha-er, maha-ior, maior, that is our: meer, etc.)

Well, by now I could have read your portuguese studies. And Funke is complaining. Listen, I won't do it again. But do n't you know some one who.... has the bosse of ventured guesses

and whom you could enthuse with the desire I have for seeking u r? That bosse, yes, and time? Come on, give it a try.

Who was the man whp claimed that flemish was spoken in paradise? What evidence did he have to confirm his guess? See, though it be foolish to believe in paradise, I still would not mind knowing if by chance he was struck by the kind of concordances that caught my eye. There might have been the error that what he took for "flemish" was really general world tongue, that is some ur-tones in flemish that shine through the little cloak of despoiling literature. With studies such as these, one must rid oneself of letter-mania, one must pay attention to sound and the transition of sounds. Yester I once again heard the r uttered as ah. The prussian N. C. O.'s think they are speaking straight militarily saying Gewehw (gewehr = rifle) the french incroyables swore paole d'honneu (parole d'honneur) "Huwelyk" is a poorly pronounced adjective: ehelich.

Might it suit you to inspire some one to the study which I love so much, let him/her be sure to remember that the submitted five, six kinds of origins 1° gradually increase somewhat (that is by continual development and need) 2° most probably sprout from each other, so that in u r, or in u r-like speech there are still less than five or six. The concept heerschap for instance is newer than knowledge of water. No doubt the sounds sr and er too are derived from the fleeting murmuring ɔ̂ (water) Observe how nice the exhaling h instantly changes it to "heer", sans waiting for german throats that would sah herr. The transition of the concept: motion or progressing (dragging along what puts itself in the way) onto highness, preponderance, authority and the comparative is easily grasped, before all when one places oneself into the quite comprehensible penury of means of expression. So too has a child at a certain age only three or so sounds at its command, and with that

it tries to express its desires. Mothers learn to hear, from the difference in modulation as well as from the evident efforts to alter the sound. Those efforts sometimes are funny, but the mother repeats the words, and makes a word of similar meaning of what at first related to language as tottering compared to walking. For did not in that manner languages come into the world?

To my shame I must acknowledge not to know when Kiliaan was in flower. Will you tell me this? And when relative authority extended to him? To be sure his explanations of meanings of words do not rest on comparable phylology, and only on use. Writing in 1875 would he not define the word "bepaald" (definite) as an adverb of superlative assurance of power? "I have bepaald a head-ache," one hears repeatedly today. I still remember clearly when I heard the word bepaald for the first time in such a silly way. At that time it was the latest academical snuff. the same as later on plastisch, drastisch, concreet, intens andmost of all ob- and subjectief. Most foolish is that I myself sometimes say "bepaald", crazy as it sounds to me. "Bepaald sure," now must mean: onbepaald sure, onbeperkt sure or beperkt onsure, god knows, yes god knows it.... bepaald! So: not complete.

The very heartiest of greetings, also from my wife. We wish you good health, and.... if you cough there, then come here! believe me

your friend
Douwes Dekker.

I always write quite sloppy. If my sentences don't click, then set 'm straight. Sloppiness tickles me when it's not for the press, just as it does a boy who is leaving school.

XI.

Wiesbaden 27 Aug. '75.

Dear Friend.

No doubt you're holding me for very thankless since I didn't send a single word, neither after your very pleasant letter of the 12th, nor too after the receipt of your presents. Thanks for everything! How the deuce did you know so preceisely what was lacking in my "Insulinde"?

And Bredero! Already I have amused myself more than really suits me. Well, amusing is not always the right word. Say, I find the word: mooi repeatedly with him. This does or does not prove that my guess that we got it from the spanish, but still it's strange that we don't find it with the Flemish, among whom the Spanish stayed so much longer. Besides, it doesn't seem that Bredero uses it as a find. So???

What also seems remarkable to me is that (till now) I do not find a trace of patriotism with Bredero. Predestination-belief instead which he brings up most comically in a request for marriage. But he doesn't curse the Spanish. Or rather, I haven't found any evidence of it. As to morals portraying his work is valuable, and mostly there where he doesn't paint. No, I do not mean it that way. I mean that one can be more certain of little strokes, that escape him involuntarily, than of the broad, long stripes which he deemed necessary for effect. This is always so. About that look up a few observations in the preface of Wagenaar. Quite exact! I find it strange that Bredero, apparent from two of his letters, was rather absorbed with the haughty Hooft, grand persons both. (You see I'm in the season of 17th century

playing on words. Oh it is so difficult to remain unwitty in the presence of such literature.. One more thing, and then I'll leave Bredero. I opine, guess, almost believe that all his données are stolen. (Decameron, Reine de Navarro, and further all that in tha time was in vogue.) Well, this saddens me. It is as if the Hollanders, except Vondel. have little Trieb for creation. I acknowledge that among Bredero's little verses there are very jolly ones and easy flowing.

What remains a puzzle to me is the mood of the public of that day about allowed or not allowed allusions to sexual life. "Allusions" they really are not. The matters are rather plainly called by their names. I would grasp that nothing offensive was to be found but.... then it contains nothing else, that is nothing piquantly. Any "naughtiness" in our time has a right to existence only because it's being forbidden. While in B's time that being forbidden did not seem to hinder such things from being brought up. I do not grasp what there was to laugh about in jokes of that nature.

You do not "demand" an answer from me to your letters. This is very kind (in line with your entire self,) but I find great pleasure in writing to you. Your letters are so substantial.

Yes, once more, if you can again get a leave of absence, then come to us! Those hotels are real skinning-institutions. You will really come to enjoy our simple mode of living and.... nowhere will you get such good coffee and tea, nowhere! That's a boast, eh?

Molukko and Malakka (perhapss related to melch, malch, malock, malek etc.) No thesis, but a contribution to a possible hypothese. Gut, do not ask pardon for using the word "gewaagd". I myself loathe "doorhakken". This is testimony to unscientific sense, and therefore immoral. Yes, being satisfied with lies is bad. My method is so. I begin (especially now with philology)

by holding all for possible that which but satisfies one of the denands of probability, and mark each donnée as true.... for memory. Then it depends on later observations if that which was once posed were corroborated or contradicted. Very much of what I found till now leads to (relative) unity of the origin of the languages. It's self-evident that with this I do not mean adamitic name giging.

Man's and Mankind's first sounds were and are involuntary utterances, having only cause and no reason. That in those utterances too there was already a difference with air-condition, environment, throat formation, etc., is self-evident. That's why I spoke of relative unity. Bye and bye, but very slowly, cause developed into reason, and not even completely. Even now there is much involuntariness in the reforming of words. The first Latiner who said "forma" for [illegible], no doubt made an error because of a click of the tongue, and error that became successful and popupar. Perhaps the matter is reversed since there is no reason to think that the Etruscans were younger than the Greeks. Development and civilization never followed a straight course. Thye followed zig zags.... the same as lightning.

Now that replacing or changing of a single letter is rather easily discovered, but sometimes the change is so prominent that we doubt relationship. Just today I read the name of the persian demon of what's good, whom we are accustomed to call Ormusd, spelled Ahura Mazda. I had difficulty to recognize the good devil in that letter costume. And, as I already told you, there are germans wh pronounce their "ihr": "you".

Oh yes, I was at Molukko. At the word "Ahrenbuche" you ask: what can this be? and say that Vespuci designates this word as the name of a country. "Islands whose names are arenbuche or moluche." This confuses me. Arèn, areen is palm sugar, but.... such is the word in Java, and I would not dare saying that this is moluk. And were it so, what is "buche"? Reading this word with a german eye one might think "buche" = beuk (d.to strike) This we cannot allow. From "Maluche" it's apparent that in Italian here the ch sounds as k. I don't know what to do with "buche". And the meaning of the word arèn would not be clear when not just the kind of tree that produces the palm-sugar is one of the main products of the moluccas, exceeding cloves and muscat, the peculiar regional product. It's called sahgéroe (by dutch people: sagoweer) and produces sugar, sago and the sagoweer-beverage. The population lives off that tree. May Vespucci have mistaken that tree for the country? Impossible this is not. Defective knowledge of the language on the part of first visitors lead to such errors.(According to some the word "Java" means a kind of millet that grew in Java prior to the introduction (?) of rice. But what evidence there is for that, I do not know.)

Buche? May this mean: Boeki, bukki, bokki? In moluccish this is the title of a princess. And in malay boekiet is hill.

My wife thanks you very much for the Werther. She was quite pleased with it, the present as well as its contents. But, she said, Goethe survived it and became a fat hofrath!

She greets you very sincerely and, the same as I, reads your letters with great pleasure.

From an item in Nieuws v.d. dag I learn that the the Oera Lindabok was attacked in Maastricht. In it is spoken of "un-authenticity". Well, to be sure the Nieuws is not a gospel. But if the item contains truth, I make the observation that before the showing of the evidence of unauthenticity one should demonstrate the falseness of the evidence of authenticity. In this particular instance at least. One thing is certain: I know of no one who could have given the literary form to the book. 'Tis remarkable how little attention the attackers of its authenticity pay to this. You named E. V. as the possible writer. Well, then is E. V. a great artist who, I think, would have difficulty hiding himself so long as such.

Adieu my fine Fellow, guard your health, and be sincerely remembered by

t.t.
Douwes Dekker.

XII.

Wiesbaden, 22 Oct. 1875.

Dear Tiele!

As early as the 11th I wrote you 3½ sides in answer to your letter of the 6th, and in order to thank you in Mimi's name for "Die Pilanze" etc. by Schleiden. But my letter remained here because on page 4 I began to fuss with german verses, about which more later on.

I wrote then that your letter came at the right time, since we were concerned about your health. Then followd: "that I answer you so promptly is mainly to tell you that your letter pleased me so. Your friendship is a real treasure, fellow! How much can I learn from you.

Many would not grasp my joy about this, because the things I now have in mind belong in a field that is not considered mine as I am condemned to exclusively poetishness. This sentence is unreasonable since its pronouncers do not really (as I!) strive for truth and hold poesy for reasonably identical to it. In their view poesy is something untrue. They think my Idea 263 paradoxical. Well, opposed to doctrine it is! But that doesn't make it inexact!

I still will draw a few things from those condemned pages without exactly splitting what I wrote on the 11th, and what is of today.

Your observations and informations are of great use to me. I shall not mention now how often I learn from it that I know little. Your indication concerning Bredero's environment was new to me. My own observations about his lack of militant love of country bribging in context now with what I have been reading lately (Bor!) I see more clearly than ever now how poorly "Patriotic Histort" is written. That will only improve when we no longer have a Fatherland and so are delivered from the despairing necessity of making heroes for the benefit if school youth. Gut, what lies do we feed the children! Not by thinking up facts so much as by obscuring facts. And.... by dramatic dressing up of the little that really happened. As soon as we are a province of the german Empire and then will describe, for instance Willem I, Maurits, etc., in accordance with the donnees in their sources, no one will get it in their minds to make of those people something extra! As for the "military expertise" of Maurits, I think it's plain that he and Spinola hid under one cover. They

constantly avoided each other and allowed themselves vice versa to put the farmer under contribution, or capturing cities. Seldom or never was a besieged town relieved. The rather stereotyped term is: "he led his army to X (where something was to be plundered!) in order to draw the enemy away from Y or Z." But.... to seek out that enemy and bop him on the head? No, thanks! We must acknowledge that the enemy was just as militarily polite. 'Twas a game of thief and thief's mate. Yes, I studied a great deal in Bor, but regret very much that I am not in possession of the archives of States (those of Holland and the States General.) Bor too skips much.

With such writers I always ask myself if they counted on it that people would read between the lines, or that they really gave it no thought that there was something to read between those lines. For instance at the shameful process (?) against Bloys van Treslong. Did Bor not think of it that every one who reads his pieces about that must ask: "Who was it that really kept that fire going?" And the second question is: "Was it Maurits?" And was the later appointment of B. va T. to lieutenant upper forrester a salve for his wounded feelings. A pay-off for perpetrated knavery?

Wagenaar likewise forgets to answer to the question what share Willem III in the massacre of the brothers De Witt? He does relate (as if it were hardly meaningful!) that the knave Tichelaar enjoyed a pension from Willem III. Certainly, about that too we will learn more if we, after the annexation, no longer have to look upon H. M. of England as a national paternal hero.

Yes, Mimi will write you about Schleiden and, I think, also about Werther. When reading it she repeatedly cried: "listen, there is, after all much beauty in it!" That would say in paraphrase: "say against Goethe whatever you want.... etc. Or: "even if you do not rank Goethe so high, I still claim.... etc.

Well, in that lay an accusation of being unreasonable. It was a long time since I had read Werther....

Tell me are there no traces of that literature in my Bride on High? Certainly. That piece contains evidence that in '42 I was under the influence of the literature that for the greater part came from the Werther period, or at least followed it up. Even the old, sawed-up gibes at nobility appear in it. And the ob;igato suicide! That Holm does not shoot himself, (the author makes use of the not unusual deus ex machina that exactly at the fatal moment comes knocking at the door) well, that is the year 42nd variant on the text of fifty years earlier, but the bloody basic idea: "unhappy love, thus instant death!" is there. I do not say this in order to brag about the profundity of the finding (fortunately it's never shown) but to show how fashionable was my "Bride" in her time. Oh, that piece should be famous! Dutch critique does not know its business. That piece should be famous for its smugness! 'Tis a rag, no doubt, but a rag en règle. Look, there exists no better model of all the hobby horses upon which the light literature of 1800-1820 galloped around, than that thing. It reeks, to say it all at once, of Lafontaine who in his turn was the smug delivery boy of all the little articles which post Werther-satiated Germany desired.

That (just as in the "Bride" Lafontaine's heroes do not shoot themselves has a sound business reason. The novel has to cover so many chapters of print and the "Bride" would be five-acted. Besides a glad ending with a tickling "they get each other" leaves a sweet taste behind and lifts up the renewal of the acquaintance with the friendly author.

Well, I read Wherther after Mimi, and it was evident to me that in '34, '36 I had read as a boy would. The upshot is that I.... do not like Goethe. Lack of authenticity, isn't it? I should judge Werther "an und für sich. What has my sym-or-antipathy concerning Goethe to do with that booklet as such? Aye, so a salted herring can talk, which is scorned because of its smoke taste. Werther is goethetized, and there people who do not like smoked food.

What is here the smoke-taste that bothers me? It is the.... lie! I do not lose myself in the usual topic of the moralists "whether suicide is admissable?" By continually keeping themselves occupied with that, readers have overlooked something entirely different in the booklet, something that from an artistic and psychological viewpoint is more important. I mean the figure of Lotte. The young people who in 1800-1820 were enthusiastic about Wherther, lay in sensual suffering that leads to that suicide. That "suffering" therefore is the shop-sign on the title, and had to be justified from a dramatic-literary viewpoint (art term amener) by Lotte's perfection. She is the madonna in the little church. Well, how does Goethe draw that little ideal? Speaking frankly she is a common

creature. I am well aware that people did not recognize this in her, and probably Goethe himself did not know it, but he gives himself away by adding in a later issue the canary-bird-scene. There the virtuous Lotte ("virtuous" because she did not go to bed with W. On ne sort pas de la!) yes, there she behaves herself as a .... table whore. She, the honest, inhumanly virtuous one uses that little bird W.... "nahrhafte kuessen," She excites him as a whore and repels him virtuously. Youth who, following Werther's lead, surrendered themselves to interesting "suffering" read carelessly. Goethe, unintentionally failed to produce a work of art, something, for instance like the numerous gravures that inspired that booklet, but.... a rather flat warning: "Boys don't let a slut drive you crazy!" That canary-bird-scene makes the demonstration of Lotte's unworthiness quite simple. My judgment would not be different sans that episode but now all débat is superfluous, about the meaning of her former conduct too. Goethe was untrue and (as all liars) sufficiently clumsy to allow himself to be caught. I do acknowledge: "no poesy sans lust!" Also: no philosophy sans lust! (The emasculated Abélard was an infamously filthy little dandy, as are all eunuchs, those too who only moralement parlant allowed themselves to be castrated.)

No poesy without lust. Poesy,in unison with philosophy, demands the complete use, the uninterrupted action in all faculties of our psyche, therefore too of that main factor in the organized universe, in all matter, that is: in everything. The desire for union is identical with existence. In physics we call it power of attraction, in psychology the word is affection, friendship, love. Everything wants to approach, (wahlverwantschaftlich) being in, unite. In chemistry separation is nothing but preference for uniting with something else.

Lust too is needed, as well in a work of art, as in its production. I forego the not difficult demonstration of it in order to paraphrase the opposite: where, (as in the image of Lotte) lust only speaks, we get a monster, since "no poesy sans lust" does not mean: "lust is poesy". The latter, it seems, is what Goethe meant. He drew his inspirations out of his trousers. This is coarse, you think? Aye, it's duty, and when I can vanquish my dislike of public scribery (Oh, dear Funke!) then I shall have it printed once. "Then express yourself a little more respectable," you say? No, it must be coarsely said, even more coarsely. And that I shall do. And that I did in the german verses that are dragging. Maybe I'll succeed presently. The coarseness which you will find in it is.... piety. Kindly Lessing has insisted on it. The Werther was very nice, he said, but.... the booklet should have ended with "ein derbes Wort". He has not publicly reviewed the Werther. (It seems that he had reasons not to attack Goethe.) But he expresses that meaning in a note in which he says thanks for sending him a copy. I don't know if that contained the treacherous canary-bird-scene (I guess it didn't, as it was the latest thing and so he had the first issue) but, even if minus that scene a coarse word would be welcome, how much more am I now justified to supply that word.

Come on then! Mephisto looks over the author's shoulder:

Hei Freundchen, du vergisst das deine Puppe
Ein Engelein von Fleisch und Blut nicht, doch
Vom suprafeinsten Aether sollte sein.
Sie schwebt zu hoch in dieser Qualitaet.
Um so genau zu wissen wie man kuesst!
So rein wie sie sind wir bei uns wohl auch,
Wir halten aber auf fair play, que diable!
Die Huren sind bei uns gewissenhaft,
Und liefern redlich was der Mund versprach,
Bezahlen richtig, Steuer fuer es Gewerbe....

Lessing complains. 'Tis not "derb" enough. Voyons:

> Ein Weibsbild das sich respectirt
> Das sein Galant auf Klopstok regalirt,
> Statt.... nun, ein anstaendiges Maedchen soll nicht einmal wissen
> Dass es Leute gibt die k.... und p.....

Methinks that Lessing can be pleased with this and so can youth. It saves them a shooting death for the Goethic ideals.

Our best friend Vosmaer is staying with us. Yes, yes, he is comfortable in that little cubby hole. He is busy with the correction of his "Vogels", third volume. It contains once again some solid pieces. And now, what to think about Huet who claimed that Vosmaer is no poet!

Thanks for the information about the Phoeniciers.

Hi, extra-attention once when in portuguese papers you meet for the first time the name d'Albuquerque (De Alb., Dalbuq.?) Isn't it a dutch name? (Ouwerkerke?) Even the romans made of El gibl, Heliogabalus. Here "they" say and write for "frontispice" Frontspitz. And I already showed you in a Batavia address book the name De Queljoe, with which in my mind is meant De Quelho! In that way Ouwerkerk may have become Albuquerque. That in the beginning of the 16th century the traffic with the Hollanders was livelier than now is everywhere evident. Was this so before that time too? It's very well possible that a family Ouwerkerk moved to Portugal and there didn't mind having their name mutilated. Something like I, living in france let them name me D'Oest De Kerr.

Thanks for the information about Adr.van Serieck. The things you cite of him prove that he did not have a scientific conscience. Such follies often wreck something serious.

Don't be in a hurry writing back. It might be as if I demanded of you a contribution of long letters. But.... outstanding they are. Just now occupied with Lessing's correspondence; I often think how insignificant was the correspondence of the coryphees. Look at Bilderdyk. With him too phylosophy and poesy sat in a strange place. His most outstanding infatuation inspired no idea. If the man had been as impotent in bed as he was in the viands of the mind which he offered his "most beloved", much misery would have been prevented. It's peculiar indeed that van Vloten in his review of those letters, failed to pay attention to the poverty of ideas so evident from them.

That was below the attention of the former letter professor. One o or oo, e or ee, parlez moi de ca!

Good day, dear Tiele, jolly greetings from both of us. We wish you the best of health. Take care. Yegods, my comedy drags.

Your friend D. D.

XIII.

Wiesbaden, 5 July 1876.

Most esteemed Tiele! When I received your letter of 29 June, I had visitors from Holland. Two ladies for whom I had to uphold the honors of Wb. That day we were going to Sonnenberg and Rambach, and when we were about to leave the house I took your letter out of the box that hangs on the kitchen door. Well, at Sonnenberg and Rambach I felt a "glowing coal" in my pocket. Since I had not answered your very important previous letter, and if that had made you angry with me, I could not have blamed you.

Let me begin with expressing my regret that you are unable to come here this summer. But is that so certain? The best months are still ahead and with today's late spring we are in line (or have a chance at least) to get beautiful autumn days. As for me, I find an autumn most enjoyable. Not only the weather but also because my inner self seems quieter in the year's third quarter. I find lent, and in a certain sense summer, too agitating. Of lent it is known, but I believe that my observation about summer has not generally penetrated. Be this as it may, I like evening and autumn. Therein lies something quieting, something that reminds of going to rest, and my preference for that impression agrees entirely with my desire for death. Seek in this expression nothing melancholical, nothing of Weltschmertz. I am, but for a couple of servitudes that press on my heart, rather cheerful. The [illegible] ladies that visited us thought me particularly jolly. I was so funny I almost made them scream, they said, with the common expression of the day. Besides: nothing of particular anguish. My spouse is an angel for me, our little dwelling is tops, I have not suffered hunger since very long. I am healthy. It's now my plan not to sum up things, or sift out that which gets the reverse medals. I only touched upon what's good and what I enjoy, in order not to attribute it to melancholy my preference of the day-year-and-evening of life. I think no one should live longer than 50 years. That's long enough! In my time in the Battah-region (1842/43) a story made the rounds that a father who felt himself slipping requested his progeny and grand-progeny to make a meal of him! And so did the good children. They turned their stomachs into a mausoleum of piety. But I do not know whether this tale has a foundation. I was no witness to it!

Well, while not demanding from my children such a tasteless service, (tasteless for them, I mean) nevertheless I have a little of a similar feeling of such a battah philosopher obsessing me.

Lord Jesis Kristis, all of this in order to tell you that you very well can come here in September or October! Don't let expenses deter you, at least not when you'll be pleased with that little room. The trip itself is cheap....

In your previous letter you were so good to answer in detail my boutades about Goethe's Werther. Look, there you have a reason why you did not sooner get a letter from me. (t? Is it still in vogue? Such things to make one long for death. After surviving three or four modes, knowing how to conjugate gets lost, and runs the risk either of being taken for old-fashioned, or of becoming guilty of affected modernism! Whoso has survived two modes of spelling, or 2½ at the most, should lay his head down.)

If I got a stroke now, and my letter remained unfinished, commentators would say: "Multatuli quit writing to Tiele because the latter made bold to have a different opinion about miss Lotte. The conceited fool took this so ill that the correspondence suddenly was broken off." Aye, just the reverse! I think your observations about Werther very important, and each time I postponed writing just because I thought it a pity and a loss to dismiss your letter incidentally. And, this feeling I still have! Your letters are too good not to deal with them with care and sincerity. As to difference of feeling, I seldom believe in it between people who strive for exactness of expression and correct hearing, dissidence being mostly a result of careless speaking or mishearing.

When I had read your letter of 29 June only halfway I handed it to my spouse and said (you can ask her) "once again see what a fine letter

from Tiele, always so solid, just as he himself." The choice of the word solid was somewhat determined by her own capabilities too as.... she loves mathematics, she studies it and will try for an exam. Both of use are disgusted with literature légère with niceties. When reading something lovely "in the manner" of Heine (even the word "manner" bothers us) we say: "Look, in the past we would have admired it." Don't think that we have become prosaic, oh no! We seek poesy only elsewhere than in sentimentally turned plumpnesses, or spoonfed sentimentalisms, a box on the ears inclusive. With a little good will you can calculate from o. a. o. how the word "solid" gained a place of honor among us, and how it was applied to you with love.

For the most part I am in agreement with your observations of Werther, but I do not digress about it because then this letter will never end. Mostly because I have to tell something actual about Lotte's coquettry. Imagine, my spouse has started a small canary brooding place. Such a nest.... yes, if I begin on that my letter won't get finished! Briefly thus. One of the young was motherless. How, why, oh, sometimes that's the way it goes. Zenobia, (Nobbi, Nobetti) was a careless feeder and her mate engaged in other amours (know that usually the canary fathers take reasonably good care of their young.) Be this as it may, Jan, Carel, Josefus van Speyk (the young one's name) was abandoned. Mimi assumed the mother-role and.... so did I. There we were feeding and filling with moistened bread, with hard boiled egg, with all that we could grasp and catch in order to keep its mouth crammed. Well, that requires something, as a young canary is as insatiable as an ambitious person. Such a little creature imagines itself poorly served

so long there's still room for a little more. We followed that hint of nature, perhaps a little out of anger at Zenobia, who had flown away and now probably livens up the leisure of a prussian soldier. Since, and see here a deep ornithologic-military truth: all fly-away canaries land in the barracks, at least if you live in the Swalbacherstrasse.

I believe that my sentence is not finished and I have no desire to look where I began. Without any sense then van Speyk has grown up in virtue and feathers. He is so tame that he is nowhere happier than upon one of our four shoulders and preferably one of mine, because I come near more often. But now see the context. When he sits on one of Mimi's shoulders, she finds the little creature lovely, and involuntarily, and sans alluring purpose really! makes as if to kiss him, or herself by him to be kissed. (paraphrased into canary-morals this means that he picks at her lips, never mind!) And when I saw this for the first time I called in ventrilloloque, lest she would hear me: Oh god, there you have Lotte. Let me warn her by all means that she does not do it when Tiele is here!

Since, informed by my observations about Lotte, you might think ill of it, and I can swear to you that Mimi and canary both are guileless. Besides, in order to see this from nearby, it would be good if you would come over once. (If I still keep on living that t of "kwaamt" will too be gone. Dear Jesis, it's such a bother!*

I have to write you at least 100 things, but first want to put this in the mail in order to greet you quite heartily from both of us. Otherwise you might think that I am dead already. So expect a sequel.

Your friend D. D.

Well, this piece of letter verily is not solid. If only you will conclude from it for the time being that I'm not dead and that we think about you most heartily.

---

*)("Kwaamt" since then become "kwam"==english: came.-Tr.)

XIV.

Wiesbaden 9 July 1876.

Best friend Tiele! As ever I'm as busy as a taylor with one customer. That is now already three days that.... a darling of a style: that that. I spoke french yesterday and I seem to have thought that I had begun with: Voila trois jours que.... More illogical construction and manner of speaking than french does not exist.

Well, I would say: for the past three days I've wanted to set me down to answering your letters. And I did begin yesterday; but lost myself initially in a treatise about what causes learned ones being such poor etymologists. Behold, either I would have to leave that treatise unfinished, or spread myself too much, as the germans say. The quintessence was that "learned ones" are letter bound and suppose that what is written or printed (notation only, and a very imperfect notation!) is language. I came to that idea due to the word Albuquerque, in which I suppose I hear Ouwerkerk. That this "hearing" often deceives is true. But it does not deceive as often as does the seeing of letters in which different people depict the same sound in a quite different manner. That ihr = you, one may quite well hear in a certain dialect, but few will see it in the letters. One cannot imagine too grossly the difference in sound that in various countries is attached to the same token, or the difference of token that is used to express a sound. Once I tried to teach french to an American from Canada. What he called r, sounded in my ears as aaaa, and reversed.

Vain or not, I never read a solid work on etymology. The "learned" confine themselves to observations such as that vader, father and Vater are related, and in order to hold something to be true, it has to be in

a"book", a criterion of trustworthiness that they have precisely in common with folks who cannot read at all. When I observed to dr. Van den Linde that pisang stammen (banana trees) do not furnish building material, he replied: it's stated in chapter so and so of this or that Indies' work with an unpronounceable name. Bayle would have answered similarly. A funnier example of book veneration than that of Bayle does not exist. Alexander is a street urchin compared to Quintus Curtius, or something like it, shines everywhere through.

Not entirely sans analogy is the thesis of Jonckbloet that.... oh, I do not know exactly how he expresses himself, but it comes down to this that a professor who orates, opinionates, dictates about books, stands higher than the man who made the books. For example he, van Vloten and others stand higher than the Vondels whom they discuss. The discovery is supreme. Since, you see, our professors have to be ready with an answer if the layman would submit: "you always talk about literature, what have you delivered in the profession of literature?"

That sympathy or its opposite is not allowed to join in the discussion of our verdict about actions and persons, is true.But.... suppose pro or con approval have a certain ground? Well, I am very much opposed to Willem III and judge him capable of what's lowest, therefore too of complicity in the murder of the de Witt brothers. I do not comprehend how any one can read the preparation for the dethronement of Jacob and not feel no abhorrence for that intrigant and his heartless wife. Wasn't Jacob her father? And that cloack of zeal for the true religion?! My guess is that Witsen was of my opinion!

And Willem's treatment of Holland (and the Hollanders who had claims in England!) after Holland had helped him so foolish-loyally to his plunder! And his intrigue with Bentinck! That Fruin defends him does not surprise me. I am curious to read, how? But no, I may not indulge in my desire for such investigations.

Besides. I do not, as Fruin, have archives and libraries at my disposal.

You inquire into my opinion about "Christian Mission" in relation to a certain work by a Swiss preacher. I have not read that book and so must keep myself to the brief information which you give of its contents. You say:

> "Buss claims that Chr.dom is sufficiently universal to,in its main characteristics, be grasped by peoples that stand on the lowest rung of development."

Now I am not allowed to hold Buss accountable for the notarial exactness of a hurriedly made excerpt from his work. Perhaps you express yourself, in order to be brief, somewhat inexactly, something that happens to me a thousand times. If not, I would ask what the word "universal" means as an assist to less developed ones to grasp something. It's just less developed ones who always have need of something concrete. Is it thought here that "concrete" is not the true anti-thesis of "universal" (then what else?) well, then I will explain my meaning otherwise. Children and undeveloped ones are fond of what's factual. "Once upon a time there was" and "he did that." For example I appeal here to the manner in which all genesisses were written, and almost without exception, all History. In order to make the meal tasty, all wording had to be rounded off and

contracted. All happenings were given momentariness, all ideas personified. Meteorology goes by the names of Aeolus, Boreas, Zephir, Jupiter, pluvius, tonans. Wisdom is Minerva. Vigour: Ceres. (related, en parenthese, to Sir and Heer, to ihr and you, to Caesar and er! Oh, with at least 1000000 words! Till now etymology hasn't even been touched! But if I now make a beginning with it, I shall not finish with friend Buss.)

Drawing together, contracting, condensing therefore appears to have b been the need in order to have something accepted during mankind's infancy. In history we repeatedly find towns founded by one person, which (with the exception of Alexandria and Petersburg) probably never happened. The centuries'long flow of people becomes: grand migration. (Probably on May 1st, at noon, on the stroke of twelve!) etc. etc. etc.

"But," Buss may answer, concreticicising was necessary with lying. Truth can be presented in abstract." Can? Yes. But what if it is grasped? No. Need of pleasant, tickling tales precedes the desire to think and judge. Whoso would wrap up underdeveloped ones always must begin with: there was once." Jesus too did this with his parables.

"But the time comes," (B. can say) "that people are not content with tales." Then we are not dealing with uneducated ones. Experience teaches (this Buss will have to acknowledge) that always more belief is given to tales which he personally holds to be untrue, than to the gospel which he preaches as truth. Well, founded on what discovery might that have changed all of a sudden? (To me the doctrine that there is a god in the capacity of a "heavenly father" is just as much fairy

tale-like as the miracle-power of the holy virgin, but for the time being I confine myself to the standpoint of Buss.) Where did B. learn that children unexpectedly have changed in taste and give preference to bread over cake?

You say further on:

> "He doesn't want to preach dogma to them, but general love of Man, a loving father in heaven, etc."

Once more I let the utility and the truth of these two theses moot (under protest) but, fellow, are those no dogmas? Then the word has changed its meaning. Whoso teaches something, preaches a dogma, a point of learning, a tenet. At most one may make a distinction between the etymological meaning of the word and the canoninical sense. In the latter instance must be added the obligated acceptance as sine-qua-non of being saved. Well, how Buss will conceive the word dogma, in both instances his: "God is a heavenly father"and "loves all human beings" will be dogmas. This becomes more evident as he speaks of Christendom. I am aware of the chant of the moderns: "down with tenets, we preach (that is: we teach) the true, real, unadulterated Christendom." Well , that teaching consists of preaching "truths" which certainly must be accepted as dogmas. The sense(nonsense) of these sermons should be: "we teach no tenets."

You say further that in accordance with your viewpoint it is an illusion of Buss if he means to convert the heathens in this manner. So on that we are agreed. How then must the christian missionairies do it? Well they must follow the same way with the Heathens which the dominies and catechism teachers followed with us when we were

undeveloped heathens, that is children. One starts with answering the question: "where did everything come from?" "In the beginning there was Nothing and God said: let there be light." As soon as the child or the Heathen has swallowed that without asking:

How do you know this?

Who, what is that God?

In what did he utter his existence before he called on that light to appear?

What did the word or concept light mean before there existed something upon which it could reflect?

Etc. etc.

well, then follow paradise-history, the Fall, chosen people history, redemption, need of belief in salvation and that salvation itself.... (Never, however, without accepting too damnation that stands across it, otherwise it's a scissors with one blade = no scissors!) ..... as from a tyle roof.

Just so. "Negroes, for instance, who have become christians, did so dogmatically. These are your words. It's the truth and proof on the sum of my previous claims in that respect.

And you ask for my observations about the natives converted to Chr.dom in our Indies? Javanese, so called mohamedan converts, I never saw. In my time 1838-'42 there were a couple of christian congregations near Batavia (Tugu? and Depok) about whom I always heard people joke. But this proves nothing. In those days I was still too young to judge independently. So there is nothing lost for me because I never came in contact with those people.

Later however, as secretary of Menado, and after that as Assistent Resident of Amboina I had much truck with christian-natives. The Minahassa (means: alliance of Alfuric tribes that live in the residence Menado) is in our day the main office of Missionairies. And at Amboina the entire population is "christened" since the days of Valentine. (I believe I lived in his house. At least the street and the dimensions he gave, checked out.) And now my verdict? It is unfavorable, concerning the people's susceptibility of grasping something of what the christians call the core of the matter (in my view injustly) as well as the influence that all those conversions have on morals and conduct. Also without mentioning the "core", even the dogmatism is thinly spread. Those people learn to bawl psalms, dress themselves in black (instead of the so colorfull ancestral garb....

Would you like to see it? Then look up: The voyages of colonel van der Hart along the coasts of Celebes -the book must be a thick twenty years old- in which mister Heemskerk van Beest, then midshipman on the Argo, produced those outstanding pictures. The alfuric who stands opposite the title page is in so far as his dress goes, of photographic exactness, the colors too are exact. I knew the man, and unless he has changed much due to age, one might, with that picture in one's hand, find him even now. I was present when H. v. B. drew him. or rather, took a sketch.

14 July.

Again this letter has lain here a few days. I realize now that I, beginning with my verdict about making christians of those guileless Alfurics, began a work that would lead me further afield than suits me now. One loses oneself constantly in troublesome questions. Is absence

of infanticide a good sign when it sprouts fro m shamelessness? Christehdom, namely, has in the Minahassa given cause to infanticide. Then follows an investigation into what extent that shame is nothing but fear for the pandeta (missionary) whom the guileless people look upon as an authority. Then arise the questions whether it is progress that all native games, dancing, handball, etc., of presumed heathen meaning, are replaced by hymn singing? Add to all of it my prejudice against christendom, and so must take good care not to be partial. A ticklish job.

Comical, this here Buss with his omitting dogmas! Just like some one who, in order to get accustomed to the lack of development among briclayers, will henceforth allow to begin with the second story!

The belief on an Heavenly Father is dogma. And what does"Heavenly" mean here? All wise, all mighty, perfect, holy, that is: an enemy of what's evil and a friend of what's good. Well, what's good and what's evil must be determined again by a dogma. The rez de chaussee of the structure cannot be left out. God's"holiness" etc. carry along: punishment and reward (otherwise the moral does not hold) and the tenet of that is again a dogma. To that belongs from.... a christendom-like viewpoint: Fall of Man, chance of redemption through belief (dogma) holiness or damnation, altogether dogmas.

And how does Buss get the idea, the wish to leave dogmas out? Are his dogmas not good perhaos? This I am allowed to say, but not he. He must keep with Paul: "if Christ has not done that, that and that, our belief is idle."

XV.

Wiesbaden, July 1876.

Dear Tiele, If I may assume that you are somewhat interested in my letters, then I must believe that yesterday and prior to yesterday you have looked forward to the sequel to my writing of a few days ago. My intention was to answer on the same day both of your latest received letters. But nothing doing! Always something! The mail usually brings me more than I can properly swallow. Everybody writes to me and.... about everything. That is generalizing and because I want to be as truthful as I can: many write to me and about.... very much. Behold, so it is! A list of unfinished pieces would be curious, but I won't make a beginning with. Still something of it: Verses an d a drama for judging. That will give one a thrill! Well, among what's unfinished th e verses do not belong since I wrote the author that he would do better to occupy himself with something solid. The thing is miserable indeed. There lies something offensive in showing up with such trash, and in order to serve full measure the man (or boy?) called himself "your soul mate". Am I senile already? Is it already of general accepted knowledge that I am senile? Have you, oh evil Man, perhaps given publicity to the old-man-from Battah-memories? Then.... I expect still more soul mate related verses, alas!

Count Rehbinder too asks my judgment about his "Jezus van Nazareth," which piece I am sending you enclosed. This task I assume with less dislike because I hope to praise much of it, or at least something. But about that I will not speak now. I wanted to tell you how busy I am with the peculiarities of my position. I can relate to you dozens of histories all of which more or less take me into Anspruch. And the so called men of

literature are not the worst. Many look upon me as a kind of father confessor. This is honorable but troublesome. No sooner am I about to indulge in vanity (a point now passed, alas!) than the mail brings me a fresh expectoration from v. Vloten. (Viz: among other things his No. II of the piece against Jonckbloet, in which the latter, and Loffelt, and Vosmaer and everybody plus me get our due. Perhaps I should say: His due, van Vloten's. So no vanity, or a little less vanity, or.... lord jesis, I prefer to play with my canary. The little thing is sweet and this is more than can be said of Van Vloten. I have not yet read his attacks, but caught their smell. Then follows something from Admiraal in the "Nederland" and my vanity increases again. Then I recall an information from your brother(that exactly tallies with other symptoms) about the far fetched contempt with which"the scientific world" looks down upon me.... well, that doesn't surprise me at all. But again it is a deterrent to my vanity.

Briefly stated, I have too many emotions. With van der Linden I had an engagement too long to tell about. (As you know he is here, but I don't want to see him, and he not me.) And now that jolly affair with Korteweg. Haven't you heard about it yet? Korteweg is (or was) mathematics instructor at the mil.academy Breda and was discharged because "his ideas were too developed, and he was too far advanced in his opinions about social conditions.

The italics were literally used so. K. has had the documents printed. General Van Willes appears to me to be an openhearted man and my wife, who used to know him, thinks so too. I grasp the possibility that

in this matter he did his duty. It states "too developed" and "too advanced" for some one who teached future officers. This may be basic. I consider it clean that he does not slander K. or blackens him. He praises him as a human being and teacher. Korteweg may consider himself fortunate. My experience is different! K., who is still young, will get an entirely wrong idea of life, the Van Willes' being scarce!

Well, I think I'll see Korteweg here. That he is a fine chap, I know.*

---

*)(The here indicated was the later deceased at Groningen, mister B. Korteweg.)

And just recently I had other visitors, so that I want to say that nothing would ever come of answering your letters if I did not now begin. And if I do begin it will be doubtful that I ever finish! Yes, since now I must stop to take a bath. I'm choking.

Again not through, not half way through, not begun. So only a greeting today!

How neat are your letters and well drawn up! Oh, never show mine to a learned man! Aye, what kind of thing is that really? Aye, you deliver more and work better than a great many others. Are you learned? No? Then I shall take comfort.

Adieu for today. Greetings from my spouse.

Your friend Dek.

XVI.

Wiesbaden 18 Nov. 1876.

Dear Tiele! No doubt you think I'm an arch-lout! Not even a word of thanks for your present (B. v. d. B.) and too I have not answered your latest and yet so welcome letter, a letter whose date I dare not name! Oh, forgive me now and forever. I am ....not, or entirely at work. When not, then I remain at a distance from pen and ink. When yes, then I fear to lose my thread

(which still happens now and then) and my steam with it. "Steam" is putting it a little boastful since I do not believe that ever an author worked so slowly and clumsely as I do. Less genially is impossible! And so my best quality no doubt is patience, perhaps it is the most important and, who knows, the only one. But needed it is since the number of times that I rewrite the simplest piece of script, are uncountable. Well, that's more reason to fear the loss of what with any one would be called "steam". Compelled by need (since writing for the public bores me) I've once more put myself to deliver copy and one of these days there will come to light again a volume of Ideas. The anthology which my good spouse assembled (language: assembling a lecture) well, that booklet then, has come out and you are in line for a gift copy.

Yes, those pieces by Admiraal are hearty. Gut, and I hear that he has carried on so about me in Tydspiegel. Oh, I am really fed up with all that publicity. There scarcely passes a day that I am not approached by this or that person in my capacity as author (by letter namely) and I can't keep up up with it, especially like today, I'm sent a work a work with the kind request for my opinion. At the moment I have five theatre pieces lying with accompanying writings of that calibre. And they bore me so! But it's painful to say that. A couple of them are real trash. How to point this out sans cruelty? And then the others.... oh, it's so depressing! And fatigueing besides, before all when each time I want to give an account of my verdict. Shunning that, I let them lie there, and then I'm a lout. Lord Jezis, Tiele, if you marry and have children, let them not learn to write. Nor to read! What's the good

of it? Do you mean to mean that you mean otherwise?.... oh, that's the selfish prejudgment of one who earns his living with taking care of books, which too is a poor trade. Oh, that Omar at Alexandria, that's a man! I am aware that some diminish his fame and.... scribbling too! If Omar didn't do it he should have done it. In any case he appears to have been a man who was capable of such a great act. This is something at least.

(He is not the Omri of whom is spoken in the controversy about that matter, Omar self? Much confusion has sprouted about the difference in adoption of Oriental names.)

Our little canary bird is sweet. He, she, it is boldly tame, and some times I must excuse myself by shutting him in, as he trips about my paper, pulls at my mustache, picks at my pen or the letters on the paper (a reviewer!) and besides treats me to chicken scratches that don't belong in any alphabet in the world. It's a troublesome little customer, but a lovely one. Yes, I enjoy the prospect of you seeing it.

Count Rehbinder is dead. The same as you do, I too find much that is lovely in his J. v. N., including that the main figure falls short, but do not believe that this, once one wants to draw a Jesus, can be improved upon. Exactly, Rehbinder has followed the biblical tradition too closely, and that tradition contains errors. Well, whoso leaves those errors out, and for the sake of psychology and drama paints better (presuming one was successful in this, and if not then it too is not good) whoso builds a new Jesus does not paint the Jesus of Nazareth. As the Gospels present him he is no dramatic figure, unless he was dressed up for a public of Oberammergau visitors who swallow the mystickery with ease. I like Jesus

very much, and so it's not from antipathy when I say something unfavorable about him, but true it is that I would not see a possibility to poetise his striving, in so far we know it, neither in an ideal sense, nor in practice. (This word does not suffice, my meaning will follow soon.) As ideal hero Jesus is too negative, too weak, too left-cheekly. Besides I do not abandon my finding his illusory heaven ignoble. Speculation is speculation, no matter whether the anticipated rising of the shares will take place either on this or the other side of the grave. Note that I do not accuse Jesus of something ignoble. I qualify his system, to the extent that it may carry the name of system, since it is vague, cloudy, décousé. And this defect I had in mind with my complaint about unpoetisable practice. See, just from the most common actions, sayings, teachings, circumstances, etc., one certainly may draw poesy, provided one finds a certain strength in it, a certain continuity, a certain promptness, connection between cause and effect. Before all in that do I seek preferable poetic impressions. A mathematical proof, a tallying bookkeeping, a triumph of sound common sense, all of this awakens in me the most satisfying sensations. But just those données to poetical awakening Jesus does not deliver me. He speaks, he teaches and lives carelessly, and I get grumpy when I see how uneconomical he handles buts and becauses. He treats rhetorical sequence of ideas as if it were stolen goods....

Just now my spouse exclaims, literally:

"Oh, oh, what a number of amusing things!"

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I find it a very pleasant study!"

"Hm!"

That's all the response I give and she too is silent in order not to disturb me. And do you want to know now what caused her to utter that cry? She is studying mathematics and it often happens that she is in ecstacy about a just found relation. Well, such impressions the Gospel never gave me. All in it is unwisdom, and even contradictory. One has to be hypnotised in order to find the context, namely: in order to force it upon oneself that one has found it. At the most Jesus impresses me that he was sincere. Well, I like him for that too.

So you too have antipathy against Jonckbloet. I too am blind to his merits. I have there a Van den Vos Reynaerde.... hey there! Van den Vos Reynaerde it must be. What kind of literature is that? Has the man delivered very much else than such things?

You wrote about the inexplicable combination in one person of intellectual development with total blindness in the realm of superstition. Neither can I grasp this. I have known the most cultured people who were balmy when it came to believery, yet they failed to impress me as being hypocritical. Explain it, I can't, but lack of courage to think through no doubt plays a role in it. But I acknowledge that this clears up but very little. I maintain that mocking is a legitimate and efficacious weapon. Legitimate (for many reasons, but among others too because the believers themselves mock at things that appear absurd to them.) Efficacious, it awakens to doubting whether the by them supposed holy matters are indeed holy! Scrubbing off the haze of holiness offers an opportunity and inducement to look things in the face. The general condemnation of mockery and the excuse: "Mocking is no proving," falls flat. One who mocks has no proof in view, he stimulates self-analysis.

By his mockery he does not appraise or determine the value of the metal in question, he bites away the oxide that hinders the determination and valuation. And.... that there is so much zeal against mocking is just a proof that there is a desire to keep that rust and that dirt.

Thanks so much for B.v.d.B! You have done a useful work, 'tis a superb contribution to the history of literature.*

---

*)(After the death of Potgieter, who had published the 2nd volume of "Studies and Skethes of Bakhuizen and den Brink" but left that work unfinished, Dr. P.A.Tiele collected and published still a third and fourth volume. The third one in 1876, of which there is mention here, and the fourth a year later.)

Yes, it's easy for me to recall my mood of 1840 and the since past thirty years. I am even better at home there than in the more recent past. I remember as of yesterday the battle between Vaderlandsche Letter-oeferingenand "The Gids". The first numbers of the Gids carried on the title page an enlightening little man. He carried a small lantern that unfortunately resembled a thieves lantern. There was, of course, no lack of referring to it! The title too did not remain unblemished. It was "indelicate, vain, bold," said its opponent, "to call itself a "gids".* I was sixteen and can now amuse myself with analysing my impressions of that day. They were quite green and very incongenial. Since it shows me that I little besides what my environment informed me of. Better yet: I knew little and judged not at all. I failed to realize that this Gids was a "phenomenon", a sign post, a moment of change. And that it was! But when I look at the matter from my present viewpoint, that importance does seem less than I might have

---

*)(Gids = Guide.

twelve or fifteen years ago, and that the coryphaeuses of 1836 (?) thought and think today.

You say you do not like everything from him (B.v.d.B.) Neither do I. Even his language as such is very disappointing. Well, that's no main point. The general direction of his striving is of more importance, and I must declare frankly that very often I do not know what he wants. Of his piece, for instance, about Patriotism I have grasped little or nothing. If it is lovely, then I am a blockhead.

Another observation, and here I can rather precisely know what I mean. He is confused with second hand color. (Just as miss Toussaint for that matter.)

It seems he means that a painting that presents evening shadows, must be painted shady. This, not uncommon, error, is comical. His: "Trudeman and his wife" is just as incomplete, just as crumbled off, (that is just as unenjoyable) as the scanty little *donnee* which he found in a chronicle. The calling of a poet is to juggle a partly rubbed out image back fresh into view again, to work the fading lines back in again, actualize the antiquated matter by forcing the beholder to think so or so many centuries back. But his is not done by copying the lack of clarity that marks an old Begebenheit. Paraphrased my meaning is so: a painter who wishes to present a beggar-woman in rags, does not reach that goal by using, instead of a firm cloth, an old rag for his piece. The old garment must be newly painted.

That "Trudeman and his wife" reminds me of someone who, in order to make you grasp how black a chimney sweep is, throws his whole book into the inkwell. To apply three, four old words or forms (Bylo!: vroed, dank hebt! dy spille jolyt, etc.) is a poor man's foolery, even if they

were more justly applied than B.v.d.B. allows himself to do. But this is secondary. Main thing is the studied-unclear impression that marks the entire. But tell me once what kind of "Chronicle to the Militarius" is it, to which he appeals?

XVII.

Wiesbaden 9 Dec. 1877.

Dear Friend, Sincere thanks for your Bakhuizen v.b.Brink, I have read in it a great deal, and have quite a harvest of observations.... no, no harvest. The crop stands in the field and probably will dry out there and perish because it is impossible for me to bring it into the sheds. A multitude of vexations -oh, the word is too weak!- have long since made working impossible for me. Or rather, this applies to giving shape to my papers. Observations I do make, and I take leave that, for a part at least, they would be worth the effort of publishing them. But grief repeatedly knocks the pen from my hand. Do not think that I use big words for small matters, something of which I have such a strong dislike! No, I perish indeed from sorrow.

Still, I want to give you some evidence that in your B.v.d.B. I have already done something. It's not yet a great deal, as I read very slowly and schwerfaellig. I think pieces as that about La Maire of highest importance. Of such studies we should have more. Of this we could away without loss of 99/100 of our so called bellettrie. The pretense-fine scribbling in that genre has become sickening! I am ashamed for having taking part in it too. Worse yet, that in order not to perish from hunger, I shall no doubt be compelled to continue taking part. The longer I live

the more the direction of my soul becomes contemplative, and its public expression, oppressive! Besides I feel that this emotion is not grasped, but.... to what else is my silence attributed by people?

B. v. d. Brink! I acknowledge that before reading your IIId bundle I knew little of him. The scribbling of Huet about him, a steady result of his insufferable harping about his Potgieter, brought me little or no light. Well, Huet does not write for the purpose of spreading light. One has to be satisfied if he does not make clair-obscur pitch dark. Huet's expectorations always remind me of a thieves'lamp.... in the pocket of an overcoat. I cannot see by it. It may be my fault as I hear that many others are more fortunate, or.... pretend to be more fortunate.

So B. v.d.B. It would be worth while to publish a study about him. He certainly was a noteworthy personality. So much more regrettable that après tout he was only a writer. He too allowed himself to be influenced by the métier to deliver the nonsense which the reading public once for all seems to demand. Why not limit himself to rummage in archives and deliver building material? Was self-writing and making pieces perhaps for him too a sad necessity? Then shame be on the people that did not enable him to follow his real calling unhindered.

Perhaps you ask what I disapprove of in v. d. B.'s writing? Let me begin by saying that in my view he writes much better than most of them by far. Mais ce n'est pas jurer gross, since the abuse that is made by our men of the press of the unskillfulness in reading of the general public, is heaven tormenting. Nothing would be easier than issue a courant daily filled with the absurdities of the writers of the day.

That writing is poorly done (that is in casu coming from sloppy thinking) would grieve me less, were it not so evident from the general satisfaction, that the public is not used to make a distinction between nonsense and healthy reason. I bet ten against.... nothing, that there are in Holland not twenty readers who pull up their shoulders for the proofs which B. v. d. B. gives here and there of Mc. Auley's writer's talent. Ye gods, those proofs are pitiful! Viz: page 185, at the top. Viz: "because of his satirical power unforgetable tug" on 192 -193. One must have but very little to remember to keep such writer's prowess in mind.... no, now I will never forget them, they will be indeed unforgetable!

And then that poniard stab on page 183. If there were no sharper weapons than such daggers it would not be so bad for the wellbeing of the victims of the pen! Most comical is that B. v. d. B. himself deals out more robust thrusts here and there. What did move him after all to hand out such absurd certificates to that Mac Auley and his scribbling -"whom" deserved all the scorn due an unprincipled violator of the truth!- what moved B.v.d.B.? He knew better, as is evident from his own work. Still, I suspect him in no way of purposeful lying. It's a quandoque dormitare. But that quandoque appears a little too often. It becomes bad practise, habit, knack. I esteem B.v.d.B. too high not to take it ill off him. I pay no longer attention to it with by far the most paper daubers.

Just now the mail delivers the Spectator. No, I pay no longer attention to it. Still I must acknowledge that I let out a curse. My spouse asked:

what happened? I did not answer, but when she saw that I had the Spectator (viz: Ising "This is a lovely book" and what follows!) well, when she saw that I had The Spectator in hand (had had, since I had thrown the rag down) then she no longer needed a reply. She knew with abundant certainty why I had cursed. I am still so dumb, so naive, so original, so strange that I become -as did Jesus- enraged when I see the people vitiate. The empty talk with which it's being saturated is poison.! Am I then the only one who takes offense at this?

And then having to write for a public that is pleased with it! Ogod, it's so bitter! Were I but a decade or so younger I would learn the carpenter trade. and in order not to spoil my mood, I wouldn't put an eye in a book....

Today I was expecting letters from my children. Again nothing. No one can realize what I have to bear. Its explanation would be too burdensome. By all forms of machinations my children have been estranged from me.... oh so grievous! But why write this to you? My dear fellow, I'm unable to write without my pain shining through. Behold one of the reasons why I produce so little. Grief consumes me....

Farewell! Do not think that I esteem B.v.d.B. lowly. Even yesterday I read a few pages to my spouse as an example of beautiful style. The introduction to the essay about Le Maire. Still, about that style too I have infavorable observations, or observations at least that modify my otherwise so favorable verdict -namely artificial classicism. But oh, I'm sad and had better close. A bitter uncertainty about my children's destiny tortures me. Were it uncertainly only! I really should take a trip but.... I can not!

Hearty greetings. We both are glad about the mild winter, for your sake too. t. t. D. D.

TO MISTER J. WALTMAN.

XVIII.

(From a letter of 5 January 1875.)

Dear mister Waltman, well what a nice letter! Your friendliness is stirring; many thanks. Yes, I will do the correction of Specialists with great pleasure.

See here, I do not know whether there are any reasons to add a chapter here or there. Besides whether the notes will require an expansion of the work. At the moment I am not in it. But this I can ask you already. When during the correction I have a desire to expand by two or three sheets, would that suit you? If so, do you let me free not to do so too? (Mood, you know?)

I have some hope that this new issue will be placed reasonably fast because since '71 there has indeed come a change in public opinion. The little work will be discussed by a few dailies and monthlies. As always many will not do so, but.... a few anyhow!

But the sale of (M. S. too) went reasonably, sufficiently to save you from bankruptcy, and complaining, yammering etc. But.... Dutch is and remains the small success. You should have sold thousands of Multimillion Studies and Specialists. What is called popularity we have not attained. In future better.

It's kind of you to make that list of sold M.S. So particular! That you are telle quelle content with it pleases me, but I regret the narrowness, the smallness of dutch conditions. No, even more! Granted that our country is small, even then the sale disappoints me. According to Huet

there were 10,000 subscribers to two simultaneous issues of Cats! From a complete issue of Feith there once were placed circa just as many! I am well aware that I am not popular (which does not sadden me) but still I would like to see the number of "congenial spirits" increase. I receive a number of letters (including foolish ones) full of sympathy, oh! With most of them I think: well, fellow, if you are really so sympathetic minded, then spread my works! but I do not utter that wish, Never. It would look as if I would run my congenial spirits into debt. But it is very comical that among those comical spirits there are many whose.... relationship is not very clear to me, yes some of whom I am not in the least allowed to acknowledge as cousin or niece of the spirit. Many think they are comrades of me because they do not believe this or that, which is not such a big thing. Others because they are dissatisfied and think they have complaints. Oh!*

---

*)(Quite detached from the remaining context of this letter the following P. S. was added:
The Multim. St. lacks something very essential! The most important Chapter! This will come out with a reprint. When I finished that bundle at last -under compulsion!- I was not well.

XIX.

(From a letter of 25 december 1875.)

. . . .

This in regard to mood. Concerning not having time. I have diffuclty with the correction of Bundles III and IV. Dependent upon its finish as well as that of Specialists my Comedy depends.

And see there arrived something these days that costs me time as well as mood. That too I will tell you about some time, but in order to do it right and in all its nuances, I would have to deviate too long. Remand me

once, preferably verbally of "Maria Theresia and the free masonry," That is a matter that for the past twenty days has robbed me of my evenings and cost me much aggravation. To some one who is as poor as a churchmouse, or is on the verge of becoming so, I had given the advice to start translating and when that person .... aye, ' tis a boring history! Having promised assistance in the supposition that it would be a small correction, I now had to bit the button. But it became evident that my protege could not write two lines of reasonable dutch, nor understand german. Another four or five evenings and I'll be through with it, and then finish!*

---

*)(In the "bibliography" issued in 1892 "Memoir to Multatuli" by the society "De Dageraad" appeared in part:
"Sachor Masoch, Maria Theresia and the Free Masons, historical novel: According to Veritas (Miss M. Anderson) entirely "translated" by Multatuli. What really happened is evident from Multatuli's letter. The person was miss Anderson.

XX.

Wiesbaden 11 March 1876.

My dear fellow, your letter impressed me deeply! That's why I answer at once in order to let you know that I sincerely share in your adversity. You write so familiarly and frankly and naturally! Everything is so true. I do not mean with this: there are no lies in your letter. So coarse the matter is not! I have something finer in mind. You sketch so exactly your emotions in truth. But, my dear fellow, one difficulty need not count, to wit: the going astray of that copy.

Do not worry about something in relation to me. That copy must have been little, very little, and not worth the effort to mention it, but even if they amounted to sheets, I have received too much evidence of sincerity from you not to show that I very much enjoy giving evidence of good will from my side. But, to repeat, in this little instance I cannot even show good will. That in this instance I asked you for little and unimportant copy was because of my.... incompetence. I have to be just as frank as you are. Well, I am confused with our "Specialists". You are aware that I have a mass of notes ready. That broke my neck. While filling in and smoothing off the text, at which we are still occupied, I repeatedly did not know if certain observations had or had not been included with those Notes. Then there is constant doubt whether a certain thought belongs in the text or the Notes. Briefly, there is fumbling in my work and repeatedly the thread goes astray. I am so upset about it that if I had the means I would try to buy it all back and re-write it, But that I cannot.

My asking for the return of that little bit of copy happened at one of those moments when I asked myself: the deuce, how was I going to make that, join it in, fit it? It was only in order to look through it to see what I had written, to get back on the track for its consideration, and not because the copy had any value.

However, what concerns getting back on the track, as such too it's the question whether that guileless bit of scribbling would have helped me. No, certainly not!

So it's really sad that along with all that other adversity, you aggravated yourself about that. Should ever such of that nature happen again,

then count on my deep desire to help you! I know of nothing more beautiful than helpfulness. (There is enough enmity in the world! and I feel that to you before all I owe helpfulness! But without that even I love it and would prefer nothing more than so to assiciate with all human beings.*

……

---

*)(A few months prior to this letter, in the Fall of 1875, the first delivery of a new issue of Specialists had come out. Six sheets ended in the middle of Chapter MVII, that would be included in still a new issue, and that treated of the dicton "il n'ya a pas de grand homme pour son valet de chambre", but of which the additional copy now had gone astray.

The author failed to recover the thread, besides was befuddled by the Notes so that in the end this issue was deleted. In October 1878 appeared an entirely new, increased issue, but sans Notes. Those were, as is evident from the preface, kept till later.

In 1890, the publishers of the third issue, Cohen Bro's at Nymegen, copied the preface to the second issue and took the privilege to add to it:

"Relative to the notes and clarifications of which there is mention, it has appeared to us, after inquiry, that they do not exist."

I do not grasp where these gentlemen obtained their information. Not at the right address, I being in possession of a small bundle: "Notes on Specialists" bound by Multatuli himself under that superscription.

Later, in 1909, these Notes were included in the issue of "Thousand and Some Chapters about Specialists." by the Nederl. Bibliotheek, (under direction of L. Simons.)

TO MISTER D. J. KORTEWEG.*

Professor in Mathematics at Amsterdam.

*)(At about the time of the second issue of Specialists, appeared also a second issue of Multimillion Studies. At its finish Multatuli added a "Postscript" of only three lines: I have before me a small list of Notes, but thought for the benefit of buyers, that it would be better to publish them separately. Wiesbaden, 1878. This Postscript was just as true as the Preface for Specialists. For the Notes to Multimillion Studies only a list had been made and there I found a few pieces added that would have been useful in the preparation of those Notes. Most remarkable are two letters from Mr. D. J. Korteweg in which he, speaking about the Multimillion Studies, said among other things:"Taken in general I hold your observations for completely logical, in one respect I think, however, that you have paid respect to a prejudgment -forgive me the expression!- that is much adhered to by non players." Multatuli, namely, in his Studies poses that the casino, sans zero and refait -so sans extra chances for the bank- still must remain the winner. In these two letters Mr. Korteweg disproves this concept with figures, and even though the observations on Multimillion Studies never did appear in which Multatuli wished to correct this lapsus, the letter to Mr. Korteweg has been kept and follows here with a couple of others. It dates from the time of the first issue of Vorstenschool.)

XXI.

Rotterdam 19 March 1875.

Dear Mister Korteweg! If I continued putting off answering both of your letters, you might think that I was mad and bad. Since it's madness and bad to deny a truth. Immediately after your first writing did I have the desire to thank you for your probability's observations in regards to electionering.+ which I have not sufficiently studied due to being

---

+)(This refers to a sent-in copy of an article in the Journal des Actuaires français of 1874 entitled: Reflections, calculs et solutions particulières à propos d'un problème du calcul des probabilités sur les votes.)

terribly busy. Imagine, tonight I am billed to "speak" at Delft and do not know yet how I'll go about it. If I'll s ucceed reasonably well (good is impossible) it will be a work of art.

Well, bustle and a chai nof deviations were the reasons that I did not answer at once. I would do more than simply thank you and feared burying myself too deeply in matters that attract me more than suit me at the moment. I fear mathematics as Mentor for the nymphs on the island of calypso.

Still I will as soon as I can pay you a visit on that island. For now thanks and: you are completely right. Dumb on my part that I did not realize it. God created wednesdays in order to give us a chance to realize that we were confused on tuesday. Well, my reasoning in question no doubt was written on a tuesday! Thanks for the assist on Wednesday.

Be, along with the gentleman of the telegraph, sincwrely greeted from

t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

As to choice of place and time of Vorstenschool's showing, I must efface myself. I have to be very careful not to mix into matters that are none of my business. This is the acceptable condition of continuing good relations.

XXII.

(Sunday 1 March 18 78.)

Dear Korteweg, please be so kind to tell me on what part of the day I shall have time to make three visits. As that will take, provided I get a coach, ± 1½ hours. I wish to give a friendly token of life to the messrs. A. S. Kok, Collard (Duclari) and Van Hemert (Verbrugge). Can

you fit this into today's program? I should have asked you this yesterday evening but was too worn out.

Greetings. tt Dek. *

Kroon 9½.

---

*)(In a note to the publisher of these letters on the same day, I find: Imagine, who came to see me during the intermission yesterday ? Collard. He was very congenial. Verbrugge is here too, but very ill, which prevented him to attend the lecture, but later on I'm going to pay him a visit together with Collard who, I believe, has been pensioned off as lieutenant colonel.

XXIII

's Bosch Monday.
(2 March 1878)

Dear Korteweg! Well fellow, will you do me a favor? I have left behind at Tilberg*

---

*)(Probably Breda.)

my little writing desk (or folding desk) in the hall where I spoke. Will you be so kind to claim it and send it to Rotterdam, Westerstraat 16, where I'll be tomorrow? Perhaps I have also left behind in the hall or the waiting room a pair of gloves. If these have been found they might be included. If not, it wont worry me to death.

Yesterday I spent the second part of the day with our Iterson and his lovely Signa. Now I sit in a Hotel here and pleasantly quiet till this evening. Then "speaking" and well about "mock forms". I have treated that subject before, but not good. I hope to do it a little better now. The text is rich.

pedantry: mock form of learnedness
verses: id. id. of poesy.
academical
philosophy id. id. of wisdom.
philantropy id. id. of true love of man.
Mr. H. id. id. of.....

By Jove, of what? How is it possible to be so boring? And that wants to be immortal! What pretense! And how boring for his fellow immortals!

I would prefer to go to hell with Radboud than to meet with such company in heaven.

Good day, guy, live mathematically happy, and love your girl friend with cyclical perfection. this wishes from the centre of his room,

2 X 2 = 4 = Dek.

XXIV.

Deventer 4 March '79

Dear Korteweg. Nothing added to the Multimillion Studies. At the correction I was too worn out to put in the corrections (or correction) to which you called my attention. Now too I am spent and indisposed and tired.

In Specialists there are a few new pages.

Sincere greetings,

t.t. Dek.

XXV.

Nieder Ingelheim 15 Oct. 1881

Dear Korteweg! Four, five days ago I wrote to Iterson and asked him if your inaugural oration had been printed. But see, even before he could have received that letter I got your "Mathematics as auxiliary science". Sincere thanks! Immediately I began to read and day before yesterday I began a letter that remained there and which I have now torn up. Just as I was ready to continue it I realized that you at the time of starting your new engagement certainly would have something else to do than listening to my carping at "aether", and my complaint about Newton's acquiescence in not explaining gravity. Besides, I myself must not be

absorbed in all the subjects you touch upon. Reality prescribes other activity. How the changing of residence must have annoyed you! And getting acquainted! And getting around in a strange city! Look, such novelties bother me and I would like so much to put them on a list of things whose study does not demand or permit application such as Newton about the function of his "Immaterial center substance" seems to have judged. How the deuce can there have been stated in english: Insubstantial substancy? Immaterial matery? Bodyless bodies?

Still, I must unburden my heart by asking one question: Is it allowable to conclude to the existence of that "Aether" from the fact that a void does not prevent electricity to function? Does not the continuous working of electricity demonstrate that a vacuum (in its strict sense) and that electricity is satisfied with a minimum?

There are at least twenty things in your piece about which I would ask you for clarification, but it would be indiscreet.

We are very disappointed because you and your companion cannot come over this summer. But there's still a possibility, is there not? Perhaps it would be good for you and her to breathe this very healthy air for a spell. No doubt Iterson has told you that our house is roomy? You will be most welcome!

With all the satisfaction that your honorable placement must have given you, the parting with our noble Iterson no doubt was sad. Still he, the same as I, will not be a little proud about the recognition that has come to his friend. I am very curious what you will have to say after a while about your new position. I trust you'll have time in which to work.

As for both os us, we are well. Our foster child gives us much happiness. One could impossibly have more love for one's own. Everybody is agreed that he is a lovely boy. Here is hoping that you'l get him in your college after a decade or so. So make yourself acquainted in '82 for a good beginning.

Our best wishes to you and your lovely wife!

t. a. v. Dek.

……

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Mrs. D. D.-S.*

*)(With the great many matters and letters which from lack of space cannot be given consideration in this issue, there are also bundles of papers from the time of the lecture tourneys. Behold, nevertheless, a single episode drawn from a letter in the Spring of 1878.

XXVI.

My adventure in the train was so. Accidentally I landed in a carriage with another six or seven smoking men. It did not suit me but I did not think it worth the effort to leave. There, at the last moment entered a "lady" (some fashion doll) holding an enormous big, round, flat box. At least three feet in diameter. I told her:

"But.... people smoke here...."

"Eh, comment?"
"On fume ici, madame."
"Cela n'y fait rien, pourvu que j'entre!"

And I took hold of her box, and she managed to get in. The box divided the carriage in two. Then she:

"Mon dieu, quel pays! Figurez vous, m'sieur, que ce commissionaire... etc. etc. Ces gens.... etc. etc. I:
"Oui madame, c'est un pays exécrable..."
"N'est ce pas, m'sieur?" I:
"Pitoyable, misérable, détestable."
"Oui m'sieur, et...."

Follows a story of the cruelties which the commisioner had subjected her to. I:

"En France tout est beaucoup mieux madame."
"Oh, je ne dis pas, mais...."
"Madame, en Frrrance tous les commissionnaires sont des gentilhommes!"
"Pardon, m'sieur! Mais...."
"Des anges!"
"Mais, m'sieur...."
"Tandis qu ici, dans ce pays maudit, nous n'avons que des gueux...."
"M'sieur, je ne dis pas cela, mais...."
"Des niais, des nigauds, des rustres...."

"Mais...."
"Si la Frrrance avait la bonté de nous annexer...."
"Mais.... m'sieur...."
"Et de nous inonder de ses commissionnaires...."
"Mais...."
"Et de ses maréchaux... ."

Etc. Etc. Etc.

All the men laughed out loud and she (a rather beautiful woman) looked half annoyed because of having been taken, but vainly laughing. That was all.

A moment later the men on the other side of the box claimed that their window had to be shut and mine open. I:

"Madame, ces messieurs me prient d'ouvrir cette fenetre-ici. Le permettez vous?"
"Mais.... m'sieur."
"Le permettez vous, madame? Dans ce vilain pays on ne fait rien sans la permission des dames."

She would not say: yes or no.

I let it half way down, and asked again if she liked it. She was confused about the laughing, and would not answer. I said:

"Je vous jure..... francaisement madame, c. a. d.: j'affirme.... c. a. d.: je ne sais pas trop c. a. d. : je n'en sais rien du tout, c. a. d.: je vous jure francaisement, que dans ce vilain coupé, rempli de vilains hollandais, rien ne se fera sans votre permission frrrancaise, madame!"

Etc. Etc. Etc. She looked angry.

Within sight of The Hague I put on my hat in order to be able to take it off, and asked quite politely:

"Pardon Madame, voudrieux vous me dire si vous connaissez l'adresse de la maison ou vous voulez vous rendre?"
"Mais, m'sieur!"
"L'adresse, s'il vous plait, madame?"
"Calavare marke, six," she said at last.
"Cela suffit."

We arrived. I took her box (enormous!) and handed it to a porter. Then her traveling bag. Next I offered her my hand and told the porter: vigilante!

"Mais, m'sieur!"
"C'est mon affaire, madame!"

And:

"Entrez, madame!"
"Mais, m'sieur!"

I paid the coach man, and said: "Kalvermarkt zes. Adieu Madame!"
"Mais, m'sieur!"
"Adieu, Madame!"

End!

At first, Vos and Loffelt, who were waiting for me on arrival, did not know what to make of it all. I said:"well, wait a moment. I have to attend to something." They still did not comprehend but later had a good laugh. And my francaise will think hollanders much nicer than before.

XXVII.

To Mister Saaymans Vader, Member 2nd Chamber.

Wiesbaden 9 Jan. 18 79.

Dear Sir!

A friend of mine sent me the issue of the N. Rott. Courant*

---

*)(of 6 January)

in which you rebuke mister De Haan*

---

*)(translator of Buchner's: Mankind, its place in the past, present and future.)

and defend god worship. It seems that people expect of me to take sides openly. I lack the desire for it.

However, through an evident meeting of ideas, I felt a compulsion to offer you a clipping from another paper to look into* and at

---

*)(This contained a Prayer by mr.Van Diesel, preacher at Bladel in North Brabant for two elderly poor blind men who were in great need.)

the same time I request my publisher to send you in my name a copy of the Anthology which my wife has made from my works. On page 75 it contains a Confession of Faith which I take leave to bring to your attention. Feeling high respect for the courage and apparent uprightness in your conviction -in whose characteristics I have the honor to be your coreligionary!- I think of being allowed to hope that the Deus who lives within us will "agitere" us to "calescere"* for the guileless religion of little Thrushman as well as for the two unfortunates at Bladel, in need of our help. I can contribute just an insufficient trifle and deploring this I avenge my inability by calling your attention to it that there is an opportunity to do more.

I have the honor to be.

Etc.

---

*)(In the piece of mister S. V. the proverb was quoted: Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimos illo.)

---

10 Jan. '79.

Dear Sir.

Just now I learn that for the present there hasbeen action to foresee in the needs of the two unfortunates at Bladel. Therefore I take leave to request you to consider my proposition made to you yesterday as withdrawn.

TO MISTER I. A. ROESSINGH VAN ITERSON.

XXVIII.

Wiesbaden 23 November 1876.

. . . .

Yes, certainly we hope to visit you in Holland. The delay is mainly caused by by that terrible comedy. I promised to make one and am unable to make one to my satisfaction. I must have made at least the volume of ten comedies, but all the pieces do not make a whole. And it gets more and more difficult. Those who are waiting for it and inquire about it are many. Lately even Aart Admiral. Says he: Come, come, Holland stands in need of a good laugh! Conceded and true. Exactly! But.... this conviction augments the effort to produce something that can be of service. Once in the Indies a visit of two persons was expected for which the man of the house (a fine and able person, but one who had no ability to express himself and was bashful) as well as his wife, were not at all prepared. They -the expected ones- were two generals, van Gagern and Clemens. The woman complained about her need to me and requested me "to liven things up a bit." How I succeeded I do not know.... yes: rather well, because both gentlemen brought along their own good mood. Will the public that may come to view my comedy, be as good natured as were those two gentlemen? This I doubt. Besides, the dutch public is very difficult. It swallows everything in translated pieces and is

narrow in conception of what's original. What comes from afar is looked at with a telescope, and for things born next door they use a magnifying glass.

And.... and.... I don't know what is really a comedy. Behold a confession that sounds foolish coming from the mouth of an author.... literator or whatever I am supposed to be. Verily, I do not know. What is here in Wiesbaden called "Lustspiel" is almost always only a farce, an oddity. Molière's comedies are partly impossible antics (and even then drawn from Plautus and Terentius) partly comédies de moeurs in which psychology plays an unhappy role. (The Misanthrope is not human hater, but a dissatisfied, peevish caviller. The Avare is exaggerated onto insanity. The hypocrisy of Tartuffe is as coarse as bean straw, etc.

This would not matter since I'm not looking for a model, if I were not aware that the public, praising such pieces highly, has a different concept of the matter than I have. I imagine that my piece, in order to please , should be so trashy, and if good would not please. Even though I once held Molière high, which for the past ten years or so is no longer the case, even then I would have no desire to copy him. But let's suppose that this was otherwise, do you mean that our public would applaud a Tartuffe or Misanthrope (or something similar cast on his last)? No! I know not a single piece by a foreign writer. Shakespeare, Racine, Corneille included, that I, being in possession of am unpublished and unknown manuscript, would dare to lay before our public. Not a one! Imagine that the Hamlet were unknown, do think that people would enjoy relish it? No! They would ask if the author were crazy. I even have heard this question posed of famous pieces, of which foreign origin was known. For instance at vanLennep's Romeo and Julia.

XXIX.

13 January 1879.

Oh Literature! Oh dramas! Frank van Riemstra is at least as good as 3/4 of the pieces which we get to see in translation, but Fr. v. R. is no good because it's not a translation. Superficially this seems to mean that I here oppose the ignorant prejudgment against all that is dutch. No. I do not say: "Fr. van R. will not suit the public, notwithstanding that the piece is at leasy as good as most of the foreign ones," but I claim that it is indeed shy of Hollandiana. We are obliged to get matches from Sweden and dramas from abroad, the former because they are better than we can make them, the others because the peculiarities of our people in context with the manner in which we grasp, conceive of them, prevents the making of good dramas.

"Good" here does not only mean that the qualities of the piece are good, but also that they fit into the cadre of our perceptions, of our taste and even of our hearing. Now I do not judge the spirit of our nation. The writing of a good dutch stage play is an impossibility. With all perfection there will always be lacking a main factor: the public. In order to please the public a piece just would not have to be good. But now I wander. I did not intend to demonstrate that the fault lies with the onlooker, although this is so for a great part, but that it lies in the peculiarity which I already touched upon. It's not the public's fault that "O myn God" is not the same as "Oh mon Dieu". That "Mejuffrouw" sketches differently than: "Mademoiselle". Just paraphrase these most simple examples to conditions. Art exists in the (relative) lie called

convention. (Postscript Bride on High) The foreign conventions have struck root here to the extent that the most preposterous absurdity is easily swallowed when it agrees with the conception to which we have been brought up by habit. (The pieces of Corneille, Racine and, alas, Moliere too, stripped of the convention-indulgence, are sickening trash!)

Well, upbringing in accordance with habit must never be the goal of a Nation that over the centuries was flooded with alien product. (The most provincial dutch grocery man is on common ground with: "O gewis mynheer de Markies!" or: "Amalia bemint ghy den Ghhhraaf!" because ever since his youth he has learned to listen to such phrases.)

In order to have stage-literature we must.... really be a nation. Well, in this respect, we have never been that. Not even in the days of Hooft, Bredero, Fockenbrock, Langendyk! Our literators were unable to offer the public nothing but imitated foreignness. (The insipid filthiness of Pietje Boddaert are not even original!)

But repeatedly I wander. I do not want to deal with the public's fault, I want to point to the fact that a Hollander cannot have his own literature. At an incongruity in a translated piece people say or think: "no doubt that will be the custom in France or Germany." At an original piece everyone exclaims: "That isn't so! I know better than that!" Well, most of thetime truth is violated in foreign pieces too in a deplorable manner, but the Foreigner has been trained not to take umbrage at it, and the Hollander copied that, perhaps not sans a little pride that he was so well at home in world manners. Molière's suivantes are impossible personages. This is acknowledged in France itself but the people remain

indifferent, since they are current. Sooner would a normandian maiden be blamed for not resembling Dorine, than the reverse. We little staters, from naive ignorance, demand in art verite vraie, just as a child would. Well, that foreigners on this point are different is not so much the result of higher development (oh no!) but they are so accustomed to the false curls of art, that they.....etc. Yes, etc! No doubt it's sufficient.

. . . .

Neither do I claim that in my observations I took up all objections. All I say is that a Normandier is swallowed but not a Friesian. A dutch grisette is impossible on the boards. So is a bon vivant.

Bertram and Raton translated, are read with pleasure. For once imagine that this piece was original and that the hooligans or thieves presented in it, were dutch. This would not please. I know not a single french or english piece (and only a few german ones) which, written by a dutch autthor, and playing on dutch soil, would have been tolerated.

My obervations are not new. Even Terentius had to struggle with it that roman ways of living were not popular. All his pieces are grecian. The romans were the same as we, too sober to honor conventional artistic demands, or to indulge too much in pretended convention by peeking through the fingers.

XXX.

Geisenheim, 11 Oktob. '80.

. . . .

My recent six, eight weeks have (and that for some one who likes so much being a hermit) been much occupied and partly agitated. You'll soon grasp it.

1° (I begin with what's least irritating.) For many years since I felt humbled by a debt made in '64, '65, sprouting from my family's stay at Brussels then. The matter was oppressive both in itself and because the creditor had in his possession all kinds of things, clothes, trunks, childrens' toys (all of little or no monetary value) and: letters. Yes, for 14, 16 years the matter was a nightmare to me and with all my troubles and struggles I could not manage to tear that thorn out of my side. Always there was something else that for one reason or another deserved precedence. About four weeks or so ago I got (and you will see how?) hold of some money. We decided, after mature counseling,to devote a small part of it to that brussels' thing. And did so. That debt at Brussels dates from the time when my poor, good wife was lured to go to Italy by a lady friend. The assistance that was promised her to be extended in that country, and the wonderful living conditions there, moved her to desert everything.... the first news of it reached me at Innsbrueck. And such an ill-advised flight, of which all the shame and responsibility came down on me.... aye, she had not foreseen it so!.... well, a similar thing happened later once again. But about that, and about the consequences to me, I had better not dwell now. Sufficient that recognizing the abandoned goods, was very painful for me. In so far as I saw them..... Mies took care of it for me. For 3/4 of the mess was "verschleppt" as people would say here in Germany , and what remained she let the man keep, except a few packages of letters. Those too are far from complete, but what was not returned no doubt got lost, and that is good! . Having reason to think that the amount of the debt had been raised a little higher than necessary, I did

not hesitate to make the man an offer, which he accepted. Briefly, Mimi managed things quite well, but it was rather exciting!

2º About ten weeks ago I received a visit from a man whom I already had learned to know on former occasions as very cordial. He stayed only two days. Incidentally, during his presence there had been talk of a little house with a garden on the other side of the rhyn, that was for sale, and we had let it known that we would not mind owning it. Quite seriously meant from my side it was not. I do believe that Mimi would enjoy ownership of that little place, but my assent was aimless since, having no money, I could not think of buying.

When I accompanied my cordial guest to the train, he said:

"Oh yes, as to that house in Ingelheim, go ahead and buy it."

"Very funny! I have no money."

"Oh, I do. And I'll send it to you as soon as you call for it."

He did so! (I've skipped all kinds of deliberations and writing.) The noble fellow, sans asking security in advance, leaving to me the rate of interest I wished to pay, briefly, in the most robust and generous manner sent me 14000 mark.

So much was the purchase price, but we got it for 11000 mark, of which I informed him of course. I could, he said, use the surplus for necessary repairs and alterations.

So that, dear Iterson, I now have become, in my old age, a home owner. There is something comical about it. But entirely pleasant the matter is not. The project for alterations runs far beyond the estimate. And I perturbed about having to move. And all the ado that goes with such things. Oh, I now would, well considered, prefer to stay in a rented house! If only I'll succeed to get that house free, so that I will leave something to Mimi and Wouter....

but that's the question. And what, after my death, will she do with that little house? No, that I take back. She certainly will grow fruit and vegetables there, enough to live on almost without money. Never mind, even though my impressions about the acquisition are very mixed, the matter is sealed and so.... no melancholies.

The house sits near, but not on the rhyne, and on a height, on the Chaussée from from Mainz to Ingelheim. The site is historical. At Ingelheim Charlemagne had a palace (of which there are still traces) and the road on which we live was built during his reign. Right near our house, in a clump of trees, stands a pillar, upon which:

Route de Charlemagne
érigee (namely the pillar, I think)
sous la règne de S.M.
Napoleon
par
....
préfet de departement etc.

What the "préfet" had in mind with that pillar, what moved him.... well a pretense for cutting the two emperors' names on one stone! Be this as it may, Charlemagne once dwelt in that neighborhood, worked there, held meetings, and:

Dug a well! says my only neighbor, an elderly farmer. So too say the people in Ingelheim. That well now belongs to me. 'Tis the well on my ground! Who could have thought that? And even though it isn't historically true that Charlemagne ordered that well dug, that's what is said, and that is something, isn't it? From that well you will drink water when you visit here the summer of '81.

To be continued. Greetings.

Dek.

I have still forgotten to say that my liberal friend forbade me emphatically to use his name. So do not fish for it.

Woutertje is full of jokes. He's a nice kid. Just now he told Mies: "listen, when you shall be a little old woman I'll put you in a basket and carry you where you want to be. Do not worry, you hear!

XXXI*

Nieder-Ingelheim 8 January '82.

. . . .

However, I would be in favor of not exactly choosing just the somewhat flattered book Max Havelaar, but prefer to take as point of departure the "letter to the Gouv.General retired. This is good before all, because it's evident from the date of that piece that after leaving Lebak I did not immediately start "building on the highway". Had the affair Lebak been initiated by me in order to play a role, as has been charged, I would not have tried sans any publicity, 1º to maintain myself, 2º privately bring about improvement in Indies' conditions. This latter goal would have been reached (or approached) if Havelaar "in the most honorable manner", that is on the sincere advice of D. v. Twist, had been reinstated. A nobler manner of acknowledging guilt, with beneficial results as well, I could not offer the man, I think.(My letter to him is much more convincing than Havelaar. He could trust whether I told untruth.)

That alongside the choosing of that "letter" as basic for the matter's

---

*)(This letter was written as a cogent to conversations about an article by mister Perelaer in Handelsblad of 25 December 1881, and subsequently of one thing and another that Multatuli had learned from mister Iterson among others about a Testimonial which later will be mentioned several times in this part.)

history the Notes to Max Havelaar must be consulted too, is self evident. Also the pieces that I published in Loveletters, and all those that accompanied the Letter to Duymaer van Twist in duplicate!

Draw Collard into the matter? To me, superficially considered, this too seems suitable and useful, and I find no other objections than those that flow from obervations of a general nature. I hold Collard to be an honorable fellow. When I received the cabinet-letter from v. Twist (in his presence) he exclaimed (literally)

"Godverdomme, I have seen rakes and thieves departing from here, and to You such a letter is written!" (That "rakes and thieves" had a very definite meaning. 'Twas not a phrase.

And all other things too (in so far they are cogent and are not part of the frills of bellettry) are quite truthful. 'Tis true that Collard told the controller of having been approached by a native, etc. 'Tis true that he had seen the corpse of a Javanese floating down the river who the previous evening had called on the Ass. Res. with a complaint. 'Tis true that Collard influenced the controller to inform me that the Resident had given some money to the Regent. In a word, all that is cogent is the way I presented it in that book. A nd.... I have nothing held back that to any extent might invalidate its tendency. Besides, there exists no reason to suspect Collard of dishonesty, as the refusal to testify indeed would be! But.... controller Langeveldt van Hemert was not dishonest! Yet, he lived in peace with the knowledge that I wandered around like a vagabond, without ever opening his mouth! I had allowed him not to be a hero, good! But.... never mind! He is dead. When (in '80?) he saw me, he began to cry as a baby and fell limp against me. Indeed, I was paying him a visit planning to induce him

now, at the end of his career -he was pensioned as Resident, so nothing could hurt him- to take the field for me. But his condition was so miserable, he was so oldish and debilitated and.... cried so that I could not get myself to force him into efforts of strength or character exertion. On that same occasion I met with Collard at Breda. He was most congenial, oh yes! But.... unwilling to risk a check-mate, I asked him nothing! Once more, I have not a single reason to think that Collard would refuse, except.... the general observation: that every one who since 1856 (the year I asked to be dismissed) or after February 1860 (the year the book M. H. appeared) for a variety of reasons was duty-bound to come to my support, kept quite prudently still! There are hundreds who were honor-bound to become angry when in Holland it grew customary to call me a low-down individual! No one protested, neither thye who could know intimately that I was right in the affair Lebak, nor the great many who knew me from earlier days as a good man. The pain that this.... disloyalty has caused me during so many years (and does even now) I am unable to render into words. If ever I had begun to blame any one for this, there would have been no end to it. From an excess of annoyance I always kept silent. As for Collard, up to the time of my arrival at Lebak I did not know him and so it would be wrong in appealing to him as "old friend". In an anti-thesis he stands above any one else who would be the person to act as a witness in the Lebak matter proper. But who can tell whether he, for god-knows what reason, is inclined so to do? His silence, during so many years proves, to begin with, that he felt no compulsion to act spontaneously. And a refusal from his side would be grievous. A thing like that must come from the heart, not with feet dragging. To this must still be added something, and that observation concerns

many. I am convinced that many a one is sorry that through their flat silence they have surrendered me to the van Twist-clique. (I now call it that for brevity's sake, and not even quite justly. But: passons.) Mostly since the last six or seven years has the general mood changed somewhat. But now there would be required for those who denied me, a little courage in order to appear in the light of day. They might be asked: "Well, why then did you not act sooner?" If, for instance Collard, declared openly that in looking at the Lebak affair, in so far as he was able to know, I had told the truth, he would have to anticipate the reply: "then you are a wretched fellow for allowing Havelaar to be spattered with mud so long!" See, I do not know Collard well enough to be assured whether he would care to face this accusation. Most of all, strictly speaking, it's well founded!

And something similar suits the testimony about the vile relationship between Brest van Kempen and the Regent. About that I have still other observations.

I held B. v. K. indeed to be a most respectable man, in the ordinary sense, and this I still say (again in the accepted sense.) In tone, speech and appearance he was a gentleman. With that, our entire relationship was in accord. During our verbal sessions there never passed a single improper word.

(Not without purpose did I mention this in my letter to him of February 28, 1856, Nº 93 end. I needed cover against a banal concept of the matter, as if I had had a "beef" with my chief. Nothing of that. It was a question of principle, and he really felt that I would win out. He even apparently excused himself about the reprimand dealt me, assuring that he had no part in it. Also he emphatically expressed his high regard for me!

Respectable man! What is that, really? Or how must this word be interpreted here? When, on the through trip to Batavia I stopped at B. v. K. (he had invited me) he received me very cordially. I reproached him for what had happened between him and the Regent. He became confused and began to stutter, and said something as:

"Yes.... you see.... once having decided to..... not to handle the matter.... in accord with your meaning.... I had to..... from my side..... side.... all attempts....(etc. It's not possible to repeat such hackling precisely.)

Respectable, in a somewhat higher sense, his action certainly was not! But then we arrive on another terrain than I had in mind when I sketched B.v.K. as well as necessary. And we go still farther astray from that word when we deal with the matter from that vile relation with the Regent. I did not think of anything like that, and I regret that it played a part. In other words: I am glad not to have known about it when I wrote Max Havelaar. I might have allowed myself to be tempted to touch on it and so would have descended into the chronique scandaleuse, while now the matter has entirely remained in the realm of so called political (rather: old-guestly government principles. That B. v. K. had his own reasons for protecting the regent is true beyond doubt since I have been told by someone who was in position to know (about which later) but this does not remove the fact that he, a quite ordinary rank-salary-and-pension chaser, entirely acted "in the spirit of the government" by smothering my accusation, as has become evident from the consequences. (I was forced to ask for my dismissal. The transfer to Ngawi was a piège, and he remained in good standing.)

(Not a piège of van Twist, oh no. He was far too ignorant of it all to know why I was bound to topple at Ngawi. But these particulars I skip now.)

Apart from the question whether B.v.K.' private relations with the Regent influenced his disloyal act, and also from the question whether my theme would not be weakened by stating it as chief topic, true it is that the here brought up accusation against B.v. K. was added in by mister Hasselman, Minister of Colonies! He said to me: "Well, did you not know that B.v.K. sat under the regent's thumb, since he provided him with girls." (literally)

Those words written or printed, look bad on their face! That's why it's a question whether it's good to quote them, while from another point just its literal form might be the demand. (Perhaps not; about which more later on.)

Before that exclamation Hasselman said something else that's probably better to use. But judge not too quickly.

What caused me to be carried to him, I skip now.... a long story! Soon he went into a tone of.... reproach or disparagement, with:

"But.... I think it strange why you've never made use of my report about Lebak. That contains a little more than your Havelaar!"

"Your report?"

"Why certainly. Mine!"

(He was, namely, of which I was unaware, one of my predecessors at Lebak. In searching the archive it seems I did not go far enough back.... of which there was no need.)

We spoke for a little while yet about this, and on his part always in a tone of disapproval that I had not colored the situation black enough.

In which he was mistaken. Worse than the murder of my predecessor was

impossible, and in Max Havelaar I refrained from much sketching, an abstention motivated by a feeling for art, to which I point emphatically. By skething too much one weakens the impression. But there was no need for Hasselman to grasp this. I do also state here only that the minister of colonies reproached me somehow, for not having said enough! And this he said as a specialist in the matter, in his capacity of former Assistent Resident of Lebak!*

Now the question rises whether use shall be made of that utterance? You realize we were under four eyes. I do not know Hasselman well enough to be convinced that he is a man of his word, (I guess:yes!) but can reckon that he who vis à vis me came so roundly and almost bluntly forward with his opinion, must have told others too that which he said to me. So if he were a dishonest man (which I don't believe) even then he would by denial make a poor figure with others. So I would take a chance that he would testify.

And still it remains a question whether an appeal to Hasselman would be useful. Just as with Collard the spontaneity has been lacking with him, and with him too a plea in Havelaar's favor would be explained to his detriment, most of all because he, as minister of colonies, was in a position to do the right thing by me. Every other minister can hide behind the opinion that I was wrong. Not he!(The question: "why then did you not personally insist with Hasselman to do something for you?" lies at hand. I had good reasons for it, which I skip now, although I shall be glad to tell you and, I think, have told you already.)

---

*)(This should be: Ass. Res. of Pandeglang. Viz: Volume VIII.

As soon as we tread on dubious ground (dubious I call the willingness of Collard and Hasselman frankly to come forward) we run the risk of deviating from the main thing. With or without the testimonies of those two gentlemen, the soundness of my grievances as laid down in Havelaar is proved clear as day. At wavering or uncertainty of C. or H. my opponents would immediately seize upon it, and this is dangerous. 'Tis not the question whether after all I would compel them to acknowledge that I was right (O certainly!) but the currently existing awakening would again evaporate in the infighting. Of that I have experience. The time of pleading should be gone. A hundred times I have thought of calling on Collard, and first of all Hasselman, but.... I am tired of convincing. Whoso still does not believe that Havelaar was right, does not want to be convinced. I remember how happy I was when in.... (the first year of Sloet van de Beele) mister Schoek wrote me that this G. G. had written mister Hooft (?) at Ammerzoden.... aye, I don't know exactly anymore. It came down to this that Sloet said I was right. That's all I need, I thought. Oh sure!

(Viz: Volume VI, page .....)

In 1860 I was informed that the doctor who had treated my predecessor had challenged me. A certain committee who would take up Havelaar's case at that time, seemed to take that challenge important enough to summon me to answer it. With great difficulty I left Brussels for Rotterdam (without a penny in my pocket) and announced that I had all the Havelaar evidence with me and invited all interested parties to come have a look. Quite naively I thought the Nation wanted to know

the truth! Nobody came! And dr. Bleeker, the committee member who had called my attention to the piece of that doctor as being so onerous, told me, when I spoke to him later, that the remark of that doctor really did not amount to much. ("Nothing much in so far as the tendency of Max Havelaar was concerned. That was so. It even re-enforced my claim that my predecessor was poisoned.) Bleeker said:

"Aye, you must realize that everybody speaks of that book now, you see. And that doctor Bensen too wants to hear his name spoken. So it always goes. I told him rightaway that his remark had no value."

'Twas enough to assault the man. I had made the painful trip to Rotterdam, sat without a penny in an inn.... the enthusiasm of the committee for M. H. had passed.

Règle generale: with such matters it is of high importance strictly to limit oneself to the main question. Each deviation, each step on a bypath is weakening.

Well, something like that I fear from tracking down more testimonies than already lie enclosed in the course that the matter has taken. But for the remark by Dr. Bensen there never was anything detracted from any reported fact in Max Havelaar. Yes even: it has not been tried. That a great many would have tried it if there had been only the merest chance of success, lies at hand.

Once I was accused of having said an untruth by a "Ret-officer of the Indies' army," about which viz: Note 133 to M.H. In so far as I am aware, outside of that never.... yes, once it has been claimed that in there were not many -or none- fugitive Bantammers. I stay with my sustenance, but an investigation would needlessly take us from the road.

This was said by a (general?) Weitzel, I think. If our thriving stood or fell with it I would propose to write to an impartial and qualified person in the Indies about it. As for the result I would be very confident, since I know I spoke the truth. In the event that any one held this secondary opinion for the main one(or pretend it) well, I would be ready to give proof of that too. But what then? If I fetched it I would risk to get a reply as the one from Bleeker. Something like: "Yes, you see. that's what I thought, I grasped that this Weitzel too would want to drop a penny in the collection box!"

No doubt you will have noticed how in the Notes I repeatedly complain that no one chose to have a pure insight into the matter. That the official documents which I published in Max Havelaar and Loveletters were false or invented no one has ventured to claim, but, as everything else, they were ignored. That was easiest.

The silence of all who would have been so deeply involved by speaking (in the first place Duymaer van Twist!) and that over all these years and after so many summons from my side is, I think the strongest proof of the truth of M. H. That and the condition of Bantam, Lebak most of all!

Myself I am tired of the affair. It's indeed a good fortune for me that men as you-and that I grasp well!- have a greater desire than I to take a hold of it againOh, if only you knew all my deceptions! Indeed it's something like the struggle of the ant about which I speak in the introduction to the story of Saidjah. Yes, I am fed up with it!. And not but against my will I look into that book. But now, having been compelled to it the past few days(also for instance, to write this letter) it strikes me how correctly the matter

is constitued. Take, for instance, the letter to the G. G.retired." You cannot get a pin in between. And this has.... just been one of the causes of failure. Had D.v.T. seen the slightest chance to gain something by debate, had he (personally or through intermediation by others) come out of hiding. But unable to do so he was compelled to keep silent, just the only means by which he exhausted me. And this condemned me to monotony! Hence my being silent so often. I began to fear that people would say: "Aye, there he is again with his old wife's tale! No denying that is so. I can't bring variation into it. My righteousness bores myself. But that's no reason to say I'm wrong!

Yes, it often struck me how neat and complete in '56 the matter was handled by me, so that even now ('82!) I can hold on to all I have done and written. This observation came to my mind just now when I pointed to the words with which I stated that I had had no "beef" with the resident. It's evident that I anticipated how the matter would be subjected to an effort of minimizing.

9 January '82.

I had intended to return to that gossip involving "girls". Hasselman's accusation I hold to be true, first of all because later I so often heard talk about B.v.K. being a very sensuous person, to which his ultimate insanity. I assure you that I'm sorry about it. Besides my aversion of having such a raw expression printed, I still have this against it, that I do not like to have a certain kind of Smug Henri as an ally. There lies something low in paying a visit to some one in his bedroom with whom one has an

official difference. I am indeed in casu justified when it's true it's true that bedroom affairs had an influence on what's official, oh yes! But whoso does all to which he is"entitled" is not a good person! Briefly, it offends me!

And again on the reverse side, if one considers that I, who am so liberal of concept in such things I mainly take it ill of a sensualist that he ruins his mind) and in spite of it did my duty (note: also by public reckoning!) that I now had to suffer under the fault of some one who just by that standard did not do his duty.

(About such matters there never was any discussion between B.v.K. and me, but I hold myself convinced that he in the most respectable manner would have peddled the most banal morality gossip. Perhaps he would have, because of my highly liberal concepts, labeled me as an immoral person. Such has often happened to me.)

But, you ask, what is now your conclusion regarding calling in the testimonies of Collard and Hasselman?/ Well, I await your advice. I bet my best eye, my left! But for foot dragging, for halfness, for dragged-in buttts I am afraid.

And before all: the time to gather testimonies is gone. That's my most important objection. And in that I was reinforced by an article in the Amsterdammer of yesterday that fell into my hands this morning. I have already told you about having insisted among some friends that Perelaer's piece be propagated. One of them has, with the best of intentions, meant to carry this out by taking a part of my letter to him.... and surrender (there is not better word for it) it to the editor of that paper, and he has again just grasped the ancient well known stifling

means by the hand to which I myself point with disdain.. And that: "not belonging to the blind admirers of Multatuli!" I ask neither for admiration nor for blindness, but who asked him for his attestation? That is again the old cliché used to make out every one to be blind who from now on will support me.

"And might it become evident that Multatuli left Lebak 25 years ago as a man "who had done his duty..... " etc.

"If it might become evident," aye, a proposal thus of now, in 1882, to start once more from the beginning with an investigation. Much obliged! I think that in those 25 years sufficient has become "evident"! Whoso still does not know whether Havelaar was right will never know it. Acting thusly one might conclude each new 25 year period to begin a new investigation.

That "if it might become evident" is a lovely text, and I foresee sermons about it when we make an effort to draw Collard or Hasselman into things. The lightest lameness on their part would be grasped to insist anew on "evidence" of one thing or another. And, experience tells me, then the matter peters out.

My suggested starting point is: whoso still is not convinced, may hoop it.

Good day, dear Iterson, greetings from the three of us.

You are allowed to let any one you like, read this. But do not publish any of it. It's not I who must plea again. The Arnhemmer called the end of the notes to M. H. "eloquent". Yes, just because I did not add a word to the acknowledgement of the Indies' dailies: "that Lebak is a wilderness." All that I would say further, is a repetition. And alas, that can be applied too a little to this letter.

As for Hasselman, the question is too whether it's fair to make use of something that he -minister indeed, but not as minister- in a kind of jolly *laisser aller* did say. That's evident even from the triviality of the expression. It could not be more familiar. Not a trace of diplomatic caution. And just for that it would bother me to make life unpleasant for him. I am curious for your opinion.

Main thing remains: that the matter, by seeking new evidence becomes once more a pleading game. I am sick of that.

* * *

XXXII.

Geisenheim 5 Nov. 1879.

....

I can assure you that I do not take up a newspaper or book without becoming sad. To bad that I have not more of your disposition and take matters a little more lightly. If I could do that, the world would hear more from me. I am too serious, too much the exhorter, too puritanical of perception. I am annoyed when I read (for instance today) in a German paper: "Seine Majestaet hat den Grossfuersten recht herzlich unarmt und gekuesst denn es liegt Seiner Majestaet sehr viel daran mit Seinen Neffen, den Russischen Kaiser auf freundschaftlichen Fusse zu bleiben."

That "denn" is swallowed by 30,40 million people, and no one realizes that here H. M. is allowed to play the role (to and including the kissing) which Pierson thinks to be so very bad in in poor creatures who..... etc.

What such a(childish?) emperor does leaves me cold, but I assure you that no one feels offended by such things. It is thought to be very "en règle that a man gives a kiss in order to reach a certain goal, just to grasp the means that is the main factor of prostitution: Being lovely for gain!

And such a Bismarck! That flirting with black coats and conservatives by voting 130 million marks for despoiling Import duties help the german Reich (that received 5000 million from France) to a little money!

And the introduction of the confessional schools! And so much else in Germany. The Middle Ages are on their way back. When just lately my wife was raking leaves in the garden, people came to warn her for the police. It was not allowed we were told, it being Sunday!

And such do twaddle of progress!

But, some one or other says: I would not let such things bother me!

"Whoso says twelve times: I would, eleven times says a bêtise!"

It's true that I have nothing to do with Germany. Or, were this otherwise, I can leave, and live in my "fatherland" again. Well, with that I do have truck, and just there every step hinders me!

Somewhere in Max Havelaar there are a few lines about some one who means well with his fellow men and continuously sees himself outshouted by quacks and deceivers. I cannot quite well tell you what living in Holland is. My letter would be far too long if I painted for you all the grievances that overwhelm me there. Still I shall be compelled to return there (to hold lectures) but already I feel myself nervous at the prospect. To the extent that on such a tourney I am not myself. By nature I'm childishly gay, and many conditions throw me into a mood that resembles melancholy. And then the realization that I'll be confused with the little clique that poses as being melancholic in order to be interesting!

My verdict about Dutch conditions is very unfavorable. I do not know what is most miserable, the king, the ministers, (the present ones or their predecessors, no difference) the People's representatives or the People. That Keuchenius who carries his lord Jesus Christ into Chambers

is ridiculous, oh yes, but he stands higher than liberals who do _not_ bring their liberalism into the Chamber. Taxes are steadily paid for "Public Worship". As ever exist the despicable and very uneconomical Import Duties! As ever education is "_de par le Roi!_" The guilds have been abolished but.... the guild of pedants is more than ever in flower. Foreigners are allowed to raise their flags in Insulinde, and the minister who is scared of that gang says (ignorance or positive lie) that the regions where those adventurers settled, are not part of Insulinde. No member of the Chamber inquired if Borneo, when Dutch authority appointed mister A. L. Weddik to be its governor (in ± '44) did or did not belong to our possessions.

(The appointment of Wedding just was made in order to determine our property right!)

No chamber member has called the former minister of Justice to account for juggling away Pincoffs. No one protests against the payment of f100,000 to the present crown prince, or even: no one askas him if that money is being paid him. The entire Chamber (including the newspaper-reading public) allows it to be pinned on their sleeves, that the war in Atjeh has been brought to a glorious conclusion.

(There's not a word of truth in it! What van Swieten did to suit himself and his desire for rest, the Government does now in order to get shed of the matter. Our authority in Atjeh stretches no farther than the canons carry, and that can always be maintained against a native enemy whose tactics include to hide in the forests and mountains. Conquered we have nothing but the spot on which we are camped.)

At Amsterdam an orthodox religion professor is appointed "in order to attract students of that color too at the academy." (so I've been advised).

Just like a storekeeper who, in order to attract customers, provides himself with all kinds of goods so as to serve everybody to their tastes.)

At budget-discussions there is, as usual, everything avoided what indeed should be of interest in order to give air to so called political wisdom. Municipal governments, products of the popular choice, so help me, don't surrender an inch to german Gewalthaber in ignorance and bossism. Recently I read that in Kuilenburg at ten p.m. all public houses must be closed, also mark you: inns!(But these same municipal governments seem incapable of controlling street urchins! Besides, they allow slaughter-cattle to be driven through the streets. And it seems they have no notion of what a market is.)

For once get a Chamber member to insist on a specific status of the pensions! Perhaps the people would wake up when they saw that published! So many ministers!

And the newspapers, those "mouthpieces" of the public opinion! Plainer proofs of immoral decay cannot be served than those things. I am aware that the art of reading is not universal. This may be deplored, since if people became accustomed to give themselves account of what they read, those "mouthpieces" would be compelled to improve themselves. The best paper is Armodee. That sheet is often french-like, commonly-common. (I say "often" as some times it too deals in imitation respectability in the midst of the foul rest.) But the other papers are hypocritically, respectable-common. To a so-called sacrilege paper they compare as "uwee" to "youw".

And the serials! The books! The stories! The verses! Pah.

Yes, I am bitter. And then by all of that the realization that I would like to do various things for improvement, without the slightest success. All cliques, however mutually unfriendly, seem to have given each other the word to ignore me.

XXXIII

14 August 1881.

Often I think of a certain work of Bulwer, in which an old gentleman appears who wants to write a book about human frailty. The man never gets to his plan, and he does collect material, and often he exclaims: that will go in! But he perceives that the material is too rich and he dares not make a beginning, realizing that he won't finish the work anyhow. So it is!

But then follows the well-known saddening question: is it not foolish to be wise in an insane asylum?

7 Oct. 1881.

My life is singularly full, boringly full, fatiguely full. And writing is difficult work. Perhaps because I try so hard to be exactly true and then become protracted from clearness, perhaps unclear from protraction.

20 february '83.

.... I must take a bird's eye view of things and then I must admit that for a bitter pessimismus exists, if not a reason, then still a superfluous cause!

Our so-called "civilization" is in a very bad shape. What is called progress is limited to trade matters, to improvement of this or another

"manner" without answering the only fitting desideratum: increasing joy.

(To you I need not say that with the word "genot" (for which there are many paraphrases in english and I chose joy,--Tr.) I mean only the pleasures that lead to the elevation of substantial happiness.)

Morality, literature, politics, material wellbeing.... everything is put into phrases, about all there is more and prolonged arguement at the expense of the matter itself. Critique -of poor calibre!- precedes acting and producing. Society resembles a group of kitchen maids who, instead of preparing victuals, hold a discourse about cooking. And.... poor discourses! And they behave themselves shamelessly, as if they considered cooking below their dignity!

(Jonckbloet, a professor, has said candidly that the twaddling about literature was the real thing. "Most people like it," he for instance!

Do not think, because I cite this example incidentally, that I personally hold that literature high. Other branches are more important, but the bunglers in them do not come out so brazenly with their opinions. (It is apparent from their actions that they talk about politics, morality, general welfare etc., and place self above those subjects. They act as those kitchen maids do.)

Wherever I cast my eyes I find the evidence of the decadence that has attacked our society. And even they who,-in the foot tracks of Thorbecke- assent to my prediction of 20 years ago, deliver under that assent repeatedly the proofs that they are not a hair better

than the rest. Not a single Chamber member has inquired to whom really belongs the tin about which two bands of robbers are fighting, if at least part of which does not belong to others? Is this naivite? So naive Shinderhannes too was. And what indicates that the repeated assurance of there being no doubt about "the good faith" either of Jacob, or of Golstein, or de Brauw? That is a lie. There is indeed about that good faith. With pleasure I will tell each of those gentlemen that he is a s........

XXXIV.

17 Jan. '84.

Wouter's Lehrer is still sick and we fear the worst. The poor man is at Essenheim, a village 1½ hours from here, where his parents reside. Yesterday Wouter paid him a visit. The death of that man would get us too in a difficult position. Perhaps the School Commissioner will then insist that Wout has to go to school, something that worries us on account of his education as well as his upbringing. He will learn bad german there (oien for ein, hawwe for haben, etc.) bad manners and lewd words. The system of compulsory learning -about which in Holland too now so many gush- is a curse to me. Its result in Germany is terrible. Is it not grievous having to surrender one's child, of whose upbringing one makes a matter of conscience, to such institutions of systematic spoiling? At an inspection of those schools it comes mainly down to whether the boys have been well pumped full that Gott, Kaiser und Reich are fine things; all else is secondary, including the pronunciation of their own

language! In Holland too things are going that way with so much that's officially adhering to our education. If education were left to separate competition, parents could choose between systems, courses and practice of the various teachers. At present everything is cast into one mould. And what mould? After you left I've looked into Dirk's little school books. They are poor! All those instruction books these days smell of the exams demanded from teachers. It is as if one would argue with recruits who must learn to march, about dynamics and anatomy, or keep a boatswain busy with metereological observation of cyclones. It remains the question whether much of that which the instruction books treat of now and then serves the rudiments teacher (I say no!) but even were this otherwise, the student is certainly not served by the pseudo scientific arrangment of the text books! It makes him familiar (instead of increasing his knowledge) with twaddling! Real knowledge demands that the awareness of facts, positive knowledge, analytic thinking, comes first. There is no need of thinking if one does not know anything. Nature first asks food for our memory, afterwards for our thinking faculty.

When I pay attention to such things I become discouraged. In the technological realm, progress there is made by the day, that is true. But that this progress has a favorable influence on intellectual and moral advance, on elevation that is of proper enjoyment (since this is my criterion, I deny. Of most of the new discoveries "industry" immediately takes charge, to wit: applying the art of putting adulterated goods into peoples hands. In the daily papers I read that some people

-in America, of course- have succeeded in fabricating synthetic eggs! The chicken who has thought up this charge shows a fundamental knowledge of our age. We have synthetic butter (in a pasture land!) synthetic piety (dogmatism), synthetic statesmanship. Yes, yes, the chicken has hit the nail on the head.

XXXV.

6 febr. '84.

Recently I read a book that pleased me thoroughly. It lies entirely outside your circle, but as for me, since long I have not read a book that gave me so much satisfaction. And this makes me so glad. Before all too because in this I think I'm finding evidence that I, who disapproves of so much, despises so much, do not do so out of pleasure. Since youth I had a particular desire for learning about the West Indies. For that there were causes which I bypass now. When I still lived under the delusion that the "Testimonial" would offer me a certain freedom of movement, a journey to Paramaribo occupied a place on the list of my plans. Be this as it may, I was, and still am interested in the West. There I saw an announcement of a work about Dutch Guyana by a certain Kappler. I bought a copy and see, seldom answered a book so completely the desires of the buyer than did this work. Kappler gives you your money's worth! Add to it that his labor deserves the name of Lebensbild too! He might also have named it "Mémoires" or "Confessions". I read with mistrusting attention, and must acknowledge that nowhere did I catch him in untruth. There is something simple, naive, in his informations that very much puts the man in the reader's favor. Imagine that he as a poor 19 year old youth in 1835

left Stuttgart. He had an irresistable urge to see "the world", strange lands, strange nature, strange customs. But.... too bad. The only manner was to allow himself being enlisted at Harderwyk. He served the entire six years, having become a quarter master-sergeant. After that he returned to Wurtemberg, remained there only two months in order to once more go West, once more, of course, sans means, but now as free man. There he remained no less than forty years, leading a Robinson Crusoe's life, or close to it. Since the few indians or forest blacks, with whom he came into contact, scarcely could qualify for company. In the final period of his stay he had 20,30, yes up to 70 Wurtembergers with him, but he complains bitterly about that folk. Somewhat better was his association with Chinees who, after the slave emancipation were imported by the Government. What that man went through to keep going is amazing. During many years he he had to capture butterflies and beetles to get something to eat. Or rather for that too. Since entomology and zoology were his hobbies. So he has a large collection stuffed animals and skeletons delivered to the museum at Stuttgart. He regrets his lack of scientific guidance, but I doubt whether many a man of the profession has delivered so much that's worth knowing.

And I, who liked to know so much about Guyana! After Kappler's book I am able to imagine having been there, assisted by the knowledge of peculiarities that tropical countries have in common. Still, I would even now want to go there. But I would not come as a stranger

What, however, concerns the condition of that enormous large country, (ethnological and economical) it is deplorable. And I would -no more than the government at Paramaribo, or The Hague- k now what has to be

done in order to bring about a change in it. Kappler too takes a dim view of it.

The desire to investigate and tough zeal of that man are praiseworthy . At present he -now age 65- is in the Orient in order to have a look once there too. Hats off to that man!

And just as he complains about lack of "knowledge" - in my view injustly as only Joost knows where he gets his knowledge- he thinks besides that he is no "writer". In a short preface he makes quite unnecessary apologies for that. I claim that a great many parts of his book would cover an honorable in Anthologies. He is witty too here and there. I am convinced that he is not aware of it, but just for that it is so interesting.

From the newspaper I learn that the book has been translated. Will its value become realized? Perhaps not! But I make bold to predict that Kappler's "Guyana" will be referred to for centuries to come, when versemongers and leading article writers shall have been forgotten.

And once more I say that I do not praise the work as literature either for you or for Lina. There are particular causes that make it so valuable to me.

Besides the greater or lesser pleasure offered by a book -that being in part a matter of taste- the Government should reward the man delivers so much that is worth while knowing about one of her oldest (and ci-devant most important) colonies. The houses at Heeren and Keizersgracht in Amsterdam were built with money derived from the West Indies. There was a time that the West Indies Company.... but alas, Surinam is a deficit post. To one familiar with the East Indies the poverty stricken condition of that

colony is ludicrous. His Excel. the Governor of the West Indies has less important matters to rule than many a controller-civil commander in the East. Thus it is the Government plays a sad role, dismal! But perhaps it cannot be helped, as the country lacks the first condition of prosperity, hands. I do not imagine any bliss coming either from European colonization or from chinees' importation, nor that of Bengal coolies. Indigent population the country has practically none. Indians and bush blacks amount to insignificant numbers, and even were this otherwise, 'tis unserviceable humanity. The Government even fears those few bush blacks, forsoothe! That scum is kept as friends by presents or tribute.

XXXVI.

26 febr. '84.

Thanks indeed for the threefold sending "Brasil", Frau Saide" and "Katharina".

The first one is very interesting. Ryckevorsel is witty and yet, I think, intelligent. I believe that his verdict about S. A. conditions is correct. Mutatis mutandis make his insights check completely with what I learned from Kappler's Guyana about those countries. In Guyana there is, so to speak, no population , and what there is, is not of a high calibre. In gigantic Brasil too this is the case. Remainder: the land itself. Miasmas on top of miasmas, everywhere sickness, enervation, death! I should not like to be called upon for advice."Immigration" say most. Easily said. Certainly, where there are no hands to work, a work force has to be imported. Simple comme bonjour. In Guyana it has repeatedly been tried with Europeans, and that with Europeans of various kinds. It did not succeed. With Bengalese. With Chinese. All

in vain. The latter two kinds of immigrants are in British Guyana. Everywhere the result is deplorable. The causes of failure are of a various nature, and in my view, at the summing up of it, the most important cause is overlooked, that is the impossibility of giving the indispensable authority into the hands of exploiters. (The same reason why I am such an opponent of "free labor" in Java.) And without authority nothing good can be reached. The laws are -as should be- humane. Now this cannot exist sans protecting the subordinate by all kinds of regulations that give him the means to make his lord and master the playball of his whims. Legally prescribed virtue is the breeding of chicane. Figured generally there is within every ten subordinates one (unpromoted) advocate who teaches his fellow workers in the art of hitting the exploiter on the fingers. In order to suppress that habit the exploiter would have to be supplied with something like paternal, that is discretionary power. Well, this can and must not. Since discretion and fortune seeking are two. Nothing can be done about it. The disconsolate dilemma that shows itself here, carries its sour fruits everywhere, on quite another terrain than colonization too, on general Administration, for instance. What's good remains undone because of the fear to extend power to any one who might abuse his power for evil. The current, perhaps inevitable division of authority is the fruit of (only too well founded) mistrust.

But.... that mistrusting too often takes the wrong direction. From an excess of fearing abuse one may often see/a group of bucks in charge of the grain bin. Yes, most likely a group. It's thought that this collectivity changes the nature of the beast. This is a wrong assumption.

One buck consumes a little grain. Many bucks consume much grain. One buck can be restrained by the fear of being caught and punished. A group of bucks rests on attenuate collectivity. They devour all except each other of course. Since decades it was my ambition to clean the Hagueian stables, Hercules is famed, but forgotten it is to give Augias a word of thanks. He gave the man a broom.

XXXVII.

6 Aug. 1886.

Even though I grasp that the Wolven have vigorously brought out report to you.... thusly: "one brings a person something out." What a language! Look, that's one of the reasons-- again wrong. "One of the causes." I mean- that strike me with an aversion to express my thoughts in writing. Properly said we should be satisfied with the most crippled expressions, since the language, the so called pure one too, is put together still more miserable than the eye, accoring to Helmholtz, and so isn't worth the trouble of purism. Recently Lena asked: Is in the scribbling of Netscher that: "wipbillend", "heupwiegend""vlyhalzend" mot wrong? The same remark is made by Hugenholttz, and Metscher has cited a number of words which, although being just as inexact, were accepted.(reik = rek-halzend, halsstarrig" etc., which had to be "halsrek-(or rei)kend too, starhalzig etc., if sound intellect could be applied to language! But this is not so. All languages are patchwork quilts of absurdity.The study is indeed beautiful when used to grasp the development history of intelligence -or what passes for it- but as such it's really a vain effort to bring rule and order into the sounds which we use to express approximately what we mean or feel. That

there still are people who earn a living practising and teaching of spelling -an entirely conventional notation of those sounds- is very comical. Well, their teaching is like it. A *vonk* fonkelt, a *tondel* tinkelt say all the learned people.

Aye, how did I come so wrapped up in language. I wanted to write you how we're getting along. Mies and Wou are doing fine, but I feel myself going downhill fast, worse than the Wolven have been able to observe. With pleasant visits such as theirs I forget my illness, but as soon as there is not something or other that cheers me up a bit, I realize that I am weak and slowing up. Besides, I cough again at night and then my asthma is no better the following morning.

……

To Mister Baron A. D. VAN VERSCHUER.

XXXVIII.

Nieder Ingelheim, 13 Oct. '81.

. . . .

Outside of that we are well. Physically that is. I cannot boast of my mood. I am worn out from disappointment. In not a single realm I seem, if by approachment only, to be allowed to reach my goal. If it were not for need sweeping me on.... yes, then what? If life were a chess game I would say I surrender! The continued struggle bores me. Share some of your mood with me. Do you read much and what? Recently I read attentively Mad^{e} Rebusat's Memoirs. Poor Napoleon I?

In my view it is an important book. At first I was prejudged against the writer. I held her disrobing of Napoleon to be an introduction of the Bourbons. (She wrote in 1819 you see.) That she did not appear in print till now does not plead against that supposition, as she could have let the manuscript circulate, and then the effect was still greater since in that instance she had but to choose to give only there where she judged it was needed, and cut out polemic with those who thought otherwise, or were better informed.

Sans still assuring that this impression is quite groundless, I still have to acknowledge that she makes the impression of having been quite a respectable woman. One is not entitled to qualify her as the valet de chambre d'un grand homme, at least not in the worst meaning of the word.

That sometimes in her degrading Napoleon there lies some narrowmindedness may, however, be true. It is, for instance, comical to hear her complain that he, never made an *entreé or sortie de salon*. Isn't that amazing?

The work is important. It appears to me to be a death blow to the bonapartists. No 10 Victor Hugos or Rocheforts with their "Chatimets" or "Lanterns" put the "Grandhomme" so in his night shirt as do these memoirs. Still something else is robbed far more of its *nimbus* than Napoleon himself. It is the fame and ambition, the pursuit of so called highness. Let me assure you that one of my main impressions was: sympathy with Napoleon! What difficulties did he have to bear? Quite new this impression was not. Already many years since (also as a consequence of my talks with the elder General Cleerens) I calculated that the balance sheet of his perceptions concerning happiness, must have shown a loss. Acknowledging that the book of Mad^{e} de Remusat gives one much to learn, I may still assure that by intuition (or rather by application of my analogical method) I had guessed much of what she tells as being fact. My little sketch of Napoleon's manner of acting too, and the tone that ruled in his environment, the gaudy, comedy-like, dressed up, dollish vulgarity, all of it ruled by fear for the master whose only law (in regard to his environment, not: in politics) was his mood.... see, it does appear from these Memoirs that my phantasy had guessed correctly. I imagine that Mad^{e} de R. would not disavow my drawing. I would that you read the book and after that, or when you will be about half way, take a look once at the little picture that appears in my sixth bundle. The

resemblance struck myself.

Mad^e de Remusat's Memoirs run only till 1808. Regrettable. Still, I now grasp better than before that Napoleon, when it was proposed to himto flee from St. Helena and start over once more, had no desire for it. I am already wondering why he returned from Elba. Already before the russian campaign namely, there were indices that his pedestal had been undermined. Until and with (perhaps even before) Austerlitz his rise had reached its zenith. Standing still being impossible, he was bound to descend. The french themselves had their fill of his and their gloire!

Talleyrand appears in Md^e de R's work in another light than I meant I had to see him. That man I would, by lack of knowledge, have drawn quite wrongly, at least if I may rely on Mad^e de R. , which I believe. She appears to me to be honest.

I am curious whether it's true that Talleyrand's Memoires exist, and if so, whether they will be published in my life time. But I almost mean I must doubt that he went to the trouble of writing them. According to the character drawing of Mad^e de R., he was too indifferent and leisure loving for it.

There appear in her work magnificently drawn portraits. The marshals come off rather bald. Hortense was, accoring to her, an angel. Josephine a.... goodnatured and lovely but fickle labiate. Louis Napoleon not much better than a blighter. The entire family from his side seems not to have amounted to much.

XXXIX

Nieder-Ingelheim 11 Aug. '83.

. . . .

Among the many things that I do not grasp is the extensive deception that a career such as yours delivers. This expression is not exact. I do grasp the deception, but I search for the causes that bring them about and justify them. It's undeniable that the society in the contract that it made with you (or you with it, no matter) is delinquent, not in accord with an identifiable article of law, of course, but by its nature. The consideration that the State did not promise you a better income or promotion, that with choosing your career you voluntarily took the risk of disappointment upon yourself, would have ground before a court of law if you were so foolish as to sue the State for mis-performance. But those stories are without value when one places oneself on a higher standpoint than a judge is permitted to take. The state's interest cannot be served with such conditions. But I do not feel myself competent to point out the means that might bring improvement in such conditions. I do mean to know what I would have to do if I were boss. My not knowing refers to society as it is. My ideal would be a very small army, but highly paid, in rank and honor as well as in money. Being simply a soldier should produce a high standpoint. The spirit of the century veers to the herabsetzen of all individual value in order to replace it by numerical strength. (Look at the electioneering.) The State wants much material for its money, a large army, and its quality gets less and less consideration. This error rules in other branches too, in industry for instance. Everywhere there is speculation on cheapness.

As for the army, the Netherlands stands for certain most lowly in appreciation. Whether this is the case in payment too I do not know but one has to take into account that in our little country money is cheaper than

nearly everywhere else. Less than elsewhere the misrable payment is made up for by appreciation. The Netherlands needs its appreciation for other things, preferably for such as cannot be converted into things of substance. Albrecht Beyling, Hambroek, Claudius Civilis cannot present a bill "for delivery to Your Honor material for chauvinism." Thusly people can brag about it _à coeur joie!_ What is still livng, still nearby is, must be neglected, yes, shamefully ignored. Even yesterday I blew up, indignant at reading a couple of items that I read in a paper, one under another. A baker had obtained a license to call himself court caterer. It seems that his "Weihnachtsstollen" had particularly pleased the taste of His Majesty. Those cakes were given the name of the fellow, advertised; his address given. The people were even informed of what other cake baker he had succeeded in the baking of those Stollen. Thusly the direction of the paper took good care that the dutch Nation was made aware of all the particulars how it was with that man and what had happened to him. The only thing that was lacking was a panegyric for H. M. our honorable King who knows so roally to reward real merits (here in fact"Weinachtsstollen".`Let us hope that this is still due us.

And see, right underneath that important extensive information we read:

"At Amstel hotel dr. Menger has received for treatment a leutenant of the E. I. army.... (why not rather: a person? an individual? a chap?).... who at (?) Atjeh received three bullet wounds and twenty tree klewang blows!

Not a word more. Not even the name of the patient. Three shot wounds, three and twenty klewang blows!

How many bullet wounds, how many klewang blows mustsome one "receive" before it becomes worth the effort to state the name of the poor guy who in service of the Netherlands -true, in a dirty affair, but that's not his fault-

was tortured?

I'm in a bitter mood. Just let me end here.

Hearty greetings. t. t. Dek.

TO MISTER N. BRAUNIUS OBERIUS.

XL.

Nieder Ingelheim, 17 June 1881.

Dear Oebe! The good Ym, on a postal card to Mies, has played the role of my conscience just as it began to worry me that I had not let you know anything about us. The cause was that each time I wished to write you more than just a word, and so nothing came forth. The pure truth is that we repeatedly talked about you, and thought about you even more. That doesn't help me very much, you will say! Oh no, but certainly neither does writing as such. To address you with purposeful evasion of the grief that consumes you, is disagreeable. Bringing up your bitter loss is really not a cruelty (you think about it anyway!) but.... oh, comforting is idle.

Let me begin with telling you a little about ourselves. Our house is most lovely. The view beautiful. Never, that is since my Lebak disaster, could I expect such a nice residence. That the medal has a reverse side is self evident. There is something oppressive in the responsibility, even though I must admit that this feeling comes entirely from me and is not to be blamed on the geneal man who made the thing possible.

But that I skip now. Something else that quite is part of life's troubles.

There we've just got it, dear Oebe. How small isn't it, to speak about little troubles to one who really is oppressed by grief! Still, one has to do it. And I will tell you a few details about small affairs. But first something else that comes to mind.

About 30 years ago, being in the Indies, I read in the paper that a certair ship on the wav home had suffered shipwreck on the Eastcoast of Africa (near Natal, I believe). Manv sailors and a few passengers lost their lives. That disaster gave material for discours among people for some weeks. The main dish of the talkfest was deep sympathy for a certain mister Deeleman (or Hageman, this has escaped me) who made it alive to shore.... without his wife and children.

Out of his mind the poor man kept running up and down the beach and after long seeking saw one after another driffting in as a corpse! The dispatches about his state of desparation were terrible and everybody was deeply touched with the fate of the man who had experienced such a thing! Anything more tragic cannot be thought up even by a novelist's imagination!

Sunday morning.

Last night I stopped so I could talk with Mimi. About the little incident, naturally, which now I am busy relating.

Like everybody else, perhaps more than most others, I was filled with compassion for Deeleman. And this feeling I still have. I think no deeper grief can be imagined! Think of it, that going around seeking at the beach! And.... that successively finding! I believe he had three small children. So four times he had to repeat his staring upon each object that was floating in. What in this instance could be called disappointment? Was it a (relative) satisfaction when he made a mistake? When he guessed right? His impressions must have been indescribable. Deeleman walking up and down at that beach did not leave (and neither does even now) my mind.

Add to this that everywhere people spoke so favorably about Deeleman's

relations with his wife and children. "He loved her and the children so much" was the comment. That's part of it. The most blackhearted evader of having sympathy with some one could not find an excuse to color the matter a little less strongly. Poor, poor Deeleman!

Two or three years later, being in Holland on leave, I was sitting in a cafe talking with some Indies' acquaintances. In the back of the room a billiard game was going on. You could hear people talking, laughing, ordering drinks. (Do not think that with these words I mean something improper. Oh no, it was the usual comprehensible liveliness that goes with such activities. I make no remarks, I just relate.)

One of my acquaintances exclaimed: "What the deuce, I hear Deeleman's voice!"

"Deeleman? Who, which one? The engineer?"

"Why yes. Deeleman!"

"Deeleman of the shipwreck at Natal?"

"Certainly. It's he."

The gentleman arose, went up to the billiard players, held out his hand to Deeleman in a cheerful manner and I saw that Deeleman reciprocated in like manner, quite in the way in which two old acquaintances see each other again..

I was taken aback. It also seemed to me that my question "Deeleman of the shipwreck?" had been answered as if I had used any other possible identification. And.... Deeleman's "behavior". I saw him laugh, heard him speak about the game, agree to continue the meeting later on. Perhaps even order another drink.

Dear Oebe, let me not lead you on a false trail. Do not indulge in suspecting

or denying of Deeleman. I was the guilty one! Yes, guilty of ignorance!

I perceived that Deeleman's friend pointed out our table and told him who were seated there. I too was pointed out. Therefore I knew that D. had heard my name and that, so to speak, I had been introduced to him at a distance. Sad and angry I arose, walked towards the back of the room and sat down on the galery-sofa. As I passed I noticed that D. greeted me, perhaps wished to talk to me, but I acted as if I did not notice it. Why, you ask, did you take a seat near the billiard table? Well, being a student in psychology I wanted to see a monster!

Deeleman's monstership was heightened by the information "that he had re-married and had a couple of children again. A couple of men at my table had told me so.

The game was over. Or no, I believe that D. quit. He approached me, greeted me politely and seated himself next to me. It seemed he wanted to talk to me. This was so. In spite of my coldness he kept on pushing me into conversation. Apparently he knew me and insisted that I tell him "why, just now, as I passed the billiard table, I didn't want to see him?"

"I blieve I comprehend you," he said. "Such meetings I have experienced before.. Mostly I pay no attention to it, but I do like very much to speak about it."

(I had a good name in the Indies. Recall that before the Lebak incident people could not think about it that I had to be shoved aside by slander and innuendo. That this plan, ignoble as it is, succeeded, is one of my deepest grievances against our people!)

Be this as it may, D. appreciated it that I would judge him justly,

and after I had acknowledged that his onduct appeared incomprehensible (or if vou will "abominable") to me, he gave me a lesson that I shall never forget. Somewhere in mv works I point to our inability to hold grief, to cherish it or to strengthen it. The question whether that weakness is to be regretted or to love I let lie. 'Tis so. We succumb, or.... feel ourselves condemned to being cured. The nature of things does not allow that we as malignant soldiers, bad servicemen(!) make ourselves steadv boarders of the hospital. The boss of the game savs: "Die or..... back into the ranks!"

Behold a word from Deeleman, at once true and simple. "Since once for all I did not fall down crushed on that beach, I staved alive and.... recovered!"

He sketched his emotions ('twas unnecessarv) and assured me that he had often regretted that he had survived, but once having experienced that, he slowlv but surelv had to suit himself to life. "Sometimes I feel ashamed," he said, "for having succeeded."

"And.... married again?" I asked.

If there lay something in that question resembling blame (quite possible!) then I erred. However, I was right that after that terrible catastrphe he had eaten, drank, breathed. He had staved alive and therefore had to.... live! Live with all that belonged to it, that is: realizing, feeling and having appreciation for the impressions it offered.

For once suppose the contrarv. What would be the consequence? That he was married again. (Indeed to his wife's sister, which substantiated for all three!) well, that wedding certainlv happened because he.... wanted it,

liked it. From grief about what he had suffered, he should have avoided the actions which he desired. But he certainly must have felt lust to put on a clean shirt, clean his nose, comb himself. Did he have to postpone all those little things, avoid changing them in honor of his grief? Did he hurt the memory of his wife and children by remaining receptive for human impressions, subject to human needs? Did he let the flea that bit him let it go from fear that the insect would answer him: hi, I thought you wouldn't feel it? But then there follows from it all that he should be dead, and once for all this was not so: he had survived the blow!

You grasp that D. expressed himself otherwise, but his words came down to this, that he, years now after that terrible incident, was in quite another mood than the people who, knowing nothing about him but that disaster, still imagined him always how he, hands wringing, was running on that beach. People had heard of the wound he suffered and took it, so to speak, evil that it was closed and changed into a scar.

Just now I said: "hands wringing". That word was bookish. No one wrings their hands longer than a minute, at most. Deeleman waited, I think, longer than a day and a night for his wife and children being washed up. Whoso had looked for him there certainlv would (just as I did at the billiard game and well considered just as injustly!) that "he didn't wring his hands!" Or had pulled his hair out of his head? Pray, how long can any one do that? On a picture or in a description, an artist has need of such little things in order to reach his goal in the easiest way, presenting grief. But that is not the grief.

As for me, I too have suffered. More than one disaster struck me which

"I would have thought"not to survive had it been predicted to me. Thusly the main hue of my existence is sadness. But.... once for all I have survived those blows, and I am not even allowed to speak of scars, since the wounds remained and keep on yawning. Do not expect now a description of my grief. Had I known 20, 30 years ago what was in store for me, I certainly would have surrendered my life! But now it's not worth the trouble any more. I tried to evaluate what can be evaluated somewhat force myself to think that it is enough. My best and almost sole support is to see that others are joyful!

But that acquiescence in the sadness of the main things that embitter my life, carries along an economy of impressions concerning the daily occurrences. Whoso has lost millions, thousands, hundreds, and accepts (unavoidably) the loss, becomes irritable at so called trifles. And now, behold me, after a detour of some size returned to life's petites misères, with which I began this letter. --If I had not by the course of this letter, been led to that long detour, I most certainly would have gien you a long account of all kinds of things that by their never ceasing linking up make me now dull, then angry. I am tired!

. . . .

De Beer edit. "Portefeuille" asked me for material for a biography in a german conversations Lexicon. At first I did not respond. At his insistence I wrote him a letter full of bitterness and sarcasm. (It became evident to me that he didn't even grasp the tendency. He thinks it's a treatise about biographies! In accordance he sent me the proof of the correction. I added as many darts as I could (flowing from my mood!) so that now I doubt that he'll place it in his guileless " Portefeuille".

XLI

(from a letter of 31 May 1883.

. . . .

A brochure has come out by a certain van Andel, in favor of me and against van Vloten. It's heartily, and written rather forcefully. Still, it does not please me. My complaints go further. The cause of my spite is broader than might flow from the attacks from that boor. Since years I have not thought of him.

……

TO MISTER TACO DE BEER*

---

*) (See here the previously mentioned letter printed in the "Portefeuille" of 25 June, 1881.)

XLII.

"A letter from Multatuli.

Nieder Ingelheim, 8 June 1881.

Dear Mister de Beer!

Forgive me for having let you wait so long for an answer. When I received your first letter (10 May) I was sitting in strange worries. Among them was that I had no place to stay. And I laid your circular to me on one side .... in large company, alas! "Among the singularities that mark this writer the first place belongs to the fact that he has such a damned dislike of scribbling!"

There you have, honorable collector of Authoriana, already one peculiarity and a grand one. For another one I was born March 2, 1820. My parents were prosperous and god serving, but very honest. Of those three ancestral qualities only the last one has gone to me. On my eighth birthday I made verses thst were the delight of polite guests. My intellectual powers were very weak, so that there were always little messages going to the teacher to please not to take it ill of the young chap that he did not know his lesson "The child had really done his best but could not learn no matter how hard he tried."

This is still so. No one has a notion of the weakness of my brains. What most people grasp at once, cost me weeks, months, years of pondering

Many things even, that re intellectual commonplaces everywhere, I never learned. This I do not give you as sarcasm, it is simply true. My greatest (only?) merit is the courageous wrestling with that brain fault. I could and can continue this trying struggle by much abstention, rather, by abstaining from much "*Multatulit fecitque puer. sudavit et alait*...." oh yes, but before all:"*abstnuit venere et Baccho*." And when the sense of shame began to develop, from verse making too. Not that *puer*, but I. It's amazing how many beautiful verses I've left unmade.

I attended, but only very briefly, a couple of schools that passed for very good, but where I learned little, first of all because they were no good, but secondly, and mostly because I was so playful. Still, I was not even strong in games. Once I saw a boy in the street place a pegtop which he, sans letting the thing touch the ground, caught in his hand. I tried to imitate that and see.... I still can't do it! But learn it I will! There is a chance for time to train, since the house I now live in has to be very healthy: no one ever have died there. That manipulation with a pegtop is called (so I heard in 1830) *scharmaaien*, and no more that I can do the trick, do I grasp the origin of that word, but that too I shall find. Be sure to promise it to Herr Spamer without fear, since I like etymology, and never give up a plan. My ancestors were Frisians. Mathematics too attracts me, and I would be proud of it if I could prove that the logarithmus Douwes was an uncle thrice removed from me. But all evidence of nobility of my family

have been lost. I've had to go to the trouble of being my own progenitor: a difficult job! Scharmaaien has nothing to compare with it.

At the age of just eighteen I departed for Batavia. Van Vloten seems to know better, and after or because of him, Keyzer in his thick anthology. Have you the courage to contradict van Vloten? I don't. He abuses so, and next to the weakness of intellectual powers, distaste of filth is one of my most marked qualities.. To those qualities also belongs that I am a poet and so wish to see all verse making banned to the children's room. Short extemporaries, devices for motto-kisses, album verses and some times an epigram might occasionally be tolerated. For domimie Ten Cate and the like I demand solitary life or a court charge. A professorate in Literature too is good.

Dear God, what more need I say? What really belongs in such a Konversations-lexicon? under the direction of the firm Spamer? In order to orient myselfI turn to De Keyzer, in voce:"Cramer". It appears that this very celebrated writer-"favorite" is lovelier- has personally supplied the details.

Oh, mister de Beer, I have been a bureau man ! "Gesuppediteerd" milord. Plainly speaking,Cremer himself supplied De Keyzer, illustrious words and all penetrate his readers properly with reverence for some one who can say oa for aa. After the mirobolante information of Mister Cremer I verily do not dare to come out with my curriculum vitae. What all notabilities! A grandfather who was Litt. Hum. Doctor or Rector! I do not even know if I had a grandfather!

"From his tenth to his fifteenth year in a boarding school." And I? After my 12th year my french M'sieur hasn't seen me anymore. Yes, he did,

once or twice, in '53. There is something about it in my Ideas. But learn then, I didn't except that little could be learned from the man. That mister Roodhuyzen at Oosterbeek must have been some one else, he who is now immortalised auspiciis Cremeri et Keyseris.

"At the studio of the painter Hendriks." "F. H. Hendriks.... again an immortalization! Such a heap of famous people! And I poor guy who hasn't been given the opportunity to learn scharmaaien!

What do I have to present across from "large wooded landscape" and the "first novel" of mister J. J. Cremer? My "Bride on high" is not even wooded, and my Ideas are, accoring to your Portefeuille, not very much. Tell that to Spamer and please save me from german fame. The paintings which I.... no, I shall not lie today, paintings I have never made. The most fitting praise to the skies is limited.

"Where he (Cremer practised literature." Gut, that I never did! What good would it have done? And for what, good heavens? It's just the autobiography of the celebrated Cremer that offers me the most frightening example of the misery in which such a path of life ends up. The man who, after all, came from quite respectable people....

Imagine, his parents had a "Country seat". Exactly as van Twist, who too is so exceptional respectable. At that "country seat" -I cannot write the word without trembling in my seat- on that "Country Seat" Cremer's first "Trans Betuwe Nowel" was written. Dear Mister de Beer, are you sure that the firm Spamer is doing business with a good printer? Oh, oh and ah, if there once was a shortage of block letters for the "Country Seat" of mister Cremer's respectable parents? Once, after the

demise of the European civilization ancient-loving Mongol will stare with sadness at the site where Cremer's "Cribby...."

Finish the sentence yourself. I am sad and ashamed when I think of what small pigeon holes that Mongol will have to sniffle through in order to smell the after-reek of my first literary labor. Poor Mongol, poor me!

No, oh gods, thank you for jealous miserliness that pointed out just a little inside spot as a stage for my first dissipation! Thanks, a thousand times thanks! Oh, Generous was the aversion with which you inspired me against literature, and clearer than ever I realize that....

Here should have followed a faithful Merkens' adversity-useful sighing. But I lack the desire for it. Preferably a brief indication how it finally goes with people who allow themselves to be impregnated with "Cribby".

Little Bean calls for his lien. Cremer died as an officer of the Oak Crown and (as if the wrathful fate was not satisfied with that) as a knight of the Dutch Lion. The man was indeed compelled to acknowledge fully in his autobiography that the Netherlands and its Government -cruelly, that's true, but righteously as the gods themselves- treated him as a Hagueian court lap dog. He was even respected. Again just as van Twist. Et dire that there are human beings who do not believe in a God who rewards! It's to start declaiming "cribban" from indignation.

But in the meantime I am still swamped with the reasonable demand of the firm Spamer. Nothing is more natural than all of Germany wanting to know how I developed myself. But, friend, I have not developed at all. There you just have the difficulty of the story. And I do not stand alone in that meaning. When in Dutch periodicals there is talk of literature, I

am seldom named, a consideratness I appreciate very much, be it then that among the more enlightened ones it sprouts from contempt because in the word"avend" I cannot bear an "o" and think sch a silly syllable. I, a writer? Well, even spelling costs me exertion, mostly since D. V. & T were so kind as to instruct me how it really should be done. I'll never learn it.

Are you sure that the firm Spamer does not censor your messages? Then be aware that I, here in Ingelheim, have made a confession to only a very few of the métier that the Netherlands force upon me. The police have booked me as "Rentner". How now if Spamer inquires about me with the burgomaster of ingelheim? Would you not do better to speak for a little space for me in his Konversations-Liaison among the bankers?

So be it! Tell Spamer that in the Indies I opposed oppression, and that the thankful Nation has awarded me with wealth. But do not add, for god's sake don't, that a certain some one has scolded me for that courageous fulfillment of my duty, blackened my reputation, slandered. It might frighten any one away from what is good. Outside of that, let me ask you, do not make the Germans think that Havelaar's attempts and sacrifices have brought about any good in abused Insulinde. The contrary is true. According to the latest dispatches "Lebak is a wilderness". So say the Indies' newspapers, and the Netherlands -from these dispatches again- -really in abudance- drawing the conviction that Havelaar's striving had a justifiable ground, now have hastened to force upon me a few millions as a national tribute. I will use the money to pay secretaries, and throwing away my useless pen to deprive my enemies of a pretext to make me out as a manufacturer of books. Tell that to Spamer. With friendly greetings, Your servant,

Douwes Dekker.

XLIII.

Geisenheim, 8 June 1880.

For now this: The ten parties played blinfolded I have attended. (Chess games in the Cursaal at Wiesbaden.) What the Rh. Kurier says about it is true! It says too little. There really was applause. For instance at the announcing, and the completing of the mate in six moves against player No. 1. And also at the very rapid calling of the standings of the games also the winning of game No. 3, the last one. But something else was remarkable. People were mute from amazement, and lacked words. "colossal" and similar expressions were *abgenutzt*. I too fell mute, and (laugh not) I was moved. Fritz is a young man of a really pleasant but very common appearance. Modest in tone and manner. I would have liked to embrace him. Once more, I have no word for the impression that such a *Leistung* made upon me. Of the ten games he won nine and among the players there were masters of 2nd, 3d and 4th rankings. One of them, for instance, had won a prize in the *Hauptturnier*. Not one of them played poorly. Even if Fritz had lost all the games, even then the matter would have remained overpowering, wonderful!

XLIV

Geisenheim 5 Nov. 1880.

Dear Mansholt! Perhaps you say that my letter mailed y'day contained little or no reply to yours of 17 Oct. Yes and no. My writing was a prelude to a reply. I dared my:

"We cannot do a thing about it!" Not to utter so quickly. It seems too devoid of feeling.

I dare say that few people are as full of empathy as I am. From the days of my youth it was a sickness of me. I went oppressed by it. And that's still the case. It's not very long since I acknowledged that empathy is a fault and struggled against it. It weakens me without benefitting others. The desire to bear the world's suffering.... etc. You are well aware of all of this!

'Tis quite hard as one, conquering his feelings, reaches the decision that make us resemble those who have no feeling! Still, one must possess the courage to stand up to that appearance.

One of the latest frills of the school-philosophy consists in founding our morals on pity.

Dr. Feringa ran off with it in "Vrye Gedachte". (Free Thought.) The thesis is, in my view, easily opposed. Suffering, undergoing is something passive. Pity idem. And moral should be treatable. The undergoing of impressions may be moral just as little as being hit by a bullet proves heroism.

I say that the moral rests on the/ Reason of which the "God" who some pray to is only the entire childlike dressed personification. Now what does Reason prescribe in regards to social improvements? In the first place: the necessity of insight into the natural demands of the matter.

Natural demands? All that exists is natural! Oh yes, but there is a difference between the free course of things without human interference and the arbitrary direction given to it. We must try to become aware: what is an unavoidable consequence of the laws of necessity, and what was done by the multitude to make the condition of the less favored ones more unfavorable than the natural course of things, left to themselves, would have caused.

In order to pay prizes a lottery holder must place a certain number of blanks in the box. Whoso draws such a blank cannot complain unless it's evident that there is false play that has diminished his chance on prizes that the pure economy of the game carries along.

Such false playing is carried on by capitalists, and it's there where the fault lies, not in capital itself. Agglomeration of financial power is necessary in my view, and would without the false play to which I pointed, be useful for the worker. Or rather, even now does it do that and the socialist acknowledge that factually by their attempts at cooperation. They themselves are trying to bring about what they condemn in others. The savings bank mania too carries the same trade marks. (From where must come the interests when everybody draws interest?)

The false game that the capitalists play is of two kinds.

1º Capital is often, yes for the greatest part, obtained in a dishonest manner

2º The possession of capital gives opportunity to (and this happens indeed) tp press down the market price of labor and at the same time raise the cost of living.

A demonstration of both theses would now lead me too far. As for No. 1, I hold so called diplomacy for a cancer and the peoples go oppressed under it because they cannot read. For once lay the newspapers of 1880 before you and ask what all that fumbling with the so called Oriental question can mean something else than false play with paper value? With each new dispatch about Dulsigno (a god forsaken nest where a traveler can't get a decent bed) about whether or not the English fleet will sail, etc, etc, changes

the course of the stocks, and the surplus by private manufacturing always rising flows into the pockets of a couple of dozen "statesmen" and the bankers who play with them under one blanket. I do not speak now of the thousands of fellow travelers.(The descendants of the barber who shaved the minister Apelius , who are as ever still prosperous.) Who among us can scrutinize the"ledger of the national debt" an institution that is very secret with all that might wake up interested parties. Who profits by the senseless privileges of the Bank of the Netherlands that has the right to use so many millions as value with only partially swcured bank notes? Where is the control of the property of widows, orphans, poor? What surveillance is being kept on issuing, advertising and through broker's premiums forcing on of speculation in foreign loans or distant railroads? What does the Netherland Handel Maatschappy mean, a corporation that does not trade, and as 5th wheel of the wagon only acts as agent for hiring ships and sale of products serving, and yet is always able to pay enornous dividends?. Thusly there are, as to Holland, many questions to pose, but as a general European phenomenon remains, I think, the diplomatic swindle as the main thing. I acknowledge that our petty ministers have lost since Appelius much of the influence that determines the range--that is false play!- But for our little country the points I made will suffice.

Jesus said:"The poor will always be with us," Justly so, although he did not speak as statesman. What with him was only "reason's art," in order to present the help given him as more pressing than care of the poor, we can repeat it in all sincerity. 'Tis the demand of things

just as the blanks in the lottery. From those blanks the prizes are formed. Social living is a race towards joy; and that struggle is life. So we cannot complain about that. but we should oppose the application of illicit means in order to become victors in that struggle.

The means to joy, no matter how continually increasing, amount at each given moment to a certain quantum. Now they who possess many means of acquisition use more of what is in store than would be their share if partition were equitable, it is self evident that others go short. Now in this would lie a beneficial urge for the less favored ones for exertion if only the acquisition of the means of partition would be the result of loyal exertion, and whoso would still remain poor then, would have no reason to complain of it than one who loses in a foot race.

I spoke there of "equitable partition". What is here equitable? With the great difference in ability, gifts, development, absolute equality would just be inequitable. True equality is not that all wear similar clothes, but that every one has a coat that fits. What measure must we use now in order to know what quantum joy from the general supply is every one entitled? I think this should be judged in accordance with the share that every one has contributed to the general quantum. An unskilled laborer who performs not much more than a donkey's job, has not much more than a donkey's claim, but: a claim he has, either little or big, he has them! And that is not coped with because there is inequitably much enjoyed by the thousands who have no right at all to

sit down at life's table. And now I do not speak yet of those whose right is negative, that is to say, who have a claim to the contra of joining in joy, to punishment!

When a few lines previous you saw me place that unskilled laborer not much higher than a donkey in claims to joy, did you think I was rough? Oh no, since.... I do not put that donkey low. A little more claim than I allow such a faithful, good animal, is not so very small! Both the donkey and such a laborer would be content if I had charge of the share to which they are entitled. They would be gratified! Before all when they would see how I was drawing the raise in wellbeing adjusted to them from a cruelly appearing lowering of others!

Society is devoured by respectable evil doers. My heart is soft, but through reasoning I grasp Robespierre and even Marat. Yes, Caligula with his sigh: Aye, that the entire human race had but one head. so that I could knock it off with one blow! Whoso offers something like that as a system, sells drunk's language, but as an expression of wrath, as a curse, Caligula's word does not seem absurd.

Whether something can be done about it? A la Marat, perhaps. In another manner? I believe not! Preach honesty in a robber's den, you are insulted. you are stoned, you are slandered, one charges that you are a thief or (worse than all of this) you are silenced to death. I am in this latter phase. Not a day passes that I do not feel irritated by this premeditated ignoring. The men "en place" have their reasons for this. Their tactic, vile so it be is comprehensible. But that the people are content with it is a puzzle to me. The only possible explanation of that no doubt is that people cannot read.

That I here speak for myself is only to come back to the question: whether something can be done about conditions such as you describe? Ten, twelve years ago I still might have said that a fundamental explanation of the faults under which we suffer could be helpful. But now I say this no more. I see no chance of finding entrance for my voice with a nation that gives evidence of being so decadent as ours!(Is it better elsewhere? This doesn't touch me. That question is one of the excuses which a certain kind of debate-fighters keep in store for occasional use.)

I am sick of the public matter! And ending with what I said as I began this letter, that rules everywhere, touched me very deeply. As early as Max Havelaar I call having to look at the sterility of the attempts at improvements [illegible] one of the deepest grieves that one can suffer. Not on Golgotha, but in Gethsemane, I say, Jesus felt his deepest pain. (For the sake of ease I assume here that he strove for what is good. We know too little of Jesus to enable us to judge this.)

XLV.

N. Ing. 31 August 1881.

Education! All particulars that reach me point to something very unfavorable. And that in two meanings. The results, namely, too reveal themselves as detrimental to characters, something which at education-programs is always overlooked. Never is all-is-in-all applied. People do pay some attention to hygenic demands, at least those are mentioned as belonging to the matter.) Even were education as such exceptional then it still would have to be looked into how far it

agrees with the development of the heart. Pointing out mistakes is idle so long as education laws exist.

This latter expression is perhaps not entirely just. There exist some, (very few) points of touch between the"government" and "education". But they are not cogent with the text: education principle. So I can pass them by at present.

Laws on education, that is intrusion on freedom of education, the official guild-essence on this part, see there are things for which our progeny will laugh at us, the same as we now become irritated at witches' trials and auto-defés. What does it avail that we look up and point out the faults in the present method so long as the entire matter (education de par le Roi) an authority that in itself might have need of a little education!) so long the entire matter is at fault? The legal ruling stamps each error with a seal of immortality, prevents all real progress, fosters mediocrity and commonness for the benefit of untrue and conventional demands of society, paralyses each initiative, beheads all that's exceptional, perpetuates the rule of evil. Moses, Aristotle, Socrates, Jesus, Columbus, Newton, Keppler, etc. etc. etc., would have succumbed under a regime such as ours. I demand freedom of education!

XLVI.

N. Ingelheim. 18 October '81.

Recently you inquired about the outcome of that unpleasantness with the Nieuws. The sad incident lies already far behind me, and it's indeed something disturbing me to dig it up again. But since you ask me I am unable to refuse.

Mister de Beer, editor, proprietor of the weekly "De Portifeuille" has assumed to publish articles about dutch men of letters for the benefit of a german Lexicon that will see the light in Berlin at Spamefs. He, De Beer, sent out circulars , I think to Tom, Dick and Harry. In which he asked for biographies, incidentals, pictures, etc. Such requests I often get and usually refuse or sometimes do not answer at all. Praising literature to the sky disgusts me. When De Beer's circular reached me I was busy, and as he repeated his request that had a very friendly tone, I committed the mistake of promising a reply. So when later on I had to write something, I was unable to do this otherwise than by putting the entireliterature knowledge on the spot. My reply was a sarcasm , directed mostly against the foolish praising to the sky of everyone who ever wrote a little tale, or verse (as if it meant anything!) and too against those who themselves furnished the materials for them.

On that piece followed an angry attack in "Nieuws", a paper very hostile to me. In it I am being accused of cowardice and meanness, because I, they say, accuse Cremer of idleness and had assured that he himself had furnished the building matrials for an extolling biography in de Keyzer's anthology. This, they say I could not prove and such an accusation was (literally) "either cowardly or mean or thoughtless."

The attack in the Nieuws really pleased me. To explain this I need more ado than suits me at the moment. For years I had to complain about that paper, but the attacks were either dressed up Jesuitically or consisted in a very eloquently dead silence where I should have been mentioned.

It never has seemed proper to me to protest publicly against this. Often I complained to Funke, who is director and head owner of the paper but who contract's wise hasn't anything or almost nothing to say about the editing. He is indeed always hearty and most indulgent with me.(Oh, a fine, fine man!) but the relation between me and his editor was sometimes painful, also for me. I knew that it always grieved him when De Veer or one of his lesser editors in order to please De Veer insulted me more or less purposely. If, for once, I would rise publicly against that continuing hostility, it would have to be in a polemical manner, and I had to attack and undress Funke's paper as such, which would be no trick at all for me! I could not do so out of piety for Funke, who has never done anything for me but good.

And see there De Veer, or one of his clique, commits the blunder to attack me personally in a very rude, reserve lacking manner! For that reason I welcomed the piece. Now I thought I knew what to do and immediately wrote to Funke. "Never mind that attack in the Nieuws!" That meant: This time I'll finish the matter myself, but I did not tell him how in order not to embroil him in an unpleasant affair. My plan was to challenge De Veer (or which of his flunkies was willing) The expression cowardly and ("or" I donate to them) mean, justified that course to my satisfaction. Mostly too because by it my years long bearing of underhanded attacks seemed to be justified. And this not against the "Nieuws" alone! Not half a week, not a day I can well say, passes without me being insulted.

(My observations on the duel as a principle-matter I skip. I favor it.

Besides I do not want to descend to the domain of suppositions that De Veer or his minor-editors would not accept a challenge. A too exact description of the matter would lead me too far. Sufficient: I was glad about the rude attack.)

Immediately I sought two seconds. One I found at once. But the other I have not been able to get. Very few are suited for such a function. I could not ask many of my friends, because by standpoint, circumstances, domestic or official relations (so called principles too) they would be prevented to accede to my request. And two witnesss I had to have, since most probably the brave Nieuws-writers would decline, and then the matter would come down to a properly styled suite, in which would be stated who had acted cowardly and mean.

The description of my difficulty to obtain the other seond, makes me sick. Grant me to skip it. I get weak when I think about the weeks during which I was occupied with it.

Still unaware, not being able to guess that this would give me so much difficulty, I wrote the short little piece that you can find in the Portefeuille of 9 July. You'll see that there I dedicate the polemical treatment to Valette, who in the issue of 23 has acquitted himself very well of that task.

The incident that my attacker, one or two days after the charge withdrew the accusation, I ignored. That whirling, so called retraction didn't mean a thing, and I didn't have to take note of it. I was sorry only for Funke as I grasped very well that he had demanded that retraction.

He subsequently wrote me that he hoped that I would be satisfied with it. Oh no! But I didn't answer him, preferring to let him remain outside of the matter.

I am still on the lookout for a second witness. At least I do not consider the matter as ended. No one shall ever call me cowardly and mean. But.... since that very boring history there have already so many things come to bother me and put me into suspense...

After all I sit with that matter, and it's worse than I imagined. I told you that the charge pleased me. Cleaner cause to come stoutly out of the corner for once and set an example, I could not ask for. So I thought. I found it to be a clumsiness of De Veer, as no doubt all the people, the entire "press" would condemn him! Forget it! Not a single paper or periodical, otherwise so short of piquant material, spent a word on the matter. It has become evident that I can be freely insulted. Vallette's so solid and finished answer has not been copied by a single paper! So it's evident that De Veer is not clumsy and knows his people better than I do mine. Funke too made a mistake. He himself wrote of his fearing that his paper, because of such articles "would suffer public shame."

Mit nichten.!

XLVII

Nieder Ingelheim 31 October 1881.

That matter with the Nieuws I will let(temporarily) rest. I have to occupy myself with something else. For that reason you go short too.

I do not say that I find a duel so lovely, but the duel (as principle) is useful in a society where a sense of honor does not exist. If the duel were part of our customs, that Nieuws writer would have hesitated to insult me.

Yes, that so called "Literature" is a trade of nothing. Writing can be of use, oh yes, but that scribbling in order to write I hold to be a form of prostitution. About that I never thought otherwise. And for once take note of the little people that chase that twaddle as a profession! In my view

beneaath a workman who delivers something substantial. 'Tis a race. So it is that I never feel at ease when among "literati". And the word itself is comical, I always have an urge to say "so called" or "self styled".

Yes, van Houten was lame. On the contrary there stands that more people showed up to protest Modderman's sermon than I had dared to expect. To finish the matter from atheistic, or even liberal standpoint, is simple. Replace in law the word "oath" by "legal declaration" and "legal promise", with retention of legal consequences, as is now determined for the "oath". That protest from the atheists seems strange to me, and I find something infantile in it. Declaring openly that I don't believe in god, that I deny the existence of god, I would not object to pronounce the formula which in accordance with a (foolish) law is needed for the confirmation of a declaration. Would Hartog A.v.Z. also refuse to close a letter with: Yr. Servant? I think there is something un-liberal with that parading with liberalism. But I think believers are consistent when they do not disturb their "living" god (are there dead gods too?) with each trifle while he works or rests. They are right. H. H. v.Z. is not.

Yes, van Houten should have said: "the atheists keep their word and tell the truth sans fear of a god" and "the believers seem to attach little value to their word since they do not believe each other when a speaker does bot surrender himself to damnation."

How, aside of it all a believer can be afraid of a false oath, I do not grasp. Surely, by believing in Christ, they can wash clean that

little misdeed too as "white wool". How "infamous" immoral is that god-service and before all that Christendom! I, poor atheist, always keep on carrying my own little parcel. They throw it on Jesus' shoulders. And that's it!

I am not aware whether I wrote you about a difficulty into which I got involved through a miscalculation in the alteration of my house. Well, I shall have to overcome and my choice lies between "lectures" and... writing for"Elsevier". The corporation that now is is the owner of my works. I'm in correspondence about that. The thing is that I must have immediately a somewhat large sum. If they send me it (I await stuendlich reply) I must deliver. 'Tis bitter, and difficult, but a must. The choice between that and lectures (both evils) was, among other things determined by my distaste of leaving my wife and child alone, since my house lies far out. I guess that they, in order to bind me, will accept my proposition and then..... I have stored up quite a supply of postal cards, as I shall be compelled to let everything lie or deal with it superficially in order to keep my word with the corporation. Prepare yourself for.... no letters.

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . .
. . . .
. . .
--

To Mister W. A. Paap.

XLVIII

Nieder Ingelheim 4 Juli '81.

Dear Mister Paap! After having read, with particularly much pleasure, your piece about Ebers' latest novel, I felt an inclnation to thank you for it. *

"With particularly much pleasure and thanks. So it is! Particular, because I perceive so seldom that reviewers clean their eye glasses. Once having appointed that Ebers (or guessing he is already appointed) to "famous writer" people ramble on. He writes poorly.

I read of him: "*Homo sum*" and dare claim that it is trash, contents and execution both.

The Egyptology too which is said to be delivered there is min. In one of his other pieces (verily, I no longer know its name) I got stuck. I had enough of it! That this man cannot write, does not bother me. But I do feel irritation about praising such a bungler to the skies. From that irritation "particular" and "thanking" become clear.(Ebers' "Eine Frage" I call a most amusing little trick, something like a *casse tête*, a *difficulté vaincue*. The foolish little curls of which you so justly disapprove in him, in that little piece are in their place. There that filling is properly-chosen immitation. Theocritical.... or something like it.

---

*) (Here the subject is an article that appeared in the Spectator by Mister Paap, at that time lit. hum. Stud. at Amsterdam, which Multatuli had observed in that periodical.)

Or.... is it not a little trick with him? Might it be that it would cost him exertion to be sober,simply true? In that instance I maintain that his talent resembles medlars, that are only good when spoiled. Or a natural hunchback that causes a certain kind of public to go into ecstacy when incidentally a fortunate possessor just has to play Tortillard. Etc. Etc.)

But.... something else. Will you do me a second favor? Devote.... (say:spend) to the tense of verbs in our contemporary scribbling? Do, please! Just as with Ebers, I do not blame anyone for lack of talent....

(Yes I do! Since la *principale qualité de l'auteur*..... c'*est la probité*. -Free and changed from La Bruyère.) .... (or if you read the parenthesis with it no: but) it's annoying to see how by lack of talent people arrogate to themselves a flicker of distinction by.... by.... how shall I say it? The scribbling little people place themselves above O.D.Lord in person. No one has ever conceived his omnipotence in the sense that he could confuse the concepts "yester", "tomorrow", "last week" and "today" as hail in a bullet-pouch. The contemporary novel fixers -mostly of the kind that crawls around at the foot of our dailies- are taking the liberty to make it appear that they know that little trick well. There is no reason for it but the cause I think I find in the hunt for the respectability which in their school-booklets now and then heard ascribed to the *praesens actualitatis* (actualitas is not in Cicero. That is a mistake in Cicero.) Fending with such little means stands on one line with the *pluralis majestatis* of the dailies, thusly very low.

Would you honor that bungling once with a slight box on the ear? Will it suit or please you to say that I invied you to do so? Good!

Does it suit your rhyme to add a thing or two that lies nearby? See here.

"Yes," said X agreeing.

"No," laughed, sighed, peeped, denied, coughed, sneezed, yawned, etc. etc. the father, as he blew out smoke, filled his pipe. scratched his nose, laid his hand on the blond head of.... looked at her with his -so or so- eyes, etc. etc. etc.

"Involuntarily," and "immediately" too deserves a spot. (You yourself have started using involuntarily.)

"Literally" too. People today stand "literally" as (this "as" is superfluous) struck by thunder, "nailed to the ground" etc.

And that foolish german "als" instead of toen, thereafter, consequently, etc.

"As Amalia has seen this, Ferdinand has involuntarily risen, and literally as struck by thunder he immediately (thusly written without a match) lights a cigar. Caetera desunt but it's enough.

Well, go on if you will. In all that bungling I see dishonesty. Compare my attempt at a definition of the expression: ploert, . Every really good person can write well. Every dishonest person writes poorly. That, for this reason is generally not apparent because most readers are not accustomed to ask themselves the question: what is the truth? One thing and another is very sad for a writer who wearies himself to find for his thought the least incorrect expression. Whoso means well is duty bound to oppose all that bungling forcefully.

Hence this letter!

"Why don't you do it yourself?" My dear boy, I am sick of publicity. This is my simple, natural impression, and see, by reasoning I come to the same end that it is better to ask you to retrieve this marble from the ditch. In opposition to me people have the pretense that I'm old, grumpy, melancholy, pessimistic, yes god-knows-what. Perhaps even jealous! If only they knew how heartily glad I am when I read something substantial! And how inclined -sometimes with exaggeration- to express it.

Friendly greetings from your servant,

Douwes Dekker.

XLIX.

Nieder Ingelheim , 20 October 1881.

Dear mister Paap! Allow me to call in your help, in order, if possible, to set straight a young man who, it seems to me is going mad. A certain G.... at B. for some time has written me senseless letters. By not replying to him I hoped to make him aware that I'm not interested in his foolish talk, but yester day it became evident once more that my silence is in vain. Since he mentioned your name a few times I can, I think suppose that you know him. Will you advise him to work?

It seems he imgines: the more insane the lovelier. Not only are contents and manners of expression of his letters, sheer nonsense; characters, addressing, all is so ridiculous that I'm indeed forced to assume that he lost his mind or is on his way to lose it.

I am well aware that a large part of the inclination to adorn oneself with something strange, very often is only affectation, but the artif-

iciality itself is already mental error, and it would be a matter of conscience to let the patient in the delusion that he gains honor by it. Let him know please that I think his scribbling most miserable, and that I have no intention to pay attention to it. He must work, seriously, intensively work! Tell him that his(clumsy) chase for exceptionalism is a ridiculous and very common fault. Indeed, nothing is more banal than imitated eccentricity. The cause that so many try to reach something with it, lies in laziness. It is, namely, easier to state a foolishness than to accomplish something substantial. Tell G. among other things, that he should try to learn to write a proper letter. If he applied himself to that, something would be gained. It seems he thinks he stands above school and forms, and stands deeply below them.

My wife, Woutertje and I are well. How is the going with your studies? I cannot judge what circumstances make you desire to study Literature. In general I like to see some one of literary inclination to choose a different vocation... that of.... punctual knowledge of nature. And this just in the interest of Literature. It's my conviction that academic letter knowledge works detrimental.

It should not be a branch. Poet and philosopher (seen from a certain standpoint it's the same thing!) apply themselves to study of the nature of things. The form of the expression will be cast to whoso has made of it a habit, and teaching in form, with looking past or slighting of the other reminds of the pastry baker who stocked paper bags, but no sugar and flower.

The Lit.hum. profs realize that. They have to, since fact teaches them that teaching in Literature is an impossibility. And in spite of that still to teach something, oh well, then we get bickerings about the year of the birth of Maerlandt, annotations on a certain place of Euripides, or praising to the skies of (no fooling) Hooft, Huygens and (with permission) Brederode! And that is called literature. They act like a kitchen maid who, instead of preparing victuals, gossips about kitchen maids who (according to her) could cook so tasteful.

Test my aprioristic dislike from instructed letter-knowledge to an aposterioric statistic of what was delivered by academically trained letter-men. 'Tis piiful.

Greetings,
t. t. D. D.

L.

2 January, 1882.

Your being up set by the Spectator is very comprehensible. Still, I must add to this the observation that editors sometimes have reasons for refusal, not lying in their judgment about the offered pieces, but flowing from certain relations and conventions which are difficult to be judged by others, and of which they cannot always give an explanation. "But then they must return my piece to me," you say. Certainly, though does not delay of that prove that they want to print your piece and go to the trouble of removing whatever stands in the way? The doughnut woman who always baked with rancid butter did not do that for pleasure. But, dear fellow, supposed she had promised it to her dying husband? Or if a shareholder in her business, had an interest in selling rancid butter? Some one sans whom her little stall could not exist? Even a single headed

management sometimes sits between two fires. Hence it is that Cato never wanted to be editor of a periodical. In case of integrity imperfection is a demand of nature. I, for instance, would not accept a piece in which someone would be insulted to whom I was bound by ties of piety. And.... that's why I do as Cato.

There are reasons of delicacy to be thought of that makes being right into something horrible. Whether now at the Spectator something in relation to your piece is the case, I do not know.

"Your piece will go in," Vosmaer has said. And, "all but one are in agreement about your piece. " Perhaps the domestic book of rules demands unity of voices. With all such things striving for truth or for what is good, is not the main thing. One has to do with useful fictions in order to, without flying into each other's hair, consider a matter .... as decided. Protection of Ising's opinion no doubt is ridiculous as such, but as part of a general ruling it may be desirable or at least forgiveable.

I hope heartily that your piece will be placed. Some balderdash of the well known kind bore us terribly. But.... one flogging will not suffice. And rest assured that for each uprooted weed, another immediately takes its place. Unpleasant things too are subject to nature's demand: horror vacui. When you prove that 2 X 2 is not 5 comes 37 or something else, and cries: "You see, I am the real, true, pure 2 X 2!" Good morning!

Beets, Ten Cate, Tollens.... the subject is rich! The rhyme-bible alone delivers:

> Beets drags with his Lord
> Here quickly back and forth, etc. etc.

Yes, "etc."! As, imagine, when I had written that little rhyme, the spirit overtook me, and I began to rhyme-bible a hundred fold. When one begins with something like that, stopping is impossible. Verses by the dozen too, and finally coal oil fell on my letter, and it looked, see! And I tore it up (no, I did that just now) and realized that for this time I did better to suppress the rhyming flood for this time.

LI.

N. Ingelheim, 30 Jan. '82.

Dear Paap! Thanks for your piece in the Spectator. I predict that you will have to return once -say: often!- to that chapter. People cannot read.

My spouse said just now: Is the charge not too severe?

No! It's difficult to present absurdity too strongly. I am curious for your treatment of verse making. The material is rich.

Lord Jesus, there I read something from Fielding. His Jonathan Wild the great. How min! How impossible! And.... how common. And all of that with a treatment of psychology! And.... with a well-receipted pretense: he is booked for master in that branch. As master second grade, that's true, but still a master.. 'Tis miserable. Do you want to read that trash once? No doubt you can get in the City Library. My copy I cannot get you. I've scratched it it till it became unreadable! 'Tis a (poor) french translation. When you read it, warn me, I want to call your attention to a variety of things 'Tis a fine subject for an article in the Spectator. whereby you d. v. (ahem, not "deo volente" but des verkiezende) you can

combine your piece with my scoff against(the old) d'Israeli.

Call me "Dek". That is hearty and simple. My spouse is well. She sends her greetings. Wouter is a show piece of love of life. He sprudelt. Oh, a delightful boy. Such a child gives much material for observation. (A human being, at so much of the real size.) The missus is carefully reading de Emile of Rousseau. Recognizing that it contains much that is good, she agrees with me that he (R) is unnaturally affective in favoring "Nature". He also quite overlooks that with all its faults and foolishness, society is a product of nature.

Good day, dear boy. Do you think you will be able to take care that your critique will have no detrimental influence on your character? I maintain that you should be silent for twenty years, and with putting aside all lusts, occupy yourself with the study of something exact (imcluding literature and even psychology) but... oh you are well aware of what I have in mind. Would you were my slave. Then I would put you to historical sources study. The application of your critical spirit on that would,(I think) be more useful than the -sometimes all too easily!- lowering literary heroes. You are sawing cork.

Dek.

LII.

25 March, 1882.

So from now on: jur. stud! I am very glad because of your decision not to take "literature" as a vocation. In order to deliver something substantial one must not profess it. Literature is not a branch. To fish something out of a ditch one must not lie down in the ditch, one must stand alongside of it with the proper tools. The tools consist of knowledge

and as such each vocation serves all but in like manner. namely through the training in inquiring and observing. Does not the literary vocation give that advantage? Not so purely since too much of it -yes as a whole, acad. lett.study being what it is- occupies you with predecessors and models. Whoso would deliver edible victuals must combine ingredients, not: learning by heart de faits et gestes or watching kitchen maids.

Just the study of "Laws" , an important chapter in human history, and so till today full of monkey cabbage and folly,will provide you with building material in order to -with the gifts endowed you by nature- become an outstanding literator. That study also promotes you to history inquirer, that is procuror of the tools needed by the seeker of sources. The teaching of history at an academy is nonsense. To become aware of something that happened in the world more or less, one has to look into archives, libraries, private and semi-official documents. To find one's way in it the study of Law -and diplomacy (the latter word expresses it!) is an indispensable preparation.

To complete the paradox the observation goes herewith that the study of Law as such, as a preparation for judgeship, or doing Justice, is detrimental. To you this is less hazardous because you do not choose that branch con amore, itself. Whoso does that spoils himself for something substantial. A real jurist swears by something that some one else has said and identifies that with a concept of justice. With this it is as with the Letter.... knowledge (?) The guys who practise that vocation lose all consciousness of their real calling. This or that no doubt will be lovely since.... it is stated in Maerlandt or....Merry Andrew!

✓ Good day, my friend. Take care, and receive the most hearty greetings from both of us. Woutertjen is very proud about it that you still remember him.

t a t. Dekker.

LIII.

N. I. 2 April '82.

The so called reforms

(In Indies)

Are nothing but fake, liberalistic penny plating, jesuistic sounters. Speaking, talking, codifying, babbling about Laws, instead of doing justice. The Van Twists like it that way!

I am in complete agreement with Bl. Waanders -viz: N. v. d. Dag, 1 April; Vereeniging Handel en Nyv. Zitting, that the abolition of Statute Labor is a mistake, just as the replacement of the relatively humane reed lashes applied by a parental, patriarchal police court, by the very cruel, immoral jail sentence You have to see them, those jails! Besides, they miss the purpose. All those rules are jesuistic-artificial-liberalistic tricks!)*

---

*)(With this letter the latest issue of Once More Free Labor went enclosed. For once tell me which incorrect expressions this brochure contains? Look very sharply. One never avoids all mistakes, but the piece has been written with care, I think. In a rhetorical as well as polemical sense. Yes, do criticise it once with exertion.

Something improved?

In the Indies?

Tell me by what? By whom? How? By rewarding the Regent of Lebak? By honoring van Twist? By pensioning the Slymerings? By insulting Havelaar? By rewarding Brest v. K. with the Order of the Dutch Lion? By passing new laws that are not being enforced?

LIV.

Nieder Ingelheim, 24 May '84.

Well, dear Chap, what a lovely piece. I'm quick to tell you this. This, "that your piece appears that way to me.

Well, lovely is not the right word, of this I'm well aware. Your satire is amusing, pithy, and(this is paramount) it is true*

I have observations which, as I hope, may be of service to you with a second issue. Since it will come and more. No, I say more than I know since I do think your piece outstanding,with humility I must acknowledge having no idea about the public. It may well be that your work will not be popular because it's good. But this too is not certain. Although by far the majority see the sincerity of your accusation -an accusation it is!- they will praise the piece (or spread it in disapproval) because it is so funny, My wife roared with laughter all by herself so that Wouter came running over with the question: mama, why do you laugh so? Yes, I too laughed, Yes, 'Tis funny, witty and true, that is: sad.

The observation that I will confide will take nothing away from the main impression that your work makes upon me. Do not think that I have a treacherous "but" behind my back. Not at all.

One of my observations is that you have somewhat inexactly divided and meted out the doses of indignation Portefeuille and De Beer get more than their proportional due.

And 2° Some faculties, creeds, variegations and cliques who are justly entitled to a castigation, are silently passed by. That you do not disturb theology, orthodox and modern, I approve of. The subject is worn stale (that reason for being left off free, might have been brought in.) but there were:

Philosophy!

---

*)(This letter was written upon the receipt of the little work: **Bombono's** satire by Willem Paap.)

Administration of Justice!

Study of Justice: Also from another standpoint than chosen by you.

Verse making!

The fabrication of leading articles. I am aware that you touch on both of the latter subjects, but I wanted more of it.)

and lastly:

Politics and Political Economy!

See, See, all those little split-ups of the great institution of people-corruption furnish reason for complaining. My complaint about "too little" is an eloquent applause, isn't it? And, if my judgment has some value, which I believe the contra-satisfaction with which I took up your piece, ends, after all, in your favor. I do not like wit, wittiness, and such. No more than heart-pain poesy. In many ways I rather precisely resemble my enemy Drystubble, be it then from quite different motives,

Ahem! The Art-patronizers do not get their competent share! Again a complaint about "too little".

A bit touching on Korteweg is just, and even.... capable. If this bright spot had not existed, you would have had to invent one. Fortunately you did not need to simulate. Bravo!

But.... De B. gets too much. For once assist in looking. Out of your battering ram he will build a little pedestal for himself and shout coram populo: "I am Leentje!"* And so "become the 392nd subsciber to my P."

---

*)(This namely told me the poor old woman who for a little while as model of Leentje, at the parterre of the Theatre. at the preentation of The Bride on High.

And.... I disown you! As how can you forget De Veer, the gewerbsmaessigen drivel=leader by excellence! He is typical and De B. isn't. Yes, typical before all as the plumphandy manner in which he has made his theological modernismus ready to suit the newspaper-reading peasants of Ilpendam, Knollendam, Krullendam etc. Read his Easter and Pentecoast sermons!

Well, I have arrived in deviations after all. I had intended to save them for later, but the fear that you would think.... oh, I mean that backhanded "but". You can see that I run high with your piece. I pity some whom.... you do not attack but still touch.. The good, dear Vosmaer! Mukene, sense of art, stone doll, greek, oh, it hurts me. But, ... don't let that bother you.

("Don't let that bother you"? Well, we don't write three lines without an error. We bother. To bother oneself "about" something is nonsense, just as strange, no, stranger than your Loki's:"I'm going to be married." Look here, I no longer dare to indulge in sarcasm because all, nearly all appears wrong to me. Just that realization silences me. This awaits you too, and that's why I have always felt so sadly that you started so early from stable. And this judgment too I doubt already. Whoso waits till he is certain of having grasped the truth, risks having to hold still forever. It seems to me that the follies, the criminal follies which you expose, deserve their punishment, in other words that they are indeed foolish and criminal.But so bitter is my mood that I, while approving of, and praising your execution....

See, critique thusly leads to inability. From an excess (?) of

purism I do not know how to end my sentence. Against that inability I want to shield you. The intention is no doubt: I would warn you against causing that inability.)

So bitter is my mood that I pose the question whether my judgment about the things of which you disapprove is not just as injust as those things themselves are. Who assures you that years from now you'll take your satire in hand, saying with a sigh: "that thing I thought lovely in my time!" Not that I believe that you will ever approve of what you expose today, oh no! But it is indeed possible that you will realize having shot at sparrows.

Yesterday I repaired two doors and a window that lacked something. I had to:

1º Investigate what was the cause of the trouble.

2º To invent something to remove it.

3º What I found.... "carry out".(As you see we cannot avoid the inexactnesses!)

And that I have done! I have investigated, invented, acted! The doors and windows shut fine, fine, fine! With proud sel satisfaction I open and shut them, just to open and shut them. Glorious poesy of the facts! As for your critique....
Come over and see those windows and door for once! Yes, you'll be quite welcome. Then I'll tell you a few things about.... oh well, about dismay. And besides I am asthmatic. But my spouse and my dear stepchild are well. That's most important. Couldn't you come once?

Dek.

Say, the title should not have been "Satire". "Narration" would

have been more guileless and thusly more satirical. Gut, what a good turn you would have done me if you had let a couple of your prey insult me! Today everybody gets a Lion. ... for me there's not the slightest distinction!

LV.

Nieder Ingelheim, 17 June !84.

Dear Paap! Your letter is dated the 10th, and only just now (tuesday morning) I've read it. In a certain sense I have little to reply. In another sense: very mu ch The little would: exactly! Just so! etc. Not much besides agreeing and affirming response, in other words: I think your letter very nice which, as you are aware, comes down to being pleased with my own ideas. (All well thinking ones = every one who thinks as I do.) But how otherwise? Should I praise insights from some one who calls a, what looks to me b? Well then, unless I consider myself crazy, I must think your letter nice. I think it is an important piece, period!

Answering extensively I would get deeply into treating. It might bring out an antire bundle of Ideas. But in that too complete agreement would be the main contents, little else than some paraphrase here and there, a few examples for enlightenment or sustaining. I am amazed at the exactness with which you, in my view (something else already?) hit the nail on the head. To such emotion I'm verily not accustomed. By 99/100 of what comes under my eyes I exclaim sadly: "is it true or not that we are in an insane asylum?" This impression progresively assumes a form of meaning in the most precise sense.

Whoso sees somethinglike that for the first time, asks, due to his surprise, his indignation, his anger: "as a manner of speech." Well, mot yet quite, but nearly. I pose the question of irresponsibility. As soon as the short distance that still separates me from accepting this circonstance attenuante shall have been reduced to nil.... oh well, than must anger, indignation and amazement disappear. And what would be the result of it? Well, acquiescence and even.... god damn it, joining. Can greater fool be imagined than one who tries to market his wisdom in an insane asylum?

The fear of having to dish out such a testimonium insanitatis to myself, silences me. Power, authority, violence is the only means from which good can be expected, believe me.

I feel very sad about the Nisero question, as that affair too contributes its part to what I call most conveniently:"discouragement". ('Tis really being aware of the sterility of my efforts) You know how I warned against the war with Atjen. No notice was taken of it. When I published my letter to the king, there were only a few people in Holland aware that there existed an Atjeh. I still remember Funke's surprise when I sent him the copy for that letter. He did not know that land. It was only so so that he did not ask me if I were crazy. Now Holland knows something about Atjeh!

In the notes to the Max Havelaar I referred a few times to the affair. Always without the slightest consequence. Must I now point to that? This too would be silenced to death. And now something is added to this that is very grieving to me. Look up in the Notes (issue '75, page 366 or issue '81, page 375 that passage where so to speak I posed a conandrum, and only indicate the words by their first letter. That

passage contains the prediction of what is mow happening, namely difficulties with England about the closing of the pepper harbors. Well, the note upon which I wrote the indicated letters I cannot find so that an appeal to that prediction makes a foolish effect. I continue looking for that deciphering. The sense is.... well, precisely what is happening!

. . . .

so, hearty greetings. Come as soon as you can, and stay as long as you want! Adio. Your loving Dek.

It really can have its use when I speak to you about the best manner in which to apply your gifts. Art. 1 is: no spirit. Then follow a few articles in which I advise against spirit., and the end will be a warning to refrain from spirit. If, by chance, my sentneces are not rounded off, then put them in order. You know: writing and needle making.! But how writer De Groot obtained that truth is a puzzle to me. Perhaps he had heard it from a needle maker.

DIVERSES.

LVI

To the Commission of preparation of the Netherl. writers league.

Dear Sirs.

While thanking you for sending me your circular dated the 5th last*

*)(Namely 5 february 1884)

accompanying the Draft-Statutes of an Association: "Netherlands Writers League, I regret that I feel myself bound to reply in the negative to the question posed to me in the same letter: "whether the goal can obtain my sympathy?" Encouraging of so called Belletrie does not seem desirable to me.

After polite greetings I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

At Your service,

Douwes Dekker.

(The following is an advertisement placed by Multatuli in several newspapers.)

"Through the reading," -to wit: through the reading of the works of- Multatuli, respectable gentlemen and distinguished ladies, young men and even girls.... have become conciliated with what is vulgar, and accustomed to what is obscene."

Thusly-according to the 5th edition of the "Dageraad"- it can be read in "The protestant, godfearing weekly in liberal spirit" under the editorship of the messrs. Dr. I. Hooykaas, A. P. G. Jorissen, H. C. Lohr and J. H. Maronier, parsons at Rotterdam.

This weekly not being so generally read, perhaps, as might be desirable for the god-fearing, liberal spirit that rules it, I think I can do a good job for the advancement of the beneficial self-knowledge, by informing

the many who are concerned, of the not oscene, not vulgar , but really liberal, god fearing claim of the indicated Editorial Staff,

Multatuli.

Nieder-Ingelheim
25 November 1884.

LVII.

To the "Cercle des Etudiantes Progressistes"

---

*)(In reply to an invitation to Multatuli to attend the Student International Congress at Brussels)

Messieurs,

L'etat de ma sante ne permet pas d'accepter la gracieuse invitation contenue dans votre lettre si obligeante qui porte le timbre postal du 12 de ce mois, et qui ne meparvint qu'assez tardivement. Un asthma fatiguant me rend impossible tout voyage et meme presque tout deplacement.

Votre congres n'y perd rien, Messieurs, vu que mon mal m'empecherait de prendre part a vos debats.

Permettez mois toutefois de jeter un seule mot dans l'arene des discussions qui vons s'ouvrir. Selon mois il est temps de delivrer l'Enseignement populaire de la tutelle degradante des gouvernements.. Il me semble que l!Etat represente par tel ministre efemere plus ou moins seconde par un simulacre ridicule de"repreentation nationale" doit etre declare de la plus complete incompetence en affaire d'esprit, d'art, d'intelligence, de morale et de coeur, partant: de tout ce qui, touche a l'education de la jeunesse, au developpement moral et intellectual de l'humanite. Abolissons la science de par le Roi, les

"gilden" du savoir, la regne stupide du diplome. Proclamons la liberte illimitee de l'Enseignement.

Mais, dit-on, les clericaux, les pretres, les Jesuites? Permettez moi de ne pas tomber en defaillance en entendant evoquer ces revenants. Je le ne crains pas, et je me plais a croire que le bon sens, delivre des chaines officielles viendra a bout de tous ces ennemis, Du reste le vrai liberal dedaigne le secours compomettrant de tout loi qui forme la bouche a ses adversaires, ou qui entrave d'une maniere deloyale et illogique la propagation de leur idees.

Voila une opinion, Messieurs, une these a mettre a l'ordre du jour de votre congres. Elle me parait pratique et urgente. Mais je vous supplie de ne pas me trahir au Procureur du Roi. N'etant diplome par aucum Jury ministiriel, je commets un delict en m'imaginant de comprendre quelque chose et en m'arrogeant le droit de de communiquer le fruit de mes meditations a de jeunes gens. En cas depoursuite judiciaire je me propose de plaider comme circonstance attenuante la certitude de ne pas etre ecoute. Je sais, helas! que la plupart des "liberaux" -peu liberaux alors- ont trop peur puer du catholisme pour accepter le combat a armes egales, tandisque selon moi ce n'est que la persecution, plus au moins masquee par une espece de legalite, qui fait toute la force du pretre. Affranchisonns l'Enseignement populaire de tout entrave, et..... nous verrons. Magna est veritas et praevalebit!

En vour remerciant, messieurs, des sentiments flateurs ques vous avez la bonte de me temoigner, je vous offre une bonne poignee de main et mon salut cordial.

Nieder Ingelheim, le 16 Novembre 1884. Douwes Dekker. Multatuli.

Socrate, Aristote, Jesus Christ est quelques uns nc ore de cette espece: seraient punis comme les malfaiteurs 'ils s'avisaient de venir enseigner l'alphabet. Est ce assez drole/ Assez stupide? Assez liberal?

TO Mister J. M. Haspels.

LVIII.

13 May 1875.

There are many careful people who are never taken by forged money because once for all they are not in business and for that reason receive no real money either.

---

27 September 1875.

Considered precisely my comedy cannot become good. saturated of the need of success for your associates, and with art work no additional stimulus is allowed. As soon as one produces something for every reason but the need of deliverance, it becomes machine work, de la facture, bungling!*

---

*)(After the first presentation of Vorstenschool in 1875, Multatuli held lectures in several cities, something having been made possible by mister J. M. Haspels in a friendly way taking charge of all arrangements for same. He conducted the correspondence about the places where Multatuli would perform, took care of hall rent, of the necessary announcements, of the settlements, etc. etc., and gave Multatuli only a list of the places, with the dates on which he had to be present.

Later in the winter months of 1877/78 and three winters following, such a lecture tourney was completed. Materially they produced benefit and to that extent answered the purpose in view. Besides they were pleasant since Multatuli, during his stay in Holland, met certain old time friends and tied several new relations, some of whom later supported him. But they had the disadvantage that at the completion of such an "Odyssee", as he called his wanderings through Holland, tired and over-extended, he was not able to work so that after he closed his last bundle in 76, no new writings from him appeared. Among my papers is a bundle: "Subjects of lectures with a number of observations, notes, etc. But due to lack of space I do not include any of it in this issue. The first following fragments of letters are from this period.)

Tuesday (1878.)

And for now give your heart a treat by reading enclosed letter, which you may return. The writing is from a lady of 66 years, one of my first loves. At my 19th year I was deeply in love with her, and she loved me too, but all was very virtuously, so that when I saw her three years ago for the first time meeting her in Delft, I could give her the first kiss, Thus a relation from 1839-1878, an ydill of 38 years duration! Her letter pleased me deeply and I wired her: "I'm coming to Zierikzee even if the rails are full of devils!" Well, if that is not a faithful love, what is?

---

17 January '79.

Dear friend. Thanks for your letter. Yes, do make a plan de campagne for my lectures. (If you please, of course!) What you'll agree to, I'll live up to. I must because of our bond. Otherwise, as is the case just now, I postpone each time.

Yes Prince Hendrik! ....

(I know nothing about Prince Hendrik than that some one.... who wanted to write against me, and could not get his book printed, was assisted by him. So far as I know that is the only example of an Orange prince having protected something resembling literature. Did you read Buys' book? 'Tis a curiosity, verily!

acted
In order to be just I may say that Prince Hendrik, no doubt/in ignorance to be taken in by that fellow, oh yes! But isn't it incidental that this Buys "the only man of letters" with whom he, in so far as I know, he ever had any contact. Besides, in that matter concerning Prince Hendrik, I do not pose in the foreground the well known hobby of Buys, but I do take it that he rendered assistance after Buys had assured him that he would call me names. On what other basis could P. H. feel himself inclined to assist the not so well known writer as extraordinaily as kicking a book

into the world?

Geisenheim a/Rh.

16 December 1880.

Dear Friend Haspels! Thanks for your two letters. That those negotiations are difficult, I grasp, and once more I feel indebted to you for all the trouble. I would not be equal to it and it's therefore that I value your hearty help so highly. Once for all it's true that in order to live the year around I must hold those lectures, and besides I would not know what to do if I were not helped by you in their preparation.

I have taken note of the list you have prepared. Perhaps you will be obliged to change a thing or two later on. I will be prepared for it. I am a little proud about it that always there has been precise action. With plans of such a long breath there often so unexpectedly something gets in the way. Only once did I start through a misunderstanding at 8 o'clock when half past seven was called for.

Might there be, on dates that have been left open, any other places to be filled in, fine! The entire matter is so distastful to me that I can carry it out only under the most difficult of circumstances. Exertion does not suffice, only an excess of it will do.

As for your inquiry about subjects, I do not know what I shall speak about. 'Tis orthodox and ignorant of people to want to know such in advance. Suppose that a lecturer about novels announced: "Jan and Mietje, or the tumbled so and so." What would it help them?

Still I will attempt to enable you to announce something for Rotterdam. But today I verily do not know a thing? Within a couple of days I will supply you with something.

Geisenheim 4 January 1880.

As always I shall approve and follow your arrangements in appreciation. Writing this I ask myself how I can say this since I feel myself terribly weak. But I know from experience that the matter will run when it must. When I look at myself in my dull dazedness, 'tis a mystery to me how I shall accomplish it. Everything has to happen through momentary agitation and indeed so that the agitation does not show. Then I collapse later, as has been the case all summer. I was unable to do the most simple thing. Everything fatigued me and repeatedly I caught myself in forgetfulness. Never mind. After all I'll soon be sixty, and my life was difficult.

Rott. 18 January. Sunday.

Dear Haspels.

Most certainly take on Veendam. So I am as follows taking note of

20	febr.	Veendam.
23	"	Assen
24	"	Groningen
25	"	Winschoten.
26	"	Leeuwarden
27	"	Heerenveen.
28	"	Sneek.

The week between 14 Zierikzee and 20 Veendam is a little time-wasting. If it must be so I advise you to do something about one or two between-days, Once more: If it must be so!

20 January.

However, in general I request you not to go easy on me.. I need the money and can can do better much than little.

Utrecht 7 March 1880.

Dear Haspels! Today was rest-day for me. In Den Bosch and at Breda I remained up late two evenings in succession, and after that I had no rest the entire Friday morning, so that at Bommel I was so tired and sleepy that I really was scared of my task. But when I stood at my post it went (sufficiently)well. I am proud of never having broken spell.. Arriving here yesterday, and today too, I have for once applied myself to systematic resting, so that now I am quite fresh again. "Fresh"for my doing.

Thanks for your birthday letter. Gut, it is so crazy to be 60 years old! I cannot find myself completely at home in it, and before I shall have learned to be old, I'll be dead. Those last years go light lightning.

TO MRS. D. D. - H. S.*

*)(In 1880 I was not with Multatuli in hollnad.
From his letters of tha time follow a few quotations here.)

LIX.

Rott. 15 January, Thursday 11.30.

I have now spoken at Rotterdam about "hard times."

Amsterdam	"Each virtue has illegitimate sisters who are a disgrace to the family.
Leyden	"The importance of being 60 years of age.
Haarlem	"Idealism in conceptions of life, not in conflict with a proper realism and an unflinching will to face the truth.
Schiedam	"About a couple of wrongly used and erroneously applied words, phrasing and and proverbs."

Notwithstanding the guileless title the last lecture was the best.

What I shall treat of tomorrow I still have no notion. But I have not even the slightest agitation for the preparation of my lecure.

Zutfen 31 January '80.

I am very well. Nothing is wrong with me. Sure's funny. Me writing this to you, so as to please you. In no way have sympathy for me. The hours before the lecture (although I still do not know my subject) I am quite calm and confident, even particularly calm.

11 febr. '80.

I hear that in Arnhem and The Hague, attempts are being made to hear me once more. Haspels is ready for them: Oh yes, if you guarantee me a full or reasonably filled hall. Ten enthusiasts do not fill a hall. Etc.

Oh, Haspels is so faithful and good.!

Never the least worry or bother. Not even a misunderstanding. Things run like a clock. Well, of course he too must acknowledge (and he does) that I too never break spell, and always am present, ready for action. 'Tis lovely.

Deventer 1 March.

At Leeuwarden the Bruinsma family were most lovely. Ymkje too was there. The lecture was good but I am disappointed about an article in the Leeuwarder Courant. I cannot be harmed more than by placing such a dull piece. If that comes from a friend, what then must I expect from my enemies. It has the appearance as if the writer would spoil my lectures once and for all! The Middelburger has looked at it better! And not a word to qualify my person! Not even a word about the fact that in excess of 2½ hours I spoke without notes. Not a word about style, wording seeming deviations, return to the text! Not a word about the epigramaticality, about the logical sequence, about the context, about the particular conception of the most daily happenings, about what's startling of some conclusions. Nothing about all of that. It's pitiable.

Breda, Friday noon (5 March).

Just now I'm speaking with an ease that cannot be grasped. Desk or table I no longer need. Only a chair to give the left hand a place. But when it is not there, as in Den Bosch it's just as well. And nothing stirs me. In view of that it's really too bad that I am so close to the finish. But I'm really glad to come home soon, and that there quickly will come an end to that endless packing and unpacking trunklife, inns etc. The storms and rains did not bother me, although once, during the night, through the pressure of the air, on the wet clattering windows, my door flew wide open. We've had terrible storms and it's still windy. And it's raining again.

That rainy weather has had a bad effect on the receipts of my lectures. Many people from the outlying districts could not attend because all is under water.. At Den Bosch it was a bare sea.

Within a couple of days I will send you some money again. Much less, alas than I had hoped, but still enough to be content. (Once accepting that we are in Holland. Otherwise I would have to call it miserable.

(His last lecture of that year he made in Den Helder. Saturday 13 march. He wrote to me from there:)

Imagine already 54, 52 or 50 years ago I lodged with my mother in this Inn. Perhaps in the same room. I still remember the stories about Japan by a man who traveled as doctor on a merchant vessel. And how a couple of naval officers played billiards, and how it impressed me. And how absurd I thought -on the "barge"- that a superior officer of the marines told the steward: Hand me the lettuce, you don't look

as if you could mix a salad." I didn't quite get the connection between the looks on a person's face and mixing a salad!

Here at Den Helder is the base of De Haes, vice admiral, who lodged with me at Menado, and with whom I was on a reasonably friendly footing. You are aware that I won't give him a sign of life. I'm curious to hear something from him. In those days he was an amicable guy. But that's long ago.

Late Saturday evening.

Hurrah, 'tis done! And I spoke rather well this evening! There were -=- 200 people. I'm glad that it's over with, the entire lecture business, I mean, and that it was good this evening.

From de Haes not a word. But I did hear (after the lecture) that he had sat in the front row. I did not see him, nor really any one. And most likely I might not have recognized him, as the last time I saw him was 30 years ago. I did want him to give a sign of life, but I wouldn't do so.*

---

*)(From the 9th of January till 13 March Multatuli had delivered thirty seven lectures.

* * *

TO MISTER J. M. HASPELS.*

*)(Here follow some expressions as a consequence of the testimonial offered Multatuli by his friends at about this time.

On pages ______ and ______ of this number, it has already been mentioned.To follow the beginning and course of this affair would require more space than of which I can dispose, but that the outcome had a great and lasting influence on Multatuli's mood, the following letter fragments give evidence of it.)

LX

31 May 1882.

.... to how much that

(annuity)

come to, I do not exactly know. Certain it is that it will resemble more a little old man's pension than a brilliant testimonial. Besides it's certain that the outcome of the matter will have no resemblance to my worry and struggle; with the big words I got from supporters or like minded ones. No more than with the name calling and slander of my enemies. And too not with the appraisal of believers who blamed me (Rom. Cath. Tyd. Rom. Cath. Maasbode, Orthodox Church Courant, Orthodox other papers) that I had extirpated god-worship. Those fellows please me! Better than the like-minded ones, the liberals, the freethinkers who reward such a feat of arms (no small one, forsooth!) with a little pension to save me from want. (At most!) To continue living reasonably I must continue

writing stories. I am now quite exactly aware of what I'm worth in the eyes of all those like minded ones. 'Tis that paltry appraisement that grieves me. and this would remain so even if the financial results were destined to benefit some one else. But you grasp that I tell you this in a very confidential letter to you. Hundreds of thousands are not to blame and it hurts me to grieve well intentioned ones. A great many people in Holland have difficulty keeping their heads above water. So I'm not justified to air my disgust. But where were the masons? They, combined, are rich.and now have given evidence of mot having stretched out a hand on behalf of some one who by our combined enemies during so long was estimated as an opponent. The overthrow of worship (and this is stated literally so in those religious papers) indeed is not an ordinary matter, it seems to me.

LXI

16 June '82

The tribute as an entire now comes down to ± f20.000. I've been abused a million's worth by one side and for as much admired on the other side. Pious periodicals declare that I have de-throned god. Well, let this be more honor than I'm entitled to. I take note of it and claim that such a haut fait d'arms with a pension of, for me, seventy guilders a month, and for Mimi fifty, is a slender reward. And the humiliating estimation! In a word, this outcome of the matter is a heavy blow to me. It breaks my tone. And then the realization that"people" will hold me for having been made content, and will still reproach me if

I don't find it very lovely. How the van Twists and consorts will laugh up their sleeves. By that brilliant pensioning I am now forever classified as an almost nobody. Everybody knows now that I do not represent a party worth the name, and that they can treat me as they please. The need of delivering stories, copy is greater than ever, but the always still existing escape through delivering "lectures" has been cut off. Only by an indeed brilliant result had I been able to show myself in Holland. Now I'm shy, and I feel I would boil at acclaim.

Outside of that I'm well. So are my spouse and our child. What's the state of your health? Do you have a view to vacation? And do you come here then? With Dirk, Coen, spouse, daughter, with whoever you will? You'll be heartily received, that you know. About everything in general (this does not concern you!) I will to my deep regret put an end to hospitality. With a small income such as I have now been placed one cannot put a glass of wine in front of a friend. I don't even have enough to sit down and have a chat with a friend, since I have to deliver copy! If after that testimonial I should fall into need of money, it would be said: "what a spendthrift!!" But once more, my chap, this is not your concern.

That the testimonial would not enable me to carry out great plans, I foresaw. But that in a simple economic sense it would come out so pityful, no, that I had not thought. Now I know my limits. Cowardly, dull, unnerving, kappelman-like thriftiness, now is the order.

That breaks me! I now have the same income (to wit: Mimi's included) as I had three and forty years ago, a nineteen year old chap in the General Accounting room at Batavia. And my father added ± 80 guilders to that! Now we know what acclaim, popularity and god-dethroning is worth in Holland! To god too it's not an honor that some one who (according to his supporters) was his superior, is estimated so lowly.

LXII.

Nieder Ingelheim, 27 October 1882.

I have read something about your battle with the pedantic "Nieuws" (not your piece) I grasp your word: disgusting, but fear that most people will not grasp it, they being accustomed to honor that predicate in context only with palpable or smelling filth. So too I find that newspaper (and others) immoral. That too readers will not grasp. They think that immorality can only be applied in matters of sexual life..... a very immoral error, and so much more foolish because also on this point, in relation to the facts, they walk rather unsteady as long as they take care of using *faux air* of decency. What a miserable situation! And there is nothing we can do about it. Shout as loud as you can: "this matter is *a*!" even bring it about that they accede to what you say and join in the shouting against the b sayers, still, in their turn they shout *b* along with the best ones! 'Tis comical to hear such a "Nieuws" rave against quackery!

Mies and Woutertje are quite well. So am I, as long as I sit restfully and not become agitated, but the slightest thing bowls me over

As I've already said how powerless I get sometimes pour un rien.

It seems thankless when as to the outcome of that testimonial, I am sad. And yet, how would I have made a name for myself if I had been given the opportunity to present myself in a manner that would have impressed rich and poor people alike. But the grieving about my failure is really being ameliorated by so much helpfulness and loyalty as I experienced from some, among whom in the first place are you!

LXII.

11 August 1883.

About van Andels' brochure I think the same as you do. The well meaning boy acts as if my total being resolves itself in a certain quarrel with van Vloten. He elevates the attack of that man to something substantial. It's exactly as you say. That lame polemics is degrading.

Outside of some asthma I feel allright. But that struggle against lack of harmony between willing and being able, irritates me. And then the change in mood! Sometimes emotionally fiery, sometimes calmly reasonable, sometimes fatigued, dull and enervated. Of that you -artist!- too must have experience, be it then that your artistic impressions continually must go asunder in the mètier.

LXIV.

15 February 1884.

From "The enemy of the People," I already heard a few things Mrs. de Haas sent me the N R. C. in which the presentation is discussed.

I can imagine that Haverkorn v. R. correctly makes a few remarks about the piece, as a piece. But the contents from a psychological and social viewpoint does not depend quite on that. Missus de Haas wrote me about it too, but with enthusiasm. (She is noble, courageous, loyal, solid. Would that I had 500 men of her character.) So I think all of Ibsen is good as a human being, but fear, or think that the stadium in which he moves is no longer mine. "No longer." I said. Since he still seems to think that exposing of society has effect. Oh, years ago I too thought so! Twenty years from now Ibsen will realize the futility of his efforts, unless he has the good fortune of being persecuted! . This is an assist since it shows at least that the powers that be take notice of you. In Holland this is not the case. All smothers in mud.

Incidentally, as to a piece like Ibsen's he can count on it that 7/8 part of the acclaimers belong to the kind of people whom he castigates, Here is hypocrisy at play, certainly, but still hypocrisy is not the main factor. Were that only so! A resolute hypocrite is somebody. That requires personality! No it's an involuntary homage to what is lovely sans thinking along with it that the homage is a testimonium to their own wretchedness. If ever you are going to show a drama in a house of correction, then choose a piece in which the most sentimental virtue is painted. The convicts will applaud their hands to splinters at the triumph of what's "good". The Clarissa Harlowes and Parmelas are the sweetheart heroines of whores. This, and the selling of morality-tales are the most preferred detours on the road to become a respectable blighter.

Once more Ibsen and his striving! I esteem it and feel sorry for the man if he persists in thinking that he can accomplish something with writing. His worst enemies, or rather the toughest opponents of his case are the acclaimers, the praisers! My deep conviction is that there is but one/practical means: it's called force. In order to apply it might is required; to reach it: money! Those to whose interests it is that the decay continues, because as droppingsflies they prey on it, they take good care that this well remains locked to their opponents.

LXV.

14 May 1884.

As for the public affair it is entirely ruled by the fiction that 51 men possess more intelligence and conviction than 49 men. It's crazy, but it can't be otherwise. The contrary, that 49 know better than 51, certainly is not true either, and so we have to be content with the impure point of departure that the majority should know . If from estimating the opinions the results are allowed to depend, then that estimation too must be determined by majority of votes.. Then we have the same fiction again. Six of one, half a dozen of the other. The general voting right will not alter it one iota. I am in favor of it. 1° because then the present non-voters will lose a grievance, 2° because even in fictions we should be consistent. As soon as it is assumed that the plump-mass -what else is the majority??- makes the decisions, it is injust to bar any one. Princoffs, van Heeckeren, van Ittersum, Nahuys, Stratenus, they always voted. Why not a convict? Why not a child? Why not a woman, yes, even if she were a whore? Moral and intellectual qualities cannot be the demand, otherwise thousands

would be locked out who are now, uncontested, taking part in the voting.

That out of this state of affairs decay sprouts, is natural. Just as natural that bacilli wriggle in spoiled meat. From time to time a rough, forceful spring cleaning is needed, this too lies in nature! And this too I was willing to do but.... alas! Happen it will! But how, when, by whom or what? By the Prussians? By an earth quake? By pestilence?

I would not be so despondent if people could read. But verily, this is not so! The samples lie all around. Or how must it be explained that the Public daily gets under its eyes the coarsest misery, sans there being anything giving evidence of protest?

There was a shortage in the Indies' budget as the well meaning but naive Waanders thought who confidentially had prepared it. The expenditures, he feared, would exceed the expected income by 13 million. The new minister, who had held high in order to sweeten the machinations of van Rees, submits a new budget. We read in the press that the new highness - a dummy caricature of van Rees!- was so particularly learned:"he has been so fortunate -pay attention to 'fortunate'!- to cut down the anticipated deficit to only two million." How amazing! It is stated precisely as if he reduced a debt of 13 million to 2 m., and thusly had saved or gained 11m. That I call ability! Such a minister is worth gold, and I think it's a shame that he is not paid in the hundreds of thousands! Yes, even if he were given a million a year the nation would gain a profit by such an act of genius.

But.... What has the guy really done?? He has hoped that coffee will raise in price. He also hoped that Indies' taxes willbe higher than Waanders -quite in his right!- dared to expect. it makes me wonder that going to work thusly he still had a shortage of 2 million left. This must be for the sake of modesty, I think.

In no paper did I read a single word of disapproval. With such dumb juggling people are completely satisfied, and such a quack is even praised. He is so particularly learned "they" say -don't be shocked: "in registration." In whatall can anyone not be learned?! And what dumbheads were Plato, Archimedes, Aristotle, Newton, Humboldt, etc., etc., they who were not learned in registration and perhaps scardely knew what kind of thing it was? Soon we'll hear that the virgin Mary was appointed to mother of god because she was so exceptional in knitting sox.

Van Rees is a contemporary of mine. We were adjunct-commissars at the same time. He is an...."official" and as such was always very accomodating, which means that he excelled in no single manner. I believe not that he ever stood in any one's way, and that is a very useful quality. "Crafty" and "smooth" he must be, otherwise he could not have maintained himself so long in The Hague. At the fall of Kappeyne he immediately severed himself from that colleague. "Nowhere had it been evident," he wrote then, " that there was a desire in the nation for reviewing the constitution." This, after his resignation as minister, got him on good terms with the Chamber who --pour cause!- wants to leave everything as of old. and the

And the end of the story is that he has reached his goal not only, but having given himself a minister who is beholden to him. How things will go once this Spenger van Eyk is gone, is no matter to him. He is where he wants to be, that's the main thing! Of noble aspirations, of a high conception of a life-long task, of a desire to help or whatever of that nature, there's no such with van Rees. His main striving is to keep things going and that he does not lose his rank and salary. Capable for that he certainly is. One need not think that he ever will do or not do anything that is founded on a different calculation..

LXVI.

18 May 1885.

That Robbers has impressed you well, pleases me, and that I repeat what I wrote earlier: to be fair ; I am not allowed to blame him for anything.*

---

*)(From a letter to Mr. Mansholt, page ________ of this part that Multatuli in the latter part of 1881 had requested an advance from the Publishing Company Elsevier, who had bought his works from Funke, for new copy. This advance, f2000.- they gave him but until now he had delivered nothing. Naturally he would like nothing more than fulfill his obligation, "lectures I can no longer give," he said, "as they spoil my ability to write," but other matters stood in his way. First came the activities and expectations awakened by the Testimonial-plan, of which he was full, and later he felt hurt and too put out to get back to work. He tried many times. At first he planned to complete the Wouter history but when he picked up his bundles Ideas, in order to work himself into it again, he was overcome each time by bitterness against his Public that weskened him physically and besides was love-and-phantasy-killing. rendering production impossible.

Mr. Robbers. director of the corporation, repeatedly, and from divers tone-keys, would insist upon payment of the debt. From this letter it appears that Multatuli had requested Mr. Haspels to go have a talk with Robbers, and besides, which is most characteristic, how the always pleasant relation with Funke, who only now for the first time revealed himself as a member of the corporation Elsevier, encouraged him to work.

New copy to Mr. Robbers Multatuli did not deliver. Once he did begin to write, which stopped at a few pages, which will appear at the end of these letters. He did pay off a part of the debt to the Corporation Elsevier by delivering corrections. The balance of the debt was squared later with me by the payment of what the Corporation Elsevier owed me for diverse work.)

It's not his fault that scibbling makes me sick. Besides, it's not his fault that the reconstruction of this house forced me to more expense than I had foreseen. Be this as it may, he is entitled to copy, and he will get it. I hope soon. Once I've made a beginning it will succeed. All that is lacking is to bite through. My resuming a public appearance.... oh, you know it well. Sickening!

Now happened something that's just what I needed concerning mood. Imagine, my dear friend Funke, otherwise always an example of being quick and handy, is sickly since last year. After all kinds of trouble and taking medicines besides traveling, he landed in Wiesbaden some time ago. Naturally he wanted to pay me a visit from there but he was too weak for it so we went to see him a couple of times. It cut through my being to see him so wretched. To make things worse he received word that his stand-in suffered a heart attack, so that he, Funke, weak or not, unexpectedly had to go home. So he left day before yesterday and I sincerely hope that he has arrived well. His wife went with him, otherwise his traveling would have been impossible. But see, without urging from my side, Mimi had spoken to him about my affair with Robbers, and the day before he left, when she paid him another visit (I had remained home because of my asthma) he told **her:** I cannot comprehend why Robbers is so troublesome and insistent. He is very well

aware that I guarantee that money, and at that time even gave advice and said I was involved for half of it. So Dek must not get so excited about it. Of course I would like to see Dek get to writing again, but not from fear of Robbers." See here how Funke is. It is so that I can relate to you many beautiful features about him, in what's so called the little things, that just strike me more because he did not know I appreciate them. Funke is a noble human being. With that irregularity I can have peace!*

---

*)(These last words are a repercussion to a preceding sentence in this letter: "We are well, I, except my asthma, which is damned bothersome but not dangerous, so it's said, and Woutertje grows regularly. Thank god! I see satan in irregularity.)

Through this generous conception of the matter I now have the same advantage as I would have had if your lovely efforts had been successful. Then, just as now, I should settle that debt, but now I can, just as I would have, half of it bargain for and let the other half stand to even up the debt. This I would rather not have asked R. himself, but Funke will be satisfied with it.

And -if now at last I come to delivering copy, paying half of that debt is necessary in order to hold myself above water. That requires art and fly-work.

LXVII

N. Ingelheim 24 Aug.86.

Dear Haspels. Thanks so much! That I did not answer immediately was because of the old reason: desire to write you in detail. Well, I don't. I'm in a mood at last to write for the press. That's why I'm brief. Greetings, Dek.

LXVIII.

Nieder Ingelheim, 30 Aug. 86.

Dear Haspels! After my short note, twice received your help! Your hearty loyalty is touching. I won't use many words for it. But be assured that it touches me.

I feel very much fatigued and sorrowful, at least at intervals. My asthma repeatedly makes me powerless and each move, each hindering or upcoming thought seems to animate the disease and that's why I hold it for a kind of nervous cramp on the lungs. But perhaps all asthma is so. When I ask doctors about it I get a reply that sounds as an elucidation but gives me the impression that they don't know it. At some moments my breathing id normal.

I am too lame to write much. Don't be disturbed about it, my best, best fellow! Hearty thanks and greetings from, Your lov. Dek.

TO MISS MARIE B V B.

LXIX.

Nieder Ingelheim 9 Sept. 1885.

Your letter, dear Marie, did me good, before all as I see from it how real your heartiness is. 'Tis really a pleasure for me to be allowed to cast a glance in such a boiling being.. But on second thought I become worried about the possible consequences as your lovely enthusiasm might get into a collision with the world. That's why I repeat my plea: Do not spoil your position or career for my sake. Please do not hold me for provincial because of my being so insistent on this. My warning is the fruit of the honest application of much observation.
Making sacrifices to one's convictions is obliging and pure, "but each virtue has illegitimate sisters who are a disgrace to the family." Well, desire -or rather craving- for sacrifice I hold to be such an illegitimate sister. Will you take care, dear maiden, not to fall into that error? You're too good for it. Not for my sake will the stones which are cast at you, change into bread.Your striving to pave a way for yourself through life by your own efforts is praiseworthy, and it's your nearest lying duty to carry out that plan courageously.

Truly, I'm no épicier. If there ever existed a need for a sacrifice that you would be able to make, I would - leaning on the honesty of your touching expressions- safely ask you, yes, even if your life were at stake. Then I would, as Jesus did, say. Whoso loves father or mother

over me," etc. But.... such a demand must be based on valid reasons. Deplorable enough that in our prosaic time there is so seldom room for practical justifiable nobility. (Comical, that mister Public applauds that quality so enthusiastically on the boards, as well as the non-justifiable, impractical one. When H. Exc. becomes aware of it in reality, he pulls up his nose as if it were the real one.)

My entire sermon comes down to a few words, with which Cicero so often closed his letters: "cura et valeas", that is: take care of your well being! So, girl, do that for once as a favor to me, and if perhaps so now and then, it is too difficult to think completely about your own interests, then consider that difficulty to be the sacrifice that I demanded.

That at the last moment I called on you not to send me books, had a good reason. There lie stacks of books, periodicals, letters even which I still have to read à mer à boire! I do not want your Max Nordau to suffer such a slow neglect. I cannot get myself to take a hold of that stack. Continually I have something else in my head, or many somethings at the same time, and then new ideas -new forms usually!- clutter up my mind, with which I have to deal very carefully. I think with difficulty and must do my best to keep a little order in my head. Or to bring would be more correct, as even sans Max Nordau I am already much too occupied.

We are very disappointed that you could not stay a little longer! I need not say that you will be most welcome if it will be possible to repeat your visit. You mentioned the cost! Yes, the demands of daily needs are something! During my youth, and long afterward, alas! I

would not acknowledge that one was dependent on it. But "the nature of things" the real Jahweh, cannot be mocked. Once for all it's so that we have to bow down to the most trivial demands of life. No enthusiasm can stand exhaustion, hunger a pinprick. How incomplete are the gospels! Jesus is never presented in them as being in a conflict with what is banal, he was fortunate to meet with guileless /enemies /who allowed him to fight his battle on the terrain of brilliant tragedy. In our days, in our society, he would be tormented otherwise.

10 Sept.

The preceding lines were written yesterday. Today I received a letter from Middelburg that excited me. Do you know anything about it? Then you will also grasp my agitation. It was my intention to finish the letter I had started yesterday first, sans touching on that incident. But *c'est plus fort que moi*. For the time being only my quite hearty greetings and: cura et valeas! The warning: to before all care for yourself was already given you yesterday -that is before the receipt of the letter from your city.

But still it could very well serve as a partial answer to that letter!

Adieu, dearest girl. Yours....

(At home and to hearty friends, the same as formerly to my children who invented it)

Dek.

LXX.

Nieder Ingelheim, 12 Oct. '85.

Dear Marie! Just approve of me addressing you so familiar and remember that I am 65 years of age, by which such familiarities lose all consequenties. Thanks for your hearty letter. That I did not answer

sooner did not come from lack of interest but from a surplus of impressions that are overwhelming me since days and weeks. Their regulation is my daily intention at my light breakfast and continually the mail brings me new causes of distraction. Le fait est that I'm sitting with my ears swamped with things that help me going off course. In order to get to a proper clearing I now finish the first not disagreeable ones. And to that belongs replying to your letter.

13 October.

Yesterday I was interrupted by Wouter, who came to tell me that it was time for the french lesson. Oh, he would not have minded if I had given him the day off, really not! But the causes, reasons and pretentions not to take a lesson are so numerous that my duty as upbringer prescribes not to indulge in it too often. So I let you sit in order to let le père, du père into the dry arms.... crawl (a poet or liar would have said "fly"!) and after the lesson my mood had gone.

On your postal card you ask me for the natural history of a flyer who had suffered a wreck. Your brothers are right. The ascension to heaven ascribed to him by Vosmaer is a poetical license the same as more ascensions.

Your present to Wouter has been received. The rascal shall, would, will, must -do I know?- thank you by letter. That's the agreement. Whether something will come of it I do not know. The little fellow is very busy. The struggle which his little duties have to carry on with a variety of diversions is as serious as the eighty years' war. There are... oh well, his lessons, but that is secondary to him. Main things are: that lizard.... He knows the little hole into which the animal has disappeared and will find it again even if a geological shake up turned the entire rhine-bed

over!) Indeed, after a little while he found both hole and animal. I have had all possible difficulties to return the little animal to its freedom. So he can present himself among his playmates as a "literatus" and issue a work: "two days among grownups." I am curious for the reviews.

The lizard that in Wouter's life replaced the buzzard, bussart.... or however you spell it, has been crowded out by two young rabbits and he has given a canary to his friend Heinrich. And the last 4, 5, 6 days he helped farmers he knows with the grape harvest. Or he rides horses or played Bacchus by a cheval sitting on a barrel and triumphantly riding, past our house. And he romps with the boy who is too lame to join in the romping. And he teases the maid who would get ill if she were not teased. And, and, and,,,. briefly, always something! So that I will only say that I will collapse from amazement if he gets to thank you properly. I do not want to force him.

In your letter you complain about yourself. Do not unreasonably indulge in that. I do not have the details in order to point out to you where you are wrong and all I can do is warn you against exaggeration of severity. A certain kind of self-debasing is just as far from truth as the conceited self-esteem that is general. Do you find others, or most of them, free from the faults for which you blame yourself? Probably you do since many err in a contra direction by, namely, not seeking what is difficult but what is most easy. Hence, slothfulness, laziness, indifference, miserableness. Is it reasonable now to blame yourself for lacking such faults?

But aside from the possibility that you evaluate incorrectly, do not lose yourself (must I say not too much?) in a certain kind of self-contemplation. Defining of the kind I have in mind is difficult, mostly as the lesson:"know thyself" (to which self-contemplation most certainly is essential!) cannot be neglected. Well there is a manner of autopsy(looking into self)that makes us dull and incapable; something in morality of what is said to be in the physique of fakirs, who all their lives look at the point of their nose. The self-contemplation of which I disapprove, often stands squarily in the way of very desirable self knowledge. Just also in order to learn to know oneself one has to look about. All qualities (of human beings and things as well) exist only through comparison. Whoso does not compare, cannot judge, and the so indispensable comparison is made impossible by staring constantly at one point, which happens to be the point of one's nose.

14 October.

Wouter is gone again. He is helping wein keltern,. That is fun! And the mathematics lesson goes by the door today. He and my spouse and I are well. I except for my asthma. She is sending her best wishes. Would it any time become convenient to you to pay us a visit. be sure of a hearty welcome.

I learn the "one of our first literary men" (thusly the publisher who is asking for my picture and autograph) will write my biography. I have replied that none possessed the essential details for it. I myself would have difficulty describing my life. But the man is convinced ("e.v. o.e.l.) that I think that he has the ability (a paltry ability) to write about anything, indifferent to whether or not

he knows anything about it. A little handy in phrase making, a few buts, some ifs, eventuals, howevers, etc., tied on to half or not at all known, so guessed and therefore crippled facts, and ready is the scribbling! The public will swallow it. On the side I am informed that the juggler is question is Busken Huet. Just the right man for such an artificial job. I am displeased about it but cannot help it. Nothing but refusing the requested autograph unless the ½ublisher himself printed it in facsimily. The refusal of my portrait is in vain, since it is, to my regret, in commerce. Good day, my lady, take care and do not blemish your soul too much. Otherwise I'll sue you. That you want to make a career for yourself is very good. But I would like that your taste and gifts had not landed on music. Not at all because I dislike music, oh no! But for your physique I think that the devotion to that branch is a little too stimulating. Be very heartily greeted from your friend and grandpa Dek.

LXXI.

Nieder Ingelheim, 1 April 1886.

Dear poor Marie. I am shocked by reading in the news thatterrible accident that has struck you and your family! Aye, your poor parents! What to say about it? Consoling is but empty sound., this I know, but yet.... now a single word of.... compassion! But what does it help? Oh, I can so place myself in your terrible circumstances.

Greet your saddened parents, and you: brace up to it, my best child. Aye, what good is this scribbling!

Sincere greetings of your compassionate friend

Douwes Dekker.

If not just in these circumstances you must stay with your parents I would invite you to come here. But you must not leave them alone now.

LXXII.

Nieder Ingelheim 13 May 1886.

Dear Marie No doubt you'll say: that's incidental! but still it's true that I would have written you today even if I had not received the Amsterdammer which is addressed to me in your hand writing. Already for some weeks I have been planning to ask you how you and your family are, but I spent the time in my garden. I was tying up the tendrils of the Laube, and this went very slowly because I am so weak and asthmatic that I had to pause almost every five minutes. This was not unpleasant to me in so far as the seat there being so comfortable, a nice little think-cubby. That Laube is getting very beautiful this year and.... I hope to see you there. Never ask for leave beforehand, you will be welcome any day. Nevertheless it's good that you let know when you are coming, so that we can arrange for transportation, the uphill walk being so fatigueing. Please do not say: "Oh, I can stand it." This is certainly possible, but it agitates me to see you come up panting and out of breath.

And it's raining. That means that I'm on leave from gardening. Well, if you think that I sacrificed you eight days for those tendrils, you are but half right, that is: not right. For just at putting order at the "Waltershausen," (thusly is called the little arbor to which the green lane runs) I often thought of it whether you wouldn't find the little seat there so lovely! My (so slowly) working in the

garden, jolly well is your concerr,and if you complain about being placed second, I'll think of you being a thankless person.

Aye, I would speak in an easy, jolly tone, but it won't go. What all grief in the world! How have your people been since the catastrophe,has your father returned to his usual activities? And you, yourself, good girl? See, that is what I wanted to ask you, and this I ask now. That forgetting is impossible I am well aware of, but still it's true that the inflicted wounds change into scars. Write me how you are, tell me something about your inner life, and if I do not reply immediately.... do not ascribe it to coldness. Your visit has left me with such pleasant memories.

I expect a visit from mister Zuercher one of these days, on his way from Paris, cherry-fresh from the art exhibition. Do you know him as art connoisseur, so called? In Nieuws v. d. Dag he repeatedly handled the Art exhibitions in Arti, and recently gave his first article about the Salon in the Louvre, in that paper. I have/never seen a more universal man. He speaks Malay as a Batavian, sans ever having been in the Indies. He draws, paints, makes portraits. It's so that he comes here to make my portrait for already the second time. 'Tis interesting to see him work. When drawing with charcoal he repeatedly works with his.... thumb. He composes, he speaks Italian, in so far as I can judge, very well, hebrew, gothic, celtic, and still more. My Vorstenschool he paraphrased into german verse (which I do not think lovely.) But they are at least as lovely as are many verses thought to be lovely by others. And along with all of that he is with me so childlike soft and complaisant, sometimes I am difficult, you knw, that I am perfectly abashed by it.

Well, when he comes here again, I certainly will have to make many remarks about his art-considerations, I am, to be sure, very heretical in this respect, very dissentient from the form. Perhaps you'll be shocked when I tell you that I do not place Raphael highly, and that I prefer to lose myself in the art-consideration of a pair of well-finished boots, than of dantesque verses. Do not condemn me too quickly child In order not to miss all too far in judging my standpoint, I ask you to take note of my Idea 30, although with the boots that applies only from very far.

There is a great stir in the realm of literature! A shouting and noise of note. And it seems that silence is a splendid right.... Of which I make use with great attention. Oh, that lovely, quiet Laube!

LXIII

Nieder Ingelheim 20 June '86/

Do not be angry my best girl, that only just now I give some sign of life to your letter of 26 May. and the recently received inscribed card.... gut, how modern old-fashion. But in reality I do not that fashion-genre nice. That name that's printed on it is truly lovely, and so are the added lines. Thanks for your showing interest! No, I'm not really sick, but neither fresh nor bright.... And I haven't been in Amsterdam. I haven't been in Holland since the burial of my dear Funke. That was, I think, in October. Many times I was informed that I had shown myself here or there, not knowing the least about it. Many years ago it became evident to me that some one or other was acting as an imposter of me. Whether this is still so, I do not know.

In order to carry on that joke with success one must have to deal either with people who do not know a thing about me, or look like a spook. And how does such a joker make it with speaking? Or,... yes, so it must be, he will mean to impose me by bringing to the light of day that stand on the list of "the liberals". Well, whoso mistakes him for me then, knows as little about liberalism as he does of me. (I cannot write the word liberalism sans irritation)

Would you believe that I -notwithstanding my complete atheismus- really resemble a conservative more than a"liberal" of the contemporary ruling kind? I am in favor of order, for law, against compulsory vaccination, state education, and all of this because those meanings seem to me indeed to be liberal. Thusly I am also royalist, not to be confused with admirer of Willem III. Thusly in the suit against my friend Nieuwenhuis, I am on the side of the judges who condemned him. They have done their (machine-like) dumb judges' duty. Once for all the law is so. All laws against insult, slander and such, are stupid, but.... judges are paid to see those laws enforced. Where would things go if that little people were given the right to have judgment? For that they have -justly so- not been trained, and that's the reason that lawyers are so unfitted to be lawmakers. The (so called) study -with permission!- of what's stated, stands squarily in the way of what should be stated.

Forgive me, what a heavy adroitness in a letter to a young girl! I'll try to improve myself.

You write me about your effort to overcome the blow that has overcome you and your family. On it you let follow: "but I could not!" Still, later on you will succeed in it, good girl and this is to be hoped for, since labor is indeed the best weapon against grief, that in the beginning you do not

find compensation in it, I grasp very well, but that is no reason to give up the plan since nothing is so capable of improving our moral strength than intense working. Still, I have an observation along with this that perhaps can apply to you. It does happen that we are mistaken in the kind of labor that might serve here. (This mistake I know from experience.) The practical possibility of completing is essential. Counting and recounting of a small number of little stones is more substantial than the effort to count how many stars there are in the firmament. Often we choose out of laziness a goal that is impossible to reach, telling ourselves that it is more elevating in order to give us a pretense to gloz over the failure to mess. Thusly a pupil who is too lazy to do his "sums" loses himself in seeking the square of the circle. Once more, I know that disease, and that acknowleging it degrades me a little less as I warn against it, doesn't it?

Besides, the here indicated general tendency to going astray in the choice of labor, there exist with some the tendency to go astray in the choice of labor, there exist particular causes to indulge it. Those causes reveal themselves as spotforms of something good. They are fashion philanthropy instead of real, true, sober love of mankind; striving for poesy in sound form, sickly feeling, word pomp, impossibilities, fake paradoxismus, etc, etc., instead of the real poesy that analyses reality and comprises what seemingly is divergent. (analyse and synthese) upon which all comes down that can make human beings noble.

Oh, undoubtedly there are still more illegitimate sisters of what's

good, that stand in the way of choosing the labor which we need for invigoration! Of that too I can speak. So do not get upset about it when I ask you whether perhaps within you too trainbuben hinder the fighting strength of the inner self. Can I warn you against being wrapped up in music?

I am wondering why I must direct this/warning question at some one who practises music as a calling. With dillettantes it very often is fitting, but usually the appeal spoils the inspiration. In order to be enthusiastic about mountains, one has to see them from a great distance only. The mountaineer himself is enthusiastic about pence and shillings. The same thing I have often observed by practitioners of music, and in general by professional artists.

With you it seems that the prof-prose has not -or not yet?- had that influence. This is proof of the genuineness of your priority.... and of your heart! But whether the course of your being is the true one to lead to the peace of soul which you seek, I must doubt. I warned against losing yourself in music."Thou shallt not live by bread and meat alone," it has been said. This is very true but, dear, can I not add: "neither by sound?"

No existence sans movement. No movement sans friction. But.... continued friction brings forth upon our soul the emotion that at last changes into unhealthy tickling. Indulging in that is dangerous, before all in context with other, cooperating emotions.

I love music very much. But, lovely girl, I do not give advice in accordance with my taste, but in accordance with my judgment. It is

quite something else: to love music very much, but instead to want to use music as an invigorating medicine. Only labor can deliver that. But, you say, I practise music as labor, and so....

31 June.

Here I broke off day before yesterday. Aye, I have no desire to continue my sermon. In order to be brief I acknowledge that study in music-history, (the ex-and-internal) is most certainly a labor, oh yes, oh yes! . Yet I do not know whether this kind of work is tne one that suits you.

Comical that recently I received a letter about music from Belgium. I do not quite grasp what my correspondent wants. I have mocked componists who meant to communicate soul impressions by imitating sounds of nature. My Belgian seems to think that I accuse the music of it, and assures me long and broad that there are componists who reveal their genius in another manner. It is as if I, after having made a remark about a wrong, get the reply: you made a mistake, since there are people who are not guilty of it.

Good day, my best girl! Greetings to your family and hold your head high.

Your friend Dek.
(My name at home, which I recommend you.)

Our Wouter goes to school for some time since, an enforced loveliness! I am eating myself from wrath. With that lovely institution of compulsory education one is no longer in charge of one's own child. It's a curse! And people -"the liberals!"- in Holland too will install it? Alba would have pondered on it before daring to introduce

such means. Education "by way of the State!" But does no one know that this State is a heterogene, inconstant, dumb mechnism? Government must be limited to what is indispensably needed, the same as each unavoidable evil. And those foolish socialists want to charge the state with doing everything, including the division of the fruits of labor! It appears to me that I live in a house for the insane. How Domela Nieuwenhuis, who otherwise is such an intelligent man, can join that folly, is a puzzle to me. But that same thing I say about so many -otherwise not unwise- keep a god-service that is contra to Reason.

LXXIV.

Nieder Ingelheim 4 Aug. 1886.

Dear Marie! Do not be upset because I did not reply sooner to your letter of 24 May. Including the one just received. I certainly would have written you, before all because your mood was sad, but I waited for a quiet hour, and they come more seldom than many a passerby would think when seeing our quietly situated little house. There lives a recluse, I imagine hearing it said, who is dead from the world. It doesn't even seem like it! It's very busy here. Always in so far it concerns one's internal being's life, and since many weeks, the external. Comical how so much ado can come up with such a simple way of life. Every time something. And one must pay attention thereby to the peculiarity that it's just the simplicity and seclusion that arouses such a particular feeling, even for what seems to be small. I had to abandon keeping my Laube in order. Yes, I have been busy, and still am.

Yet, now and then I had a chance to write you a few words but I did not take the matter lightly, since I imagine that you are slightly unwell, good girl and I could not square it with myself how I should answer you. There is a disturbance of balance within you that worries me a little.

And along with the causes that made me remain silent so long. I should not have left out my own disposition, although neither that can I call what's most important. I cough at night almost without stopping, and indeed it seems that the fatigue it causes worsens my asthma. Provided it is asthma, something about which the learned men are not agreed. At some moments I can breathe very well and suddenly, with the least movement or emotion I think I'll suffocate.

And.... all of that about myself, and nothing about you, my.... young patient? . Still not so, child.- Perhaps it's good for you that your attention and interest are drawn away somewhat from your own grief. The old "know thyself" is good, oh yes, but just as with much that's true, this maxim must be applied with judgment. Exaggerated, excited, I had almost said Selbstschau can deteriorate into an illness. Not that I charge you with that, I warn you against indulging in self torture. Be aware against putting your own grief on a pedestal. In order to help you with that this idolatry is most banal, and one would make a big mistake by meaning to foster, to pamper, to.... adore something special. In the latter part of the past century, and the beginning of the present one -the well known Werther period- tears, with obligated heart pain, played a big role.

The not at all unmeritorious Feith -in many respects I place him far above Bilderdyk who looked down upon him with disdain- well, Feith was quite obsessed with it. He let his heroes and his heroines cry so that no one in the world knows why? Even now, after that mode in so called literature -I cannot write this word without disdain- after that mode in the scribblary has been abolished....

Aye, talk about it! Our sonnet-makers again are crying bravely beyond bounds!.... with or without book-mode, well conditioned grief is as ever bien portée with many. It dresses well. It also has to do duty as a protest against the common contentedness of Mr. Prudhomme. But overlooked is the holy order of knighthood given to oneself which is still more fasionable than Prudhomme's potbellied prosperity. Besides, the mood of that man is real. People's meaning to derive elevation from artificial sadness is false.

Now you have the floor.

What? Me, artificial grief? Don't I have indeed reason -therefore more than "cause" or "inducement", things commonly confused- and thusly for deep sadness?"

Yes, my lovely child, that you have! And this you would have sans the blow that has struck you and your family. That wound will change into a scar. We are too weak, too incompletely organized to continue feeling such a calamity with the same solemnity. I too once lost a very beloved brother through an accident. In his sixteenth year he drowned in the North Sea. Well then, after that blow I lived for 46 years. When I think of him it is with quiet, calm, scarcely painful sadness.

Nothing more. Still, when in 1840 I received the news, I went nearly crazy. Would it not be more beautiful -not so much in the individual character, but in the general human organismus- that we succumbed at the receipt of such a blow? , I will not dwell on. Fact is, not that we overcome the blow -of what avail would it be?-- but that the grief at last lets us rest. Whoso do not believe wait only. People have waited a week, a month, a year, a lifetime.... everything passes.

Everything, other pain too. I would be an incapable psychologist and unworthy of your confidence, if I did not grasp something of your condition, dear child, without you informing me just now specifically of all the symptoms. And what I gathered from it weighs more on my mind than the so very fateful death of your brother. That incident, no matter how terrible, can be recalled more courageously. You can, and are entitled to express yourself about it. And even without expression, you know that every one is aware of the blow's weight. There is harmony between your emotions about it and the impression that your grief -silent or expressed- arouses in others. That harmony, that moral rhythm, pacifies, or saves you irritation at least, something that is not the case with emotions of another nature.

The tone of this letter is pedantic, rhetorical, precocious. It seems I look like Abeilard. (Do you know him? The only thing I hold against Heloise is that she gave her heart fully to such a bookish dry Pete.) Yes. I write in the vein of a school teacher. But child, is that not my duty where I have to deal with a tiny volcano such as you are? Behold there again an explanation of my tarrying. I could not reply to you lightly!

But I acknowledge would be lost by it if not now this with difficulty written letter I do not do something substantial, or propose to do.. A few trifles of secondary importance I can name, but more is essential.

"Heavens, what then is wrong with me? you ask. If you were here I would reply to that question by indicating one thing and another in your letters showing evidence that you are unwell. But dealing with it in writing is too long-winded. The main characteristic of what I for brevity's sake will call your malady, I have already pointed out: "lack of balance". Your head, your heart, your physique, life's circumstances, society's demands- however unfounded they appear in general to be obeying to the inexorable nature of things, and therefore have a claim not to honor but to respect- well, all of that whirls within your being. Throw a couple of trainbubs out of the door. "How can I do that?" you ask. If I were with you now and au fait of your daily life, I would, in order to help you in the right direction, probably be able to indicate a few particulars. Acquire quakerly promptness, avoid what's extraordinary. eschew what's falsely elevated and such.

But because I'm not near you, and must apply my wisdom from afar, here is something, although it is little. Write me stiffly, pedantically, correctly. Force yourself to neatness in your reasoning, to prompt connection of thoughts. Most certainly this will be difficult for you because of your fiery nature. Well, that difficulty is just what we are about. Do you prefer not to write me, then apply that method to other things. Genial disorderliness is bad.

Further try -this you can!- to poeticize the most daily activity. Yes, this you can, and with a view to the wellbeing of your family, that as always is founded on a series of trifles, that task will seem easy to you. Remember that your father is entitled to a whole daughter, and that with a breakup of your being you keep him as well as yourself .... short.

You want to work, work hard, you wrote in your letter of May. That plan was good, but I fear that in choosing the kind of your occupation .... oh well, think about my remark about stars, and.... counting little stones. Wandering is not traveling, dreaming no doing,, undergoing of impressions no acting. Anyone who seeks for squaring the circle is not entitled to say that he is studying mathematics, it being just mathematics that teaches that this relation cannot be found.

There you have a couple of little advices that I called of secondary interest, but because just your'malady' that must be abolished by it makes the follow-up difficult. Let me now say something which you can follow up. At least so I mean.

Is your father aware of it that you write to me? I asked you recently to give him my greetings. Have you done so? Is he perhaps an opponent of me or an enemy? Do not think that I would take that ill. Oh, not in the least. I can quite well imagine that, better, for instance than indifference. But, be this as it may, from your letters I conclude that he is an honorable man. Well then, become in the most extensive meaning of the word his lady friend. Open your heart to him, Share with him your grief,your objections, your (confounded?) wishes. Hold nothing back, nothing! That he is a phycisian too makes such a rapproachment more desirable. Dear child, perhaps

yes, probably a certain physical regime too is to be recommended.. You are not strong physically and the material part is in danger of succumbing to the spiritual storms.

This sending you to your father has also for this reason in its favor,,, since that relation -how shall I express-myself here?- well then, because it's less tickish than contact with others is. I believe that you love me, and this is very good, in it you are right because I am a good man. But just that loving carries along a certain excitement that can be detrimental to you. You have, speaking figuratively, more need of sweet milk pap than of alcohol. The domestic, simple, unromantic relationship with your father will work beneficially, at least better, I think, than the hearty excitement that in your lovely being is awakened by my battle with the world, and my very particular circumstances. From a distance I appear too favorable to you and that excites, just something that should be avoided.

I am well aware that complete open-heartedness between parents and children is rare, and that you, for instance, would be able to share certain impressions with me rather than with your papa, but, dear, there you have the difficulty which I kindly request you to vanquish. You will find yourself well by it.

Most likely you will have to tell your father nothing new but it may be new to him for you to tell him that you chose him as confidant to what oppresses you.

However do not mean that this is a silent invitation not to write to me. Not at all. Continue to do so, my best girl, so long I'm aware of

there being some one near you who can look after your well being better than I, and that this some one is your father.

Good, the pedantry is done with! Today I am sole possessor of my empire as my wife and Wouter have gone to Mainz where she has to take care of various commissions. She had to choose an open date between the guests of yesterday and day after tomorrow. That mister D.W.H. is not coming is a disappointment. I like him very much and certainly would have written to Nauheim where I thought he was. Do you see him often or just now and then? If so, greet him sincerely from me.

Imagine, girl, as one of the means which I need against my maladies -I have a few of them-I use chess. There I have now as many as five games going, or rather four, since I have won one already gloriously. It goes, namely, by correspondence, three at Amsterdam and two at Utrecht. Each morning at my tiny breakfast -when I still cannot speak, you know?- I plan my move. That gives me great joy. Now you must know that I am not at all a strong player at hand. But by correspondence I can fill in through patience what I lack in genius. And..... patience I have! Daily I praise nature for having supplied me with that at least. Outside of that I'm not satisfied with my share. not at all.

LXXV.

Nieder Ingelheim 20 October '86.

How long is it already, my lovely Marie, that I let the debt of honor, to answer your so very hearty letter of 29 August, unpaid. I feel ashamed as I write that date. But aye, dear girl, my desk, my being, and really my ✓ entire life is so full that I cannot get to tackle it, also what's needed

Whoso sees our little house lying here no doubt will think "How restful must it be there!" In a certain sense this is true, but in the main not at all. Since real life consists of emotions, and of that there is an excess. It would not be right to write you about all that keeps me busy -it would not be possible!- take it for granted that my long delay with writing was caused by preoccupation, and not from dryness. Besides I perceive or know that you -how shall I express it?- I would say that you suffer, but this is a bit too romantic. Now then, already I have used the expression: "there is a lack of balance within you, and as this makes me feel so bad I cannot let you down without addressing you. But it does oppress me that I cannot do anything substantial for you. Behold a grief, for that matter, which I have known since childhood. With...., foolish self elevation I would always convince myself that on me rested the responsibility for all that was wrong or sad. In the Wouter history I continually let that child long for Africa, where he wanted to own a couple of dozen kingdoms in order to do good. Well, some people are erroneously of the opinion that in Wouter I paint myself. That is not so at all. Imagine how this must grieve me as in that event missus Pieterse must be the portrait of my mother. My irritation about that is one of the main reasons that I discontinued and not but with great difficulty will be able to continue. No matter however untrue that meaning is, it's self evident that in this Wouter story things some times happen that have their roots in situations that really occurred. Well this is the case with that desire to gain a little power in Africa. In my youth I read somewhere how inhuman those little kings treat their subjects and I could not sleep from pity.... you think? Oh well, that too, but my main impression was shame that I allowed that to happen. As if I were called to reform the world.

That this pride was a fault.... oh, experience has taught me that allright! But I think that there are uglier faults than that!

Well, girl, you are not black, not even brown, and too, no one has murdered you till now. But that you are sad and that this grieves me very much, is true. I advised you already earlier, lay open your heart quite confidentially to your father. Being a physician he must be a psychologist, and to this must be added that the homeliness between father and daughter nips in the bud false romanticism that now and then plays a role in beings who stand too high for what is common, for what is banal.

Whether that expression "too high" is correct, I do not know. If so, then let me say: who are disdainful of what is banal. In a certain sense the kind of object or occupation with which we are dealing, does not matter. All depends on the manner in which we let the things reflect within ourselves. The so often used manner of speech: "this or that is only the way you take it," most often used as a stop word only, can have a deep sense. A bookkeeper who is satisfied with his yearly balance, A house mother who sets her things straight, see, 'tis possible that they thereby taste finer stimulating pleasure, feel indeed more poetic than do people who, seemingly, lose themselves in something highers. Oh, there is so much false sublimity and that falseness is the most plat of all platitudes.

Of this wrong conception novel literature and the verse making industry carry much guilt. Being wrapt up in music .... aye, about that I already wrote you. Do not think that I'm against music. Oh no!

But one must remain boss over one's mind and not let his spirit float off on the harmony of the tones.

Once you asked me if I didn't find that piece of Van Deyssel about style and expression lovely? Listen, unusual it was. But it seemed to me to be artificial and it rattled a liitle much. As it lies there it has something very original, but the writer must let it end there. If he continues, if he in that style -more exactly in that prepared, accepted manner, something one can put on or take off, sans the spirit having anything to do with it- well, if in that manner he wrote a book, people, quickly fatigued, very soon would lay it down. Still, the piece itself remains a pretty little artifice. And this is a condemnation. Since artifices are not "art".

LXVII.

N. Ingelheim, 10 Dece. 1886.

My dear, best Marie, I already thanked by postcard, with a single little word the friendly Sint Nikolaas who this time is not an old ugly bishop, but a lovely, hearty girl.

You are very good to remember me so loyally, and what a pretty little picture is that "Bertha". Many thanks best girl! At the moment she is still lying between two volumes of Bayle. I guess you don't know that singular (very learned) writer, and I mention him now only in order to tie the observation to it how tasteless "learnedness" is when it limits itself to pedantic knowing. This, namely is the case with Bayle in a double sense. Not only that he -as happens more- has drawn all his knowledge from books, but he also seems to mean that making books is the main thing in the world. Any one who does something he places lower

than one who writes. Of course, he does not say so explicitly, but everywhere that elevation of scribbling shines through. Well, he certainly has done his share of writing! That there is much among it that's unnecessary is self evident! And, at the moment he is doing something: he flattens "Bertha". Thusly you see that dry learnedness, provided it is in a heavy binding, can be useful.

Dear child, 'tis certainly not impossible that we will see you once more here? I cannot judge what duties bind you at home. However, as soon as you, in so far as you are concerned, can come, then count on this once for all: a most hearty reception. There are observations that are less suitable for a letter than for verbal discussion. 'Tis very difficult to express oneself exactly. Somewhere in my Ideas I say, and not a day passes without that simple truth painfully reminding us, I daily wonder -and mostly with vexation- about the rude carelessness with which people deal with something so costly as thought. To most it seems to make no difference what they say. With verbal discussion one can immediately make one's meaning clear when it's evident that we have been unclear or equivocal. But besides this there are still other causes that obstruct exchange of views in letters. One never knows where scribbling lands! Of that I have sad experience. Even recently I have had to censor some one because he had allowed a passage from a letter of mine to be printed in the Paper. He meant that this was permissible "bedause I was so honest." That will say: because I had written those lines once in a letter I could not be opposed to them being printed! A strange reasoning! So from a dishonest person he would not have been allowed to do it. How

How dumb it is failing to realize that an expression so often assumes the color of the mood toward the person to whom it is directed, and that it would not be proper to expose that mood to a raw public.

Oh, my lovely child, do I still have to say that this observation does not concern you? But even sans one's will, one never can tell where a letter can land later.

Recently I had to look at some scribbling of mine from the years 1842 and 1854, that is from 44 and 32 years ago! 'Twas in the socalled biography of me by Busken Huet. The man knew almost nothing of my life, but that's nothing to such a prof-writer, such an article manufacturer. If he, from the endless number of data that would be needed knows only a couple, or a half dozen, he patches up what's lacking in between, taking a chance on it's being correct. And see, he had come in possession of a couple of letters (namely to a third party who had no right giving them to him) and of a bundle of writing from my youth that was stolen from me! I do not know by whom and neither how Busken Huet came in touch with the thief. However, he must have been aware that they were stolen. About that matter I would have much to say that I prefer to deal with verbally. When I began to write you I planned to deal with it all rather explicitly. And see, once having touched the chapter on the danger of.... letter writing, I am paralysed.

11 December

..... besides, it was getting dark. And after that again other hindrances. Wouter had followed the hunt, and I became restless about his tarrying. Of course he gets much pleasure out of it, and although I detest hunting, -as well a little the people who do not detest it!- I give him freedom in

such things in the hope that he himself will come to realize how coarse that fun is. That the hares must be killed is self evident. Otherwise they would -just as everything else that is not hindered in expansion- take the upper hand, but to make it a recreation I think is horrible. A butcher still can appeal on the need of making a living, and a hangman too has such an excuse for his calling. What can such a hunt-amateur pretend in defending his taste? and even if it were hazardous or exhausting! Madame van Erlanger (the wealthy Erlanger is hunt lease holder here) sits on a little chair, as she waits for the drivers to bring the hares into range! In that manner the emperor of Germany "hunts" wild boars. They are driven into an enclosure and H. M., who very safely sits on a little chair, shoots them to death at his ease. Is it not a shame? And then it reaches the newspapers how many pieces of wild life H.M. has shot down and that passes for something famous!

My asthma tortures me. Not continually equally intense, but sometimes so that I think I'll choke. 'Tis singular that I cannot find out what really causes the attacks. Once it seems to me that I cannot stand cold, then again I feel chokingly warm. But in general I get the attacks after moving, and that is very annoying. After taking on or off a piece of clothing I have to pause to gain my breath. And I who even a short while ago was so quick in my movements! Besides I continue forgetting my complaint and jump up, only to be reminded of it instantly. Then I'm incapacitated, sometimes for very long.....

TO Dr. H. C. MULLER.

LXXVII.

Nieder Ingelheim, 22 Aug. '83.

Dear Muller! Your postal card touches me. Behold now the uselessness of scribbling. Could any one write a more beautiful letter. That postal card is not worth a quarter of a penny in copy-pay. Hearty thanks to the three of you who mailed it, and to all who induced them to treat me so kindly.*

But, good fellows, I really cannot come. I am much hindered in my movements. Just as much I also would see the exhibition, but that too is impossible. Oh, save me the explanation. 'Tis saddening.

But without the lame categorical imperative that keeps me bound here, it might be the question whether I am fitted for gatherings, debates, orations and festivity. Perhaps not, but I do not have to think about it: I cannot!

How can any one be dismissed from his church connection since that church is not represented by a person, a college? With catholics this is otherwise. Pope and concily have a voice. Hence it is that this church practices power. The total-or half-baked protestants are powerless. Behold, they dare not

---

*)(The here mentioned postal card must have contained an invitation from the Association the Dageraad, of which Dr. Muller was then president, to attend the Freethinkers congress that was to be held at Amsterdam.)

challenge the minister who punished Poppink because he became guilty of lack of respect for that Tetzel! . The piece in the Dageraad about that affair is I mean, well written, but it made me wonder why in that too, in my view, the main thing is lost sight of, namely, that the education law is itself a rag. I skip whether Poppink acted contrary to that law.... perhaps not even slghtly. I think that he rather lukewarmly took Luther's part, weaker even than he can answer for to the protestants. And he spared the catholics by censoring not their church but the abuses within the church. But, friend, what kind of law is it that can call such questions to life?. Respect for the feelings of those of different minds, is nonsense. One accepts a feeling either entirely or not, but "honors" what deserves honor, and this is never the case with a "feeling". To respect (respicere) a feeling can become useful. I respect Bismarck (and the Ingelheim chief of police) because I get the short end with either of them in a conflict. I respect the delusion of the insane when I am in an insane asylum, because collectively they have the power to make a monkey out of me. I respect rabble at a procession because my hat cost me 2, 3 marks.

But reverence? No thanks! Let us save that emotion for:good faith, self denial (where sacrifice is necessary!) candor, honesty, courage, etc.

The education law is a stupidity, a political error, a shameful tyranny, an abomination! To a certain degree in my judgment about that rag, I am quite on the side of the stiff orthodox and the Jesuits.

That those gents really have in view to obtain the power for themselves which they now envy the state, I am well aware of, and I would oppose it (if I could. Since I have no voice, which is very much to be deplored.) But we're not that far yet. We live under the power of Hagueian little popes, hagueian little concilles. Polyp! Cut off a little from it: it grows back again. Those elections? Six of one, half a dozen of the other. Change in the system of choosing? It doesn't help! It might, but then too only for a very short time, benefit by making the grouping of the votes a little more natural. But even then we remain delivered to the daily press, and after a little while those having been chocen throughout the entire country would form a clique to a focus of decay. Let no one mean that so called political partisanship divides those gents. That's the little game they play publicly, *pour se donner un genre*. As "members of the Chamber", sharers in the loot they are homogeneous. "No strange ducks in the water hole, " is their watchword. The individualist who would get lost among them, trying to remain himself, is declared dead and cannot make the slightest impression. 'Tis a rotten mess! A Cromwell is needed. "Begone with that rag heap!" Well, that's no trick. But it must be possible to say it so the "honorable members" listen to it, and pack their bags. Cromwell knew whom he could count on.

Do not accept such observations as: political governmental system. God help me! Medicyne is no food. With cancer the demand is not that the patient be prescribed a rule of life that suits a healthy person. After a cure results a hygenic diet is of later care.

Yesterday Wouter went with us to the *kermis*, namely: little german kermis, the mainzer Messe. He saw the skeleton of a whale... and a Zulu,

or two, by Jove! Die Leute haben gar keine Religion! assured the guide. (Religion stared from his eyes, and the Public was full of it, evidently.) The entry was 10 Pf. I thought of letting me look for 9. But I wouldn's short change those brown unfortunates. The whale man had the Religion to pour a little whale oil on his skeleton. His tent smelled of Nova Zembla. All those religion-people fool each other as hard as they can. That people deal in quack-salving I can grasp. But that two or more quacksalvers succeed in deceiving each other vice-versa, seems strange. As usual the augurs still do not laugh when they look at each other. Cicero himself didn't when he met with another "orator". So it didn't become him to berate those augurs for their stiff countenances.

Adieu, hearty greetings and believe I'm very sorry about not being able to come.

t.a.v.

Dek.

LXXVIII.

N. Ingelheim 27 Aug. 1883.

Dear Muller! With a shock I read this morning in "Het Nieuws" the announcement: Multatuliana.*

Even in generalI have a dislike of all that resembles showing, but emphatically after that "shabby" finish of that so called Testimonial, such an exhibition seems to me ill-advised. It is being made far too easy for the van Vlotens and their ilk to make sport of my incapacity, and the worst of it is that I have to admit that they are right after all. I myself think

---

*)(To wit that during the congress an exhibition of Multatuliana would be held.)

there is something ridiculous in the inequality between my willing and ability. Also primarily between my real condition and the expressions that came to me for years, and still continue daily.

Will you do me a favor? Then advertise that the announced plan has been called off at my request. But this I ask of you only. With that Mr. W. I do not wish to get into contact in any manner.

LXXIX.

(Part of a letter of 19 Sept. 1883)

I fear that your verdict about the result -let me rather say: effect- of the congress is a little rose colored. Apart from the treated subjects, the congressional importance is declining in the general opinion. The plot is getting into it. And strange it is not. Something of a different nature is needed. Striving for publicity may have had its use, but I believe that in order to reach something we must go back to......shutting off, to cementing. Definite propositions I cannot make because I do not know the eventual fellow workers. Do not mean that I like egyptian temple closing or secretiveness. Neither that I advise this as a general system. But after the prostitution of public exchange of views, to wit: rashly asking the floor, debate quibbling, oratory, vote botching, motion juggling.... all of it into more or less accompanying of idle applause, to wit: shouting, see, after all of that I vote for..... change of system. If I were the most malignant tyrant, I would give complete freedom of writing,/press and assoc- speech, iation. Yes, unlimited, being certain that my little people would kill themselves writing, chattering and meeting.

And this indeed is the direct result of the parliamentary system. The

dear english Lords were well aware of what they were about when they demanded that freedo m for "the People". No people is more exploited than the english. Look at the salaries of the bishops and the accumulated capital of the landowners! Bismarck too knew it well. He gave the germans two parliaments, two fontanelles on strength and intellect! The peoples are owlish ebough to show themselves satisfied as long as they are allowed to talk!

LXXX.

Nieder Ingelheim 8 January '84.

Dear Muller! Thanks for your N. Year's present. Yes, the Kasper Hauser affair stillis of interest to me. That really does say something when one reminds oneself that my interest in that cause célèbre dates from 1828 or 29! I still remind myself clearly when the first information concerning that affair reached us and the impression that it made upon me and however occupied (and worse than that) by things that touched me from close by, I never lost sight of the Neurenberger foundling. Clearing up of that mystery occupied the long list of my desiderata, so long as I still meant to be able to make a beginning of it. It's self evident that two years ago I tore up that list. Upon it stood more important posts! Oh, certainly. For instance, the very despoiling religious zeal and the improvement of the condition of the people that stand into tight cohesion with it. This too I must surrender for lack of cooperation. A shudder passes through my loins upon hearing the word spiritual mate. I know what it means on this side of the line that separates us from the orthodox, anti-revoltionaires, clericals, etc.

(Not principally, oh no, but just beilaufig the observation here that the "Dageraad" without a protest placed a panagyric on.... etc. van Vloten. Other papers too did this, and repeatedly I read that his fame (or something) was founded mostly on his Weeds among the Wheat, that is on his blackening of me and my noble wife!)

No, not at all do I touch it as the principal thing. The role which van Vloten has played in my life and striving is so minimum that I even became a little provoked when first Loffelt, and after that Andel, went to the trouble of taking me in their protection against that person. Those defending bore the appearance that he was my foremost opponent, just what he wanted, namely. But enough of that. I cited it only as an indice of my incapability. You do grasp it, do you not, that elevating insignificant individual is only for the p urpose of grieving me? And even if I am indifferent to it where it concerns the matter itself, as a contribution to the appreciation of the supporters upon whom I could count, such indices are valuable. Would it not be folly to take to sea in a ship that leaks, or has a crew upon whom there is no relying?

Once more, do not mean that I am bothered by the apotheose of that man. Since years all symtoms point in the same direction, I am convinced of my incapability. And it's really something, always to know how one stands..

But deplorable it is! Since there was much to be done. To be "done", I say as a distinction from talking, reasoning, debating, orating, polemicking, etc. All of that is no help. It has had its time. I have meant knowing for 40 years what had to happen.(No almost since 30 years. The preceding 10 years I devoted to becoming awake and recueillement.)

It's that saddening conviction of incapability that so now and then I observe in what some younger ones of many hues, attempt to do. I hear from Hoobel, from Betz, from D. Nieuwenhuis. And I read Chamber reports. (Hm, in that decayed Second Chamber -delenda!- are people who affect interest in the public matter. Comical!) Briefly, the echo of all kinds of talking reaches me. My impression? Well,, I feel as if I hear a group of aspirant mathmaticians wrangle about two times two is five or three, or six and a half, or nothing, or something else! I choke in contempt.

Behold the reason of my silence. My publisher, to whom I am in debt, and who therefore is my master, is dunning me. I shall try to write stories, an infantile occupation methinks, for some one who according to three different organs of church-orientation has"dethroned God". Yes, so said the Kerkelyke Courant, the Tyd and the Maasbode. Dear, good, noble minded enemies. In their view I seem to be something, while my spiritual relations....

Why all of this? Well, there I receive a number "Justice for all", and I would prepare you for the question: "What is that to me?" In my view those socialists are very poor economists, not a hair breadth wiser than prof. Buys and Schultze-Delitsch. Perhaps, perhaps even more guilelish. And their opponents? Do they stand higher, do they stand lower? What good is choosing between 3 and 5 when one poses oneself: what is 2 x 2?

My position as leader is untenable. Worse yet: 'Tis no position. "To lead" supposes "following" and followers I have not. Their number is worth naming any more than their influence or power.

The believers have no use for me because I am sick of their god and Jesus. The "freethinkers" -the attack on their name I think unfounded- -the freethinkers conceive of their calling as if discipline were disgraceful. In this respect their thinking leaves much to wish for "freedom". Free thought leads to the end that discipline is a first condition for closed ranks, and that it is only through closed ranks that victory or even anything can be reached. The concept pope is a logical necessity.

Poor, young, fanatic, hearty well meaning fighter! You will accomplish nothing. With sorrow I look at so many well meaning ones who, separating themselves **entirely** from the "doctrine" (on every terrain) not realize that the para-doxy too makes its demands, rules, system!

Once more, what must I do with that "Justice for all" That poor Nieuwenhuis! I have reasons for holding him an honest man and regret the uselessness of his efforts. He will be defeated in three ways. 1º By the possessors. 2º By his so called spiritual mates, who will only honor him as he sees an opportunity to sermonize the duties of society to supply every one with their needs. This he will state when he realizes that it must be stated too whence what is needed must come from. Feeding at schools? Magnificent! I go still further, and say: Feeding everywhere! Feeding in the streets, on steps, on gutter benches, in the air, on your bed shelf, in bathrooms if you so desire. And why feeding only? Methinks, when we are desiring, and just have it for the asking, we should be a bit more generous! So too with all kinds of other joy. Why do children of the poor not wear shirts of batist, no panties of velvet, no shoes with diamond clasps?

And other enjoyments! For each school I demand a corp of musicians, workers who in their turn are amused, fed, dressed by....yes, by whom? From now on geography will be taught in fast trains, first class, with sleeping cars and restaurant. For mathematics "Society" for the good of each child digs up an Archimedes -hm, the Archimedesses themselves just are petitioning themselves for cutting down their working hours!) Astronomy.... oh well, the young people henceforth will practise on pleasure trips to the moon.

"Who will pay the bill? So sounds the old song, and the question is not at all foolish! I too pose it.

D, N. shares the error of overlooking this simple question with non-socialists, and 2d. money too, medium of exchange for buying the means of enjoyment, conventional plaything to be mistaken with the to be obtained enjoyment means themselves. By division of capital -not speaking now of the short duration of the thereby obtained so called equality- there would not be an ounce of meat, not a crumb of bread. No, there would be a scarcety of things, and that would last till the possessions of many would again have gone into the hands of the few.

Karl Marx! Repeatedly I have made a start with reading his works. The man writes poorly, but just poorly enough in a manner that makes some people think that he is well informed. He trades -the same as the powers that be- in phrases. Figurously! "Das Kapital gentlemen.... Aye! I don't even grasp that "das". And in order to battle capital, "that" caoitsl, workers must organize, amass money and so.... form capital!

No followers! Oh, what would the Dageraders say about me if I came to

tell them that I am an opponent of state-education? A plus forte raison of: compulsory study!

My demand is -and this, I think, is liberal- freedom of education!

Yes, underline that as many times as the size of the paper allows! This: "Freedom of Education" I would preach from the roofs. "And," you ask, "You are silent?" Aye, people do not listen. Yes, the Dageraad men would be shocked, perhaps stone me!- the moment I came out with my program. Maybe they would hold me for a disguised Jesuit.

Just now I said that D.N. will find himself defeated in three ways. I am not aware that I named the three ways. If I read over my letter I tear it up entirely.) 1° by the clique he is fighting. 2° by his own conviction no sooner than he realizes that his sickly philantropic ideas are unsound. The planned enjoyments must come from somewhere: the nature of things is exact in its bookkeeping!) and 3° by the people whom he wishes to benefit. Among them he will find his greatest enemies. Riff raff always becomes the executioner of its benefactors (of they who had in view to do well by it.) Don Quichote was stoned by the galley slaves whom he wished to free.

LXXXI.

28 November 1884.

Deplorable, that as you write you have slowed down somewhat on the study of languages, comparably conceived. All is in all. The becoming and history of words very often offer contributions to the history of mankind's development. Expression and impression go hand in hand and alternately produce each other. Your leaving this field of labor is to be deplored most of all because your working for bread offers you more opportunity

than it does to others --me, for instance, of what is essential here. Wished you were my slave. Then I would condemn you to gather building materials.

And... and.... and.... I would forbid you -hm, as any Amsterdam gymnasium-curator!- for a year or so all bothering with socialistery. Our best D. Nieuwenhuis has told you truthfully that he has put the matter to rest while he was here. Exactly. He had no answer to a few things that I advanced. Aye, he was here too shortly. I estimate his heart very high and feel sorry that I cannot share his view. In my belief he is mistaken. (The last three words are really a foolish addition. Certainly, it's self evident that by all what we say we think an "S.E.. and O.)

24 November.

And then it got dark. And now again it isn't very light. Come, let's organize a Bond for the lengthening of all these short days. A little more daylight and then Nature will be so kind....

To do what? It cannot change.

So too in the social condition. No, not quite. But improvement is not to be expected from the proposed means. I claim that the socialists (is "the" proper here?, Are they homogeneous? The contra would soon be evident if all expression were allowed them. then we would at once get a repetition of the Bbabylonian tower building.!)

Well, in so far as the Socialists can be credited with a definite course, I mean that they are just as far off the track as are the people who now are in power....

No, I have no desire to write about social conditions. When able to write I am obligated to deliver copy to my publisher to whom I am in debt. Besides, pour se disputer il faut être d'accord. In my contemplations on quite another standpoint than, for instance you and Nieuwenhuis. According to me the time for reasoning demands demonstrating, proving is past. Action is needed and to that I wanted to change had I not from the upshot of that poor Testimonial matter, plainly become aware that I have no substantial party on my side. I have been given a too readable testimonium of incapacity than that without insanity....

Darkness again!

I would have said that I would not desire to take the field without troops on which I could count. Those I have not!

25 Nov. 84.

No, I am not inclined to deal with the social situation by correspondence. I dislike to debate. Seldom or never have I seen good fruit come from it. With recalcitrants it's to no purpose., and wellmeaning ones, who sincerely strive for truth and do not care for a word tourney, well, they will get there on their own. I hold D. N. to be sincere and well willing, and so am I. And for this I am sure that one of us some time ipso motu motu will say to the other: you are right. Still, that would require that D. N. would know exactly what I mean. The bitter mood that I am in obstructs the exactness of my expression. For the moment I can only say that socialism, in so far as I am able to attach a meaning to it, since as most isms it is a vague concept, at most I am not certain of the sense I must attach to the word.... well, I am not a socialist! Thanks very much for equalization with every one in

a moral and intellectual sense. And as for equal possession of wealth, where every one is owner no one has something. A lottery with prizes only cannot exist. The "nature of things" (Jahweh) cannot deliver more than it has, etc.

But towards the socialists' striving I am sympathetic in so far as they sincerely work for improvement.(No doubt among those people there is a quota of Tartuffes. That filth is everywhere.)

I already told you that my standpoint (the genesis of which might be easily related) is quite different from yours or that of D. N. How shall I make that clear without a dissertation?. So a parable, even if it limps. The question is whether it falls short in what's cardinal.

On a certain ship the état major existed of.... less respectable individuals. ("Decay in the State," I said. Thorbecke called it "Contagium in the political atmosphere." . We will compromise the difference and say that in The Hague there sits a rotten troop in the saddle)

That mob in high places did not look after the interests of the ship and its men, but attended to their own.

The crew was poorly fed, yes, almost not at all.

Now comes N. and says: "Those men must have better food."

I: Certainly, if possible (which remains to be seen!) But in any case that bunch of thieves must go overboard since they obstruct all improvement, and who, even if we would succeed in the finding the means, would either stand in the way or, if it were reached, use it for their own benefit.

2d. Parabel. In a bread factory there were rats and mice......

Oh well, I intended to be the cat. But my"spiritual heirs" did not think me good enough.

You are well aware that bitterness is obstructing my expression.

LXXXII.

15 Augustus '86.

No, socialist I am not, I cannot underwrite the party's program, and this is too bad for me perhaps, for them a little more sure.

I am sympathetic with the spite of the dissatisfied ones, that is: I share in their feelings. But I claim that they are mistaken, as well in pointing out the enemy who must be opposed, as in the means they use. *Ils jouent le jeu de l'ennemi. Prud'homme en Cartouche*, the satisfied bourgeoisie and the Schinderhannesen in the soft seats owe them a vote of thanks. By their irrational action they strengthen the opposition. No one will -after the conflict in Amsterdam- deny this.

Do not opine that by the disapproval of the dissatisfied ones, I preach sweet milkpap-like softness. On the contrary! I resemble Danton, Robespierre or even Marat more than I do Lamartine who in '48, as an introduction to his political career, forced introduction of capital punishment through for political crimes. (A political crime is the stealing, deceiving, murdering of thousands insteasd of applying that misdeed to an individual.)

To me being indulgent toward large scale criminals seems unlawful, and if I had the power for which I reach out of bestwill instead of infantile ambition, even less from taste, as I disdain publicity seeking....

Yes, Yes, if I had the power for which I strove out of bestwill, I would have caused hundreds of heads to fall, perhaps thousands.

But people -my spiritual heirs- did not want that. *Bien leur fasse!* I'm sick of it.

The socialists-that foolish "the"! There are no two of them pulling the same line- stand even less than other political parties on a neight to realize the indispensableness of the doctrine of infallibility. There is much to learn from the only saving cath. church, or let me say rather of Nature, from which that church learned the art!) They -the socialists- plan to reach their goal without the only unshakeable point of departure, the absence of which idles all exertion. Archimedes was right. In just the reverse of what is demanded they mean to reach their goal -and what goal!- by splintering of power, by giving all the world and John's wife to join in the talk- "voting" they call it I believe, in today's jargon -by diluting intelligency, tactic, will power, knowledge of business, judgment, all that is essential to reach a great goal, with the sogginess of meetings, chatter clubs, debate twaddle, and similar paralysing common (or house) training in misery. Bah.

Yes, all gears want to be spring. And the leaders mirror this as possible, as desired, as practical!

Not only that I'm not a socialist. The socialists want to make the "State" almighty , I insist on the most possible shrinking of the interference of the necessary evil called "Government". They keep themselves continually busy with proposing and pressing through new laws, I claim that our main occupation should be the elimination of laws.

They appear to be yearning for encumbering the yoke, I demand, within the boundary of what is possible: freedom. They stand for a cruel inequality through the most disproportionate relations, needs and claims to be determined by one stupid measure, I insist on equality by, in agreement with the hints of the unfailing magistra Nature to give every one -that is: allowing that every one in fairness obtain what suits and is due them. They want to weaken the light of civilization, yes extinguish by promoting not rebounded radiation; I wish to save that light through concentration. They want to abolish all chance of winning in life's lottery by a rhymeless abolition of the blancs, I want to punish the rogues who, since very long, yes continually steal the prizes, and this -except for a slight change in personnel- will remain when the socialists take the helm.

Special-determined directions I pass by. I decline to play pathfinder for people who refuse to walk and who would say later that my directions are no good, because they did not choose to exert themselves in following the indicated road!

Whoso means to discover a contradiction in my declaration that I do not preach "gentleness" (as does the owly Quack, for instance) and my insistence on "freedom", my distaste of tyranny, loses sight of the difference between medication and diet. What may be necessary for the exterpation of decay, is not prescribed as hygenic regimen for one who is cured.. This is clear.

And neither as healer, nor as hygienist, I claim to possess an arcanum. But much -at least something!- there is to be improved. And this is not to be expected from the socialistic program. On the contrary! The

sponsors of that system take away the attention from the focus of the disease which they mean to fight, and the thieves who plunder the people owe them many thanks. The geese have saved the capitol and Heemskerk c. s. owe the relatively quiet time they are facing to an eel. When god had created the world and had asked Adam : "is there perhaps still something I can do for you?", Slyboots replied: "hm yes, a clumsy enemy would suit me best."

And it was so. The Lord -good as always, created the socialists.

Basta!

……

TO MISTER J. ZURCHER.

LXXXIII

Nieder Ingelheim 5 Jan. 86.

Dear Zurcher, Grand thanks for Kees de Bruin. as he it is, the famous one, whom you send me, and not a scarcely known traveler, as you seem to have had in mind. I am very pleased with it. He is often cited, for instance also by Valentyn, who even steals from him now and then, but never did I possess anything from him. What you send me now is his second voyage. That lasted 7 years (across Russia and Persia to Java, and nearly over the same route back.) The first voyage had, as is evident to me from the preface, lasted 19 years!

Just now I called him "famous" This is saying a little too much. Very well known, yes, mostly by that part of the public that occupies itself with such things, but in order to be famous -as he deserves!- that part of the public would....have to be somewhat larger. Sonnets.... parlez moi do ca! Too bad that the man's portrait, that according to the content's indicator was part of the book, has been torn out by some Vandal.

I have reason to assume as rather certain that the copy which was sent me belonged to the Duke of Brunswick. Since De Bruin dedicated this work to that potentate, and the book is guilt-edged.. It's not to be imagined that another Copy would have been so nicely ausgestaettet. it also contains a fragment of inscription that seems to point out that. So once again: habent sua fata. I am not allowed to speak of libellum when when treating of such a weighty book with giant print.

The face of Spahan is ± 2 meters long! What a labor.

And how beautiful is the print!

Once more I am appreciative for this present. It would have been difficult for the congenial, capable De Bruin to land some where where he might have received a more hearty welcome, *n'en d'éplaise* the Seremissimus to whom he dedicated his work. Whether Lessing did not miss this Copy?

Sunday.

Well, fellow, you have done quite well! Many thanks for everything. Herewith Winkler Prins. I notice that his name is I. The old Braga-man's name is A. So there can lie youth in his folly. But whether young or not, it's bad. Or does there lie generosity behind it? Does he play the drunken Helot in order to cure the young men who indulge in *delirium-sonnetticum*? He, notice once the manner in which the press (with permission!) gets itself shed of that bundle.

But why do I speak of the press? Are not most of the latest sonnets equally foolish. And have the makers of that trash been duly castigated? Of course not. Equally foolish? But one must acknowledge that W. P. draws another manner of foolishness from his strings. (Forgiveness for "strings") Hurrah for the Gids on page 72. Something can be made of that man.

That the expression about the child's nose was from Tollens, I knew. He says:(I mean to Claudius)

"And if you don't have your
Father's nose exactly
Just have a heart as he."

Well, I cannot think that tournure bad, not at all. And not in making

such an expression ridiculous lies the merit of "Grass leaves", but in castigating of the usuall tone, the sweet, homebaked, sickening-

naivety of such poetetry, and mostly in its publication.

My asthma is very difficult currently. To this must be added that the cough allows me no sleep. I felt myself dead tired. That's why I have come to it to take a little morphine. That helps.. I sleep nights now and it seems that this makes my asthma bearable too.

Our house number? 94? I think so.

How I dislike writing!

How did you find our house number? No doubt it has changed since my youth. But what is it to you? You certainly are not planning.... after my death, such things as: things worth knowing.... faugh.

LXXXIV.

Nieder Ingelheim 7 febr. 86.

Dear Zurcher, Postcard, letter and the work of Friedlein about the mathematics of the Gr. and Romans, received. Many thanks.

. . . .

That work of Dr. Friedlein is magnificent. Just what I wanted. Thanks very much. Although he acknowledges that much still has to be cleared up, nevertheless he offers a wealth of knowledge that attracts me greatly. With such a work one can spend twenty years cellulair, sans boredom..... oh well, one can do that without such a work too. But it contains an amazing amount of acumen and study, that is certain!

As latest tidbit concerning: art-contemplation D. de Lange has discovered the word "sapryk" (or used at least) in order to make

known how mister Quast plays the piano. The man's "aanslag" is "flink" (flink is bien porté these days and shines in advertising alongside "net") thus "flink". His tone is "krachtig".... that can be grasped....with such a "flinkheid" or "aanslag". Imagine "flinkigheid" or "aanslag" sans "krachtigheid" or "toon." Thus "flink" and therefore "krachtig", but alas that "flink aangeslagen krachtige too misses "the sapryk that people like to hear so much.."

That "people" is a wag, an epicure, a lazy sweetlander, a soul grazier. Et de dire that with such a venerable preference for magic succulence (or greens) are slowly becoming rare! Well, when that famous "krachtig" "flinke" Quast applies himself firmly to what he still lacks, then "people" before long can enjoy themselves in full.

I too find much that's lovely in the Little Joh. of Van Eden. Beauty enough to change the eight days arrest to which I sentenced him (in thought only, alas!) to three times as long provost, sans access, on bread and water, for committing a "sonnet".

Much beauty, very much!. There you have the impression that the piece makes upon me. But with my judgment I'm not ready. (I read with difficulty schweifallig.

And his "Grassblades". I am well aware that we spoke and wrote about it, but my dear, the strange happenings are endless. There a nameless one in the Dageraad criticised (or how I shall call it? "treated then) that jolly booklet as if he took it for a serious piece! I at least, I grasp nothing else of it. M. was not alien to the image that the intent was to deliver a critique-parody. If so, then the writer should have been

so good to say so.'Tis dim, and again one can learn from it that in

certain circles, people refrain from committing jokes. Such a "circle" here is called: the kingdom of the Netherlands.

The young Gids-men will do well to praise H. M. the king once flink and krachtig (say sapryk) and such virtues. . Considering that present day youth mock the fame of the fathers, the true beliefs, with the well known sea gain, etc., etc., etc.,: H. M. has let a lady come from England who will instruct his offspring in all.. She is a fanatic, I hear, about Bato's heritage's, Dutch cooking, long pipes and the drive to Chattam. Her main prayer is: "Whom Netherland blood," which she sings quite sapryk,

You write that I'll be satisfied with the books you will send me. Well, that would be all that's lacking, me being dissatisfied. But listen guy, that cannot so continue, neither the books which you ferret out for me, nor to information and enlightening either! Time itself is money. Butwhen one offers at one and the same time money and time, the matter will go wrong.. For thirty years after my death you will have to camp with life and are duty bound to prepare yourself for the cost-struggle. Later on it will help you little that you spent so much for my benefit. I cannot let that go on. The short description of your mood which you give me of your mood is very clear to me. There is much loveliness in it, but I fear that later on you will regret having failed in a sufficient "drystubble" manner such poetical impressions, we are matter, live in a material world and must satisfy material needs. Not I, alas will be there later on to assist you when the Kampf ums dasein transfers itself to a very lowest terrain! What then? Were it so that I had gained power, then there would have been open for you a lovely place,. a career completely

your inclinations, knowledge and talents. But without me as founder of an academy, such as I had imagined during the time when I still had hopes, there soon will be not the slightest little spot into which you can fit. Duty and interest indicate the road you must take. The trumpet blows: "assemble!" There has to come uniformity in your striving. on punishment of sad deception: Qui trop embrasse mal étreint. Remember that....

My sermon about what I consider your duty is a "sapryk" honesty of me as both the books you are getting for me and the informations I get from you are of great value to me. But it would be unreasonable if I complained about the necessity of firing a shot for your good deeds. To be sure, who can lay claim to so much liberalism? If it were a question what a person would prefer to have and know, there would be no end to the lists of desired presents. People would end asking for the moon, in order to see if that point of that monster in the Atlantic ocean fits into the hole where Atlantis may have lain. (I guess yes,)

Would you believe that I am already tired from this letter? Oh, getting old is miserable. And having to die sans reaching one's life's goal!

Sincere greetings

Your loving Dek.

LXXXV.

N. I. 24 febr. '86.

Dear Zurcher! The chest has arrived. What a treasure. Last night I enjoyed myself till long after twelve, with only a partly and superficial inspection, and I certainly would at this moment be again occupied if not Wouter's Lehrer "verleidete" the living room. Soon, when the man is gone, I'll be at it again. What a pile! And yet -when I put aside my discretion

toward you -nothing much! I am a gourmet in old books, and enjoy affluence as something I need. Once more, I have not by far seen entirely well. I imagine something incidental. Yesterday, reading Bilderdyk's "History of the Fatherland", a reference of Tydeman to: "De Jonge, History of the Netherlands' maritime affairs," I thought: "wished I had that work!". And see, that is among it all! You may rest assured that I won't let a letter of it unread, mostly too because of my very trenchant unfavorable meaning about maritime affairs. Yes, still more unfavorable is that opinion than I have about fight histories in general. Be this as it may, De Jonge is a valuable work in so far as I judge it from the citations which I read out of it.

And my lovely, good, sentimental, and yet often firm, and still so often orthodox, more than modern liberal: Lafontaine? I was about to kiss those books. But what is a kiss for so many bindings! And the pictures! Yes, there are from Chodowiecky, and among the "Leistungen" of others, most of them are from his school, and those are the ones I want. You say so meaningfully: "the by you so honorable Chodowiecky", But my friend, it's my purpose not to get the artist as such, but I am so attached to his Amaliaas, Emiliaas, Juliaas et al. And with his garden, park and woods parties in which the hero embraces those aa's. And with his straight-lined little tables, bedsteads and windows that surround the homely scenes. Not to speak now of the "hats" of his through and through commanding majors! Now I'm able to let you look at a "hat".... look! Et dire that in 1833-34 I beheld such a piece of furniture in ecstacy! But the various aa's I still think lovely, and the monster-hat that is so particularly most crazy, is not Chodowiecky's.

There are of many brands, dutch ones too, and some good ones, rather good and ridiculous.

And Stedman about Suriname. That work too (often cited) I have long wished to possess. My father referred to it so often, and while paging found a couple of passages in it which I remember hearing him tell. He, namely had been in the west when Stedman's name or book was still popular there.

Now it begins to appear that Goethe's saying: Was man sich in der Jugend wunscht, hat man in Alter die Fuelle- for that matter a foolish remark, and which really becomes incomprehensible when one reads the explanation demanded of him!- can now be made somewhat applicable to me. Never for instance did I expect to possess so many Lafontaines. To my real shame I see that there are titles among them which I didn't know. So I have lived 66 years sans having read all of my old friend. And to think that there are still more works from him that did not find the place of Bom's auction.... for that there are no words. But I will not die before I'm certain of having absorbed all of his Juliaas, before I've lost myself in all his little bedsteads, bowers and soul-conditions.... no, the little bedsteads and woods are from the draughtsman. Well, those too!

"Furain" a word I didn't know, I looked for and found in Littré. On that occasion my eye fell on the derivation of the praeterium fui that he declares (I think justly) comes from Greek and Sanskrit. So he did have a notion of different etymology than for instance, that dieu is dios in spanish.

Bilderdyk speaks of menisoen and says this probably was the disease which we call lope, red lope. (Why he guesses this he lets us guess.)

And then he gives as derivation: it comes from μ[illegible] = mensis. About this later, when Buettner is gone. I'm quitting, you grasp that. I'm going to my chest!

Greetings. Dek.

TO Dr. A. GORTER.

LXXXVI.*

---

*)(Here follows the last postal card written by Multatuli; its facsimily appears in the Multatuli number of the Dageraad of february 1892.

(14 february '87)

Well, good friend, I was glad to see your hand and such pretty writing. That promises much good? Oh, I hope so sincerely for your entire recovery. God's finger is clear in all of this. He has stricken you with this disease to give you practical instruction in curing others.

As for the chess game, I too burn with combativeness. My most amicable plan is to demolish you. Beginning with:

2) S. G. 1 - f3.... S. b. 8 - - c. b.

That you are not quite demolished I know, but that comes a little later.

Say, if you are in too much pain, please let the game wait..*

---

*)(With that this work is concluded. Before all, with the publication of the final letters, much that yet was important, had been put aside. Sometimes from a whole series of letters to one person, I took up but a single one, sometimes a few short abstracts, sometimes nothing. Often the choice was difficult. But this issue was limited, and in order to come to an end there had to be a choice. In context with the purpose sometimes hesitating, sometimes convinced, I chose to the best of my knowledge.

However, here follow still a few pages incomplete copy that was found on Multatuli's table after his decease, 19 february, 1887. They were written in the Fall of 1886. *

---

*)(Through deplorable circumstances the publication of these "Unfinished Papers" numbering 16 pages of print will have to be deleted at this time.

Nicolaas Steelink. Translator.

……

===

CONTENTS.

Letter I. To the Leader of the Democratic Congress at Antwerp. p. 1
Letter II. To Mr. J. Versluys .... " 11
Letter III. To Mr. J. Versluys........ .... " 12
Letters IV - VII. To Mr. J. A. Blantjes. . ... " 17
Letter VIII. To mister G. L. Funke....... .. .. - " 45
Letters IX - XVII. To Sir Dr. F. A. Heije.................. " [illegible]
Letters XVII - XX. To Mister J. Waltman.......................... " 74
Letters XXI - XXV. To Mister D. J. Korteweg....... ...." 79
Letter XXVI. To Mrs. D. D. - H. S........................... " 84a
Letter XXVII. To Mr. Suymans Vader............................ " 86
Letters XXVIII - XXXI. To Mister I.A.Roessing v.Iterson ...." 88
Letters XXXII - XXXVII. To Dr. H. De Haas at Rotterdam ...." 111
Letters XXXVIII - XXXIX. To Mr. Baron A. D. VAN VERSCHUER......" 126
Letters XL and XLI To Mister N. Braunius Oberius. ...." 132
Letter XLII. To Mister Taco de Boer............................" 140
Letters XLIII - XLVII To Mister Mansholt...................... " 146
Letters XLVIII - LV. To Mister W. A. Paap................... " 160
Letter LVI. To the Com. of Prep. of the Neth. Writers League..." 177
Letter LVII. To the Cercle des Etudiantes Progressives...... " 179
Letter-fragments LVII. To Mister J. M. Haspels. .... " 181
Letter fragments, LIX, To Mrs. D. D. - H. S. .... " 186
Letter LXIX-LXVIII, To Mr. J. M. Haspels .... " 190
Letter LXIX - LXXVI To Miss Marie B. V. B. .... " 203
Letters LXXVII -LXXII To Dr. H. C. Muller .... " 231
Letters LXXXIII-LXXXV . To Mister J. Zurcher................." 249
Postal Card To Dr. A. Gorter............. .... " 258

. . . .

G L O S S A R Y.

(Latin phrases.)

Page

4 tempore utile = at the proper time.

1[illegible] Caveamus = let us beware.

1[illegible] testumonium pauerpatus = = poverty stricken testimony.

1[illegible] suum cuique = to each his own.

5[illegible] eirpuit coelo = snatched from the sky.

5[illegible] lucus a non luendo = a grove.

5[illegible] sleep.

[illegible]5 deus ex machina = mechanical god (a theatrical device for extracting a protagonist from a tough spot.

[illegible]7 Est Deus in nobis! agitante calescimos illo= God is within us we are inspired by its agitation.

1[illegible]2 mutatis mutandis. = with the necessary changes.

142. Curiculum vitae. = litery "th course of one's life." (superficial biography.)

1[illegible]1 praesens actualitatis = This latter word is not in Cicero, as the author notes and regrets.

1[illegible] pluralis majèstatis = "of honor belonging to many."

1[illegible] Caetera desunt = the rest are lacking (or missing)

1[illegible]9 con amore (not Latin, Tr.) with love.

GLOSSARY.

Page.	
3	Finesse (Fr.) Artifice
4	C'est a prendre (f) Take it or leave it.
4	Que bien lui fasse (f) To suit himself.
6	Vous autres democrates vous jouez le jeu d'ennemi. You other democrats, you play the game of your opponents.
6	qui ont fait leur temp (f) who have taken their time.
6	lieux common (f) common places
10	haute nouveauté(f) latrst fashion.
12	autant de gagner sur l'ennemi (f) so much more gained on the opponent.
13	personne ne se plaint de son jugement. (f) no one complains about his judgment.
15	Massgebend (G) standard.
18	Il était convenu de ne pas prendre sérieux.(f) It was understood not to take him seriously.
30	données (f) data.
33	bosse (f) lump
43	en regle (f) according to rule.
44	an und für sich (G) as such
45	On ne sort pas de la! (f) Those are not exhibited.
45	Moralement parlant (f) talking morally.
46	ein derbes Wort (G) A firm word.
48	Coryphées (f) leader, chorus master.
48	parlez moi de ca (f) Don't tell me.
51	legère (f) covered, replete.
60	rez de chaussee (f) groundfloor.
70	schwerfaellig (G) clumsy, difficult.
71	clair-obscur (f) light and shade.
71	après (f) after.
71	métier (f) trade, business, occupation.
71	mais je n'ai pas jurer gross (F) but I have not over estimated.
74	tell quelle (f) such as it is.
78	il n'y pas de grand homme pour son valet de chambre (f) No one is a hero to his servant.
79	Reflections calcus et solutions particuliers á propos d'un probleme du calcul des probabilités sur les votes. (f) Reflexions in calculus and particularly solutions concerning a problem of calculating the probabilities.
89	Comédies de moers (f) dissolute comedies.
91	Suivantes (f) attendant, chambermaid.
92	verité vraie (f) real truth.
101	piège (f) snare, trap.
109	laisser aller (f) freedom.
111	Seine Majestaet etc. (G) H. M. embraced the Grand Duke very heartily kissing him, then that must be of high interest to H. M. to stay on a friendly footing with his Cousin the emperor of Russia.

GLOSSARY.

112 bêtise (f) folly.
113 de par le roi (f) on orders of the king.
114 Gewalthaber. (G) executive.
122 Simple comme bonjour (f) plain as day
127 entree ou sortie de salon (f) enter or leave the room.
142 Mirabolante (f) stupendous.
146 abgenutzt (G) worn out by use.
154 stundlich (G) hourly.
160 casse tête (f) tomahawk.
difficulté vaincue (F) difficulty overcome.
161 principale quailité d'auteur.... etc.(F) the main quality of
an author is truth-loving.
167 desverkiezende (Dutch) so choosing.
169 faits et gestes (f) facts and gestures.
173 gewerbsmassigen (G) popular industrial pursuits.
193 faux air (f) swagger.
203 épicier (f) grocer.
207 a cheval (f) on horseback.
218 Selbstschau (G) Selfevaluation
219 Bien portée (f) well behaved. good conduct.
221 trainbuo (G) Viz: Multimillion Studies, by the author.
233 pour se donner un genre (F) to give oneself a front.
234 Die leute haben keine Religion (G) Those folks have no religion
whatsoever.
237 beilaufig (G) incidentally.
243 pour se disputer il faut être d'accord (f) In order to have a dispute
one must have an accord.
244 état major (f) States General.
245 Ils jouent le jeu de l'ennemi (F) They play the opponent's game.
246 Bien leur fasse (f) More power to them.
249 Parlez moi de ça (f) You're telling me.
249 Ausgestaettet (G) Provided.
250 N'en deplaises (f) Notwithstanding.
254 Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint (f) One who embraces much,
accomplishes little.
254 **Lehrer** (G) teacher.
256 Verleideter (G) Disgusting.
255 Leistungen (G) Pictures.
255 Et dire (f) And to say.
256 Was man sich in der Jugend wunscht, hat man in alter die
Fuelle (G) What one wishes for in youth, one has in abundance
in old age.

4

1 1 18 4